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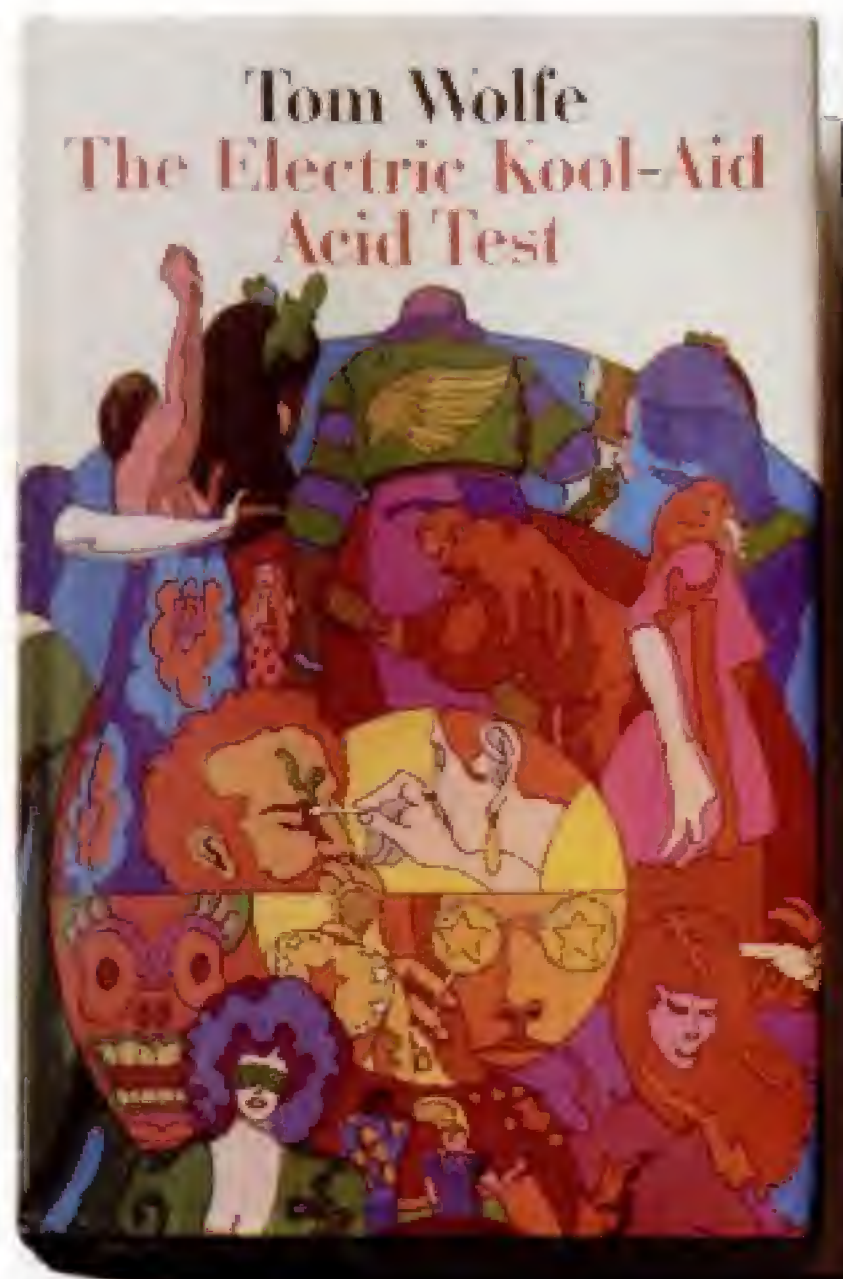
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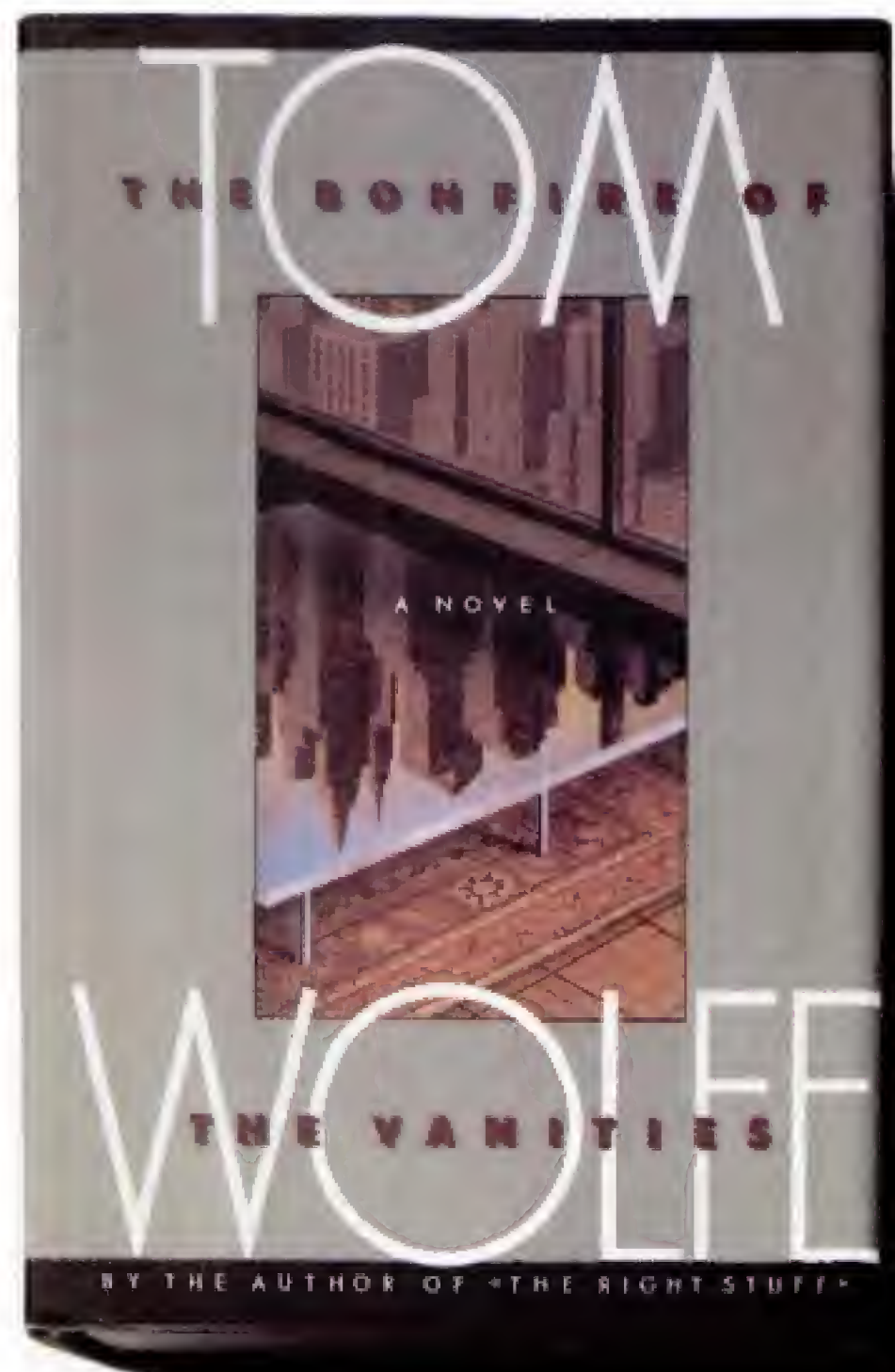


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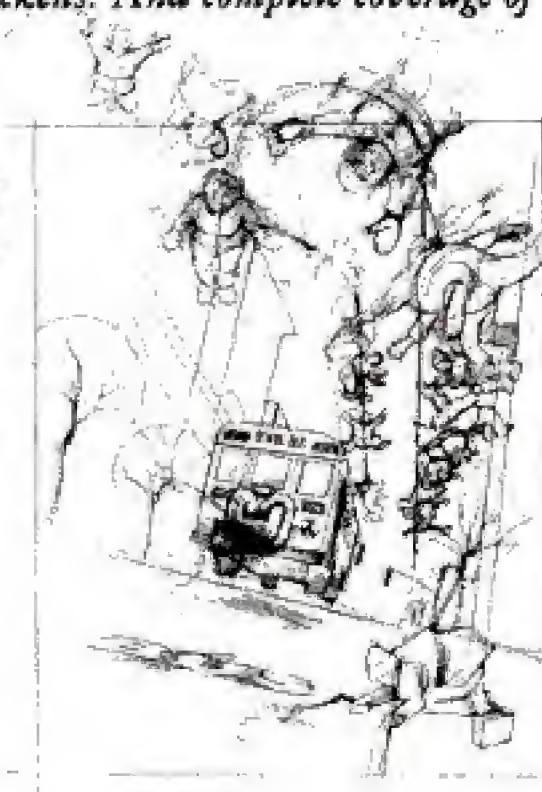
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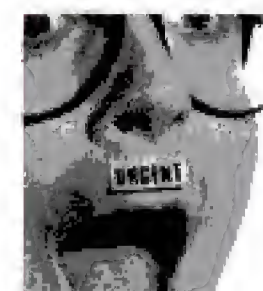
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NOVEMBER

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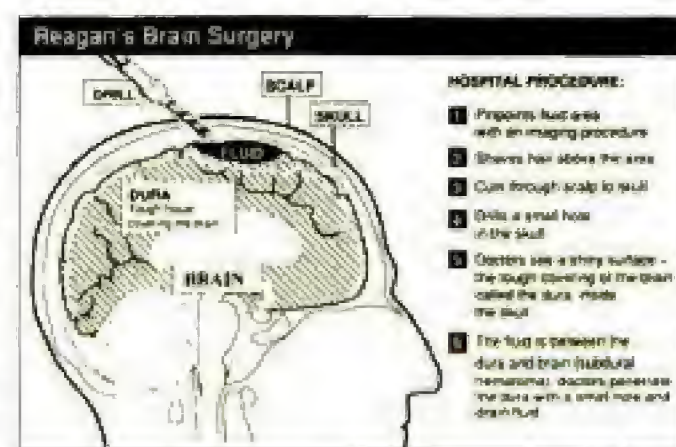


THINK OF IT: 25 NOVEMBERS SINCE OUR FIRST ISSUE CAME ROLLING OFF THE LETTERPRESSES. IT HARDLY seems possible. And now, after 25 years of these monthly ruminations on the passing parade, it's time to forge a fresh approach. We know, you've heard these turn-over-a-new-leaf oaths before. It was back in September 1968, after all, that we announced *Anti*, our magazine-within-a-magazine featuring satirical reprints from the developing world—and not one issue ever ap-



peared. In June 1975, didn't we vow to abandon a rather ugly bigotry toward earnest white southern fundamentalists? And didn't we renege in the fall, when Jimmy Carter started quoting Dylan? And only last year we promised to stop dwelling on the phony and hypocritical, the vain and overblown—to once in a while applaud the decent and good; but hypocrisy and vanity have remained epidemic, and that 18,000-word profile of Bill Bradley still needs work. 🍌 Nevertheless, we're

determined to reform. This section of the



magazine has always depended for its structure on a relentlessly repeated phrase, a line plucked from the day's events and turned

into an all-purpose ironic refrain. The technique—a rather innovative late-Beat gesture in 1964, still quite powerful in 1974 (remember the entire page of *I am not a crooks?*)—is in danger of becoming purely a gimmick. "I'm not good at expressing the concerns of a nation," George Bush confessed to a TV

interviewer recently. In the past we would have grabbed that sound bite out of context and run with it, smearing its meaning over everything in our path. But no

more. Lifting a technique from stand-up comedy, we will *improvise*, relying on suggestions from the audience. Help us out here... 🍌 God! 🍌 All right, God. Others? 🍌 *Fright! Boogers!* Fine, that should be enou— 🍌 *Crying!* 🍌 Okay, terrific. Let's do it. 🍌 "We Bushes," the president told that same interviewer, "cry easily." After just 10 or 15 years of New Manliness, it's come to this? It wouldn't have happened before (*You know, we Nixons, we—well, we cry fairly easily, I'm told*), although it does sound like a wisecracking JFKism: *Jesus, Pierre*, he might have said after a rough press conference, *tell them to take it*



25 Novembers

easy—don't they know we Kennedys cry easily?

Today, instead of Ivy Leaguers' doomed \$109.5 billion wars on Vietnamese communists and Texans' doomed multibillion-dollar wars on poverty, we get a Texas Ivy Leaguer's doomed \$7.9 billion war on cocaine. Indeed, all of this fall's problems seem to involve once-fashionable powders being inhaled in our decaying cities: an asbestos-lined steam pipe was exploding pretty much weekly here. Why does Manhattan have 400-degree poisonous steam coursing through ancient underground tunnels? Why is real life suddenly *Batman* and *Ghostbusters II*, with subterranean special-effects infrastructure disasters and Reagan still *smiling* after he gets a hole drilled in his head? This must be what acid flashbacks are like.

God? Jim Bakker, his wife said from beneath her full thickness of makeup, "has been treated like a carnival show," and in Cambridge the leader of another once-influential cult played barker to a group of students. He told them the person who occupies his position "sets the tone, the course, the way" for his followers. "And," *New Yorker* editor Bob Gottlieb added, "he's treated as a living god." We con-

sidered John Lennon a living god (or did, anyway, retroactively, after he was killed), but now that Yoko has sold the rights to his drawings to be printed on MasterCard and Visas, he's charge-plate filigree.

Strauss Zelnick was three years old when the Beatles were playing all-night gigs in Hamburg, but he burned to be chief executive officer of Twentieth Century Fox. Zelnick graduated from Harvard Law School *and* Business School and now, at 32, has been named CEO of Fox. "This is what I wanted to do when I was three," he reminds us. "It's kind of frightening, isn't it?" A true man of his generation: overweeningly ambitious and says so, straight out, with a charming smirk.

Vestron, the ultra-eighties movie company that Zelnick worked for last, has had its line of credit pulled. Cineplex Odeon, the ultra-eighties chain of theaters responsible for the \$7 ticket, is desperate for a buyer. Two subsidiaries of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, the ultra-eighties over-leveraged-buyout firm, cannot meet their current debt payments. And Alcott & Andrews, the ultra-eighties chain of career-gal clothing stores, has filed for bankruptcy. It's kind of frightening, isn't it?

America's go-go adversaries abroad are still on a roll. Japan is now officially the world's richest nation—at last count, everything in Japan, including the land itself, was worth \$43.7 trillion. The U.S., by contrast, has a breakup value of only \$36.2 trillion. So what: we've still got one heck of a free-enterprise system. Confex Inc. (headquartered, needless to say, in New Jersey) is selling tons of a candy called Boogers. "With Boogers," the president of Confex says, "we've hooked into something culturally significant."

Why is it that American victors in all fields are increasingly triumphant by default, winning at a game not worth winning or against opponents not worth beating? Like Boogers. Bush. Dinkins and Giuliani. Even Notre Dame. Earlier this season, the Fighting Irish beat Virginia 36 to 13. For most of the game, Notre Dame's man said, "we played like a bottom-20 team." "We haven't been that bad," said the Virginia coach, "in a long time." This could be the nineties theme we've been waiting for: competitive self-deprecation, one-downmanship. It's too early to say, but we think we've hooked into something culturally significant. ▀

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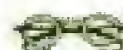
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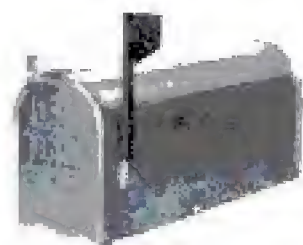
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From the SPY mailroom: We are in receipt of an empty hairnet packet—yes, an empty hairnet packet—that came Scotch-taped to the following: "Dear Editors: Could you please confirm [the model on the packet] as Shelley Hack in



a hairnet? Sincerely, Jayne Falcon, Ridgewood, New Jersey."

Word has clearly reached Ridgewood that we've expanded our entire range of reader services. Our spacious new offices are so silly with elbowroom that the SPY Hair Accessories Department, which is handling Ms. Falcon's request, is no longer even exiled to a separate floor. (True, bringing Hair Accessories into the SPY HQ vortex required the unfortunate displacement of a portion of our senior editorial staff, now working out of an upended carton in a corner of the supply closet—but it's a roomy carton, and the packing chips can be removed at day's end with any standard clothes brush.) So: want us to track down Shelley Hack's early modeling assignments? No problem for the new, diversified SPY. We can also winterize your home. Need tickets to *Merchant of Venice*?

One thing we *can't* seem to do is get you—yes, you, James Cole of Manhattan—any of the very early issues of SPY. "Hard to believe though it is," Mr. Cole writes, "no branch of the New York Public Library has SPY magazine prior to 1986." Nothing could be more disturbing to us than that bit of news—save, perhaps, for its exact opposite. Mr. Cole, by the way, is interested in David Owen's 1979 article on China (partially reprised in Ten Years Ago in SPY, August), but our few remaining copies of those early, Owen-driven SPYs have apparently been mislaid in the course of our move to Union Square. For now, Mr. Cole, we hope the 25th-anniversary facsimile issue you see before you will satisfy.

Charles Rush of Ashland, Oregon, has written us "pursuant to an article written by Private Melik Kaylan" ("Hellcat of the Turkish Army," June). "I found it an honor... to serve with the Turkish Brigade for eleven months during the Korean War," Rush writes. "I found the Turkish fighting forces to be of the highest caliber.... Mr. Kaylan has had but a brief basic training, which was really incom-

DEAR EDITORS Thank you for compiling your exclusive, unauthorized index to *The Andy Warhol Diaries* [August]. Perhaps you could publish a similar index for each issue of SPY. Sure, you may spend weeks working on an issue, but with the help of such an index, no one would have to spend more than 15 seconds (let alone 15 minutes) reading your magazine.

Carl Pfirman
Dallas, Texas

You mean like "Pfirman, Carl, snide letters to the editors of SPY written from Dallas by, page 17"?

DEAR EDITORS Interesting to hear the autobiographical revelation from red-nosed ex-Chicago Seven-er Tom Hayden that he once ran into and

killed two deer while driving to Newark ["The Vainglorious and Salacious Memoirs of Certain Celebrated Persons: A SPY Anthology in Digest Form," by Jamie Malanowski, August], as this happens to be virtually the same thing that happened in the 1960s to the fictional characters in the John Sayles movie *Return of the Secaucus 7* (1980), with a slight intra-Jersey shift of locale.

Coincidence?

Steven Dhuey
Madison, Wisconsin

"Yes, coincidence," according to John Sayles's agent.

DEAR EDITORS One problem that never gets mentioned in stories about time travel is the problem of space ["For Starters: We'd Kill Hitler, Buy Xerox at 8½ and Save the Dinosaurs," by Charles C. Mann and Edward Zuckerman, August]. *Where* you go is more important than when. After all, if you're a week early, you can always check into a motel and wait. It would be far more difficult to arrive at the correct place, because everything is in motion. The Earth rotates, orbits the sun, the sun orbits through the Milky Way, etc., all motions that are superimposed on top of the general expansion of the universe.

If you go back to 1939 to kill Hitler, Earth won't be where you left it. This calls for precise calculation. Imagine your em-

barrassment if you show up embedded in Adolf's coffee table or, worse yet, in the body of Hermann Göring.

Also, regarding TV's *Time Tunnel* ["A Great Way to Meet Chicks: A Highly Selective Guide to Popular Time-Travel Mythology," by John Brodie, August]: how come those guys always turned up where something historically important was occurring and where everybody (even ancient Greeks) spoke perfect English?

John A. Ruszkowski
King, North Carolina

DEAR EDITORS I was driving out of Boston on the Southeast Expressway. Over the radio came a bulletin from a traffic reporter in a helicopter. Avoid the expressway, he warned, there's been a multicar crash in Milton

LETTERS TO SPY

and the road is completely tied up. I was at that moment proceeding through Milton, along with everybody else, at top speed, no sign of any trouble.

At home I told my wife about the non-accident. She got a strange look on her face and said, "Maybe it hadn't happened yet." She had just read your time-travel piece. She declared that I had no doubt slipped through a wormhole in a rotating black hole and had driven past Milton before I actually got there. But then in the middle of the night she sat up in bed. "On the other hand," she said, "you might have been in Universe B."

Well, I'm sending this to you in Universe A. I hope it gets there.

Jerome Beatty Jr.
Waquoit, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS Let us settle this time-travel business once and for all. Time travel is not possible, period. Those physicists (and respectable, rational scientists in other fields as well) who pursue this research are engaging in nothing more than intellectual masturbation.

If time is the distance between events (events, i.e., a change in state, some motion denoting some change), then one cannot skip over events on the line of time. All events are tied together so that a person must traverse events A, B, C and D to get to event E. It is not possible to

go from event A to event E, for that would be "skipping over" events B, C and D. This inability to skip events holds true in either direction. Just as a person walking across a room must traverse all points in between the starting point and the ending point (we could call the starting point A and the ending point E) on a hypothetical line separating the two points on opposite sides of the room, so too must a person pass through all points on the line of time, thus negating any possibility of travel through time that skips points.

Our problem comes with human limitations to our ability to perceive. Just as a few ancient Greeks realized that conceivably there are an infinite number of points along a line of finite distance (that line across the room), since between every two points on the line you can place another, and thus it must be infinite in length, so too did they recognize that they could simply get up and walk the length of this line in a matter of moments. What gives? Clearly Newtonian absolutist notions about coordinate systems (which Einstein's work adheres to up to the speed approaching that of light) are not adequately explaining the physical structure of our

universe and need serious rethinking.

Einstein's proposed time dilation (the *Planet of the Apes* scenario you gave), whereby travelers in a spacecraft leave Earth at high speed (near that of light), then return in what is a short time for them only to find that perhaps many thousands of years have passed on Earth, is preposterous on its face. A thing called the Gamma factor (a strange use of the Pythagorean triangle and some math) gives the ratio of time shift to this nutty time dilation. So-called evidence for time dilation, in the form of atomic clock experiments that show that clocks in motion (in aeroplanes) slow relative to clocks "at rest" (on the ground), does not show the truth of this principle of time dilation (special relativity) but is actually providing a window on the effects of gravity on bodies set in relative motion (the subject of general relativity). Science has long incorrectly cited these clocks-in-motion experiments as evidence for one relativistic effect, so-called time dilation due to special relativity, when in fact these clocks in motion that slow are revealing unforeseen effects of gravitational fields on bodies in motion at speeds far below that

of light. It is a case of misperception leading to erroneous definition.

There is no time dilation, no way to skip over events and no time travel. Got it?

J. Softley

Los Angeles, California

Sure. But why the curiously old-fashioned spelling of aeroplane?

DEAR EDITORS **D**id any time travelers show up for your August 1 champagne brunch?

Brian MacDonald

Chicago, Illinois

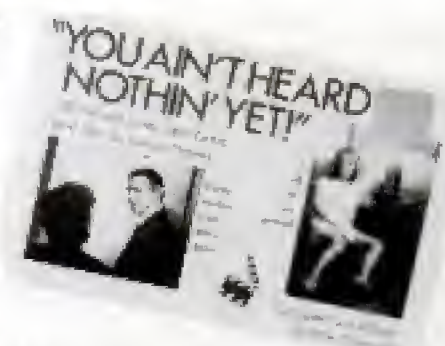
No. But a nice lady from Washington Heights stopped by (she said she had to come downtown anyway, for business), as did a pleasant but slightly scary kid from Vassar, who left an athletic bag full of copies of *The Catcher in the Rye*. A great party, Brian, as you can imagine.

DEAR EDITORS **I**sn't Ruth Norman just the teeniest bit embarrassed ["Low-Tech Time Travel on a Shoestring—Who Was Reincarnated as Whom: Previous Life-styles of the Rich and Fa-

"Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me, aren't you?"



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plete. If he had served during the Korean War, he would not have cut the mustard."

Private Kaylan's training strikes you as incomplete, Mr. Rush? Fine, let's send him right back to southern Anatolia. No contributing editor of *SPY* ever failed to cut the mustard in the Turkish Army before, and contributing editors of *SPY* are not about to start failing to cut the mustard in the Turkish Army now. So here's the plan: Kaylan reenlists, thereby giving himself a shot at redemption and, coincidentally, freeing up several tables at Nell's, M.K. and 150 Wooster for a couple months. Our operatives in the Aegean concoct a little intra-NATO misunderstanding over, say, Chian airspace. This leads to the usual saber rattling in Athens and Ankara, perhaps even an arranged skirmish during which *Corporal Kaylan* distinguishes himself, suffering only a minor injury to the hand he normally uses to push free-drink chits toward bartenders. Later, in Istanbul, *Sergeant Kaylan*—still favoring that hand—is decorated, files a story with us in New York and does everybody, even Charles Rush of Ashland, Oregon, proud.

Elliott Milstein of West Bloomfield, Michigan, has sent us a *Detroit Free Press* clipping of Mitch Albom's sports column that includes three pairs of look-alikes, each with a rather familiar name-ellipses-name caption structure. "Someone at the *Free Press* really likes you guys," writes Milstein. "Shortly after your Christmas 'It's a Wonderful Life' issue [see "It's a Wonderful Life 1988," by Jamie Malanowski, December 1988], they did the same trick for prominent Detroit people. And now this. Is this sort of stealing allowed under the First Amendment?" We're not sure. But maybe we'll have to look into it.

If we do find out what the law requires, Rupert Murdoch's people at *The Boston Herald* will probably want to know. Late in July they ran side-by-side photos of a Massachusetts Motor Vehicles official (is this the man responsible for those rotaries, by the way?) and Phil Donahue, with the caption "Separated at birth in the Bay State..." (Thanks to Josh Gillette.) Well, maybe the *Herald* got the idea from that *Detroit Free Press* column, which had been published two days earlier. Or possibly from actress-comic Marsha Warfield, who had ap-



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INDULGENT. THE SENSE...

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peared on Pat Sajak's CBS-TV show still earlier that month armed with—great idea!—a series of look-alikes.

But as we've pointed out before, the "Separated at Birth?" concept—A resembles B—has been around for a while, predating even the funny pairings of real people with ancient sculptures done by *Horizon* in 1964 (thanks to Patrick Gillam of St. Louis for that history-of-published-look-alikes footnote). The *Horizon* feature was itself likely modeled on one done for *Show* magazine in 1963.

A "Buddy Alan," who may sound as if he should be headlining Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas but is in fact only writing to SPY from Philadelphia, has drawn our attention to a recent article in *Glamour* that, sure enough, we'd somehow missed. To say that David Denicolo's "Makeovers of the Mind: L.A.'s New Intellectuals" owes something to "If I Only Had a Brain: Nouveau Intellectuals and the Fad for Looking Serious" in the February SPY is akin to remarking that Dino DeLaurentiis probably saw *Jaws* before making *Orca*. From the theme itself to the photos of celebrities improbably in eyeglasses, it looks all too familiar. Free joke idea for Marsha Warfield: gather some photos of people wearing glasses and get yourself booked on *Sajak* again! Free column idea for Mitch Albom: what about athletes surprised in the act of wearing glasses—or holding books!

Since we're whining, how about that July *Harper's*? Their Index included the statistic for the number of aphids that FDA regulations permit in a pound of frozen broccoli (which appeared in SPY in "Hold the Pickles, Hold the Aphids," by Ed Sikov, May). And in their Readings section they published letters written on George Steinbrenner's behalf when he applied for a presidential pardon (see the Steinbrenner affidavits in *The Fine Print*, by Jamie Malanowski, June).

Last in this evil but necessary who's-influencing-whom section of the mail, we have a letter from Ira Robbins of Woodside, New York: "I've been enjoying *You Are There*: SPY's Exclusive Monthly Behind-the-Scenes Celebrity Vignette [Naked City] for months now, but the August installment, with Gene Simmons and his tongue, finally triggered my memory." Robbins has enclosed copies of a Kiss-meets-Barbie-in-Cher's-dream-

house photo series published in the admirable *Trouser Press* in 1978. "The photographer was Mitch Kearney," continues Robbins, who was the publisher and editorial director of *TP*, "and we got a lot of flak from Kiss's publicity representatives. (Simmons, however, had a good laugh over the whole thing.)" And, in fact, the photo series Robbins has enclosed (which we just saw for the first time, we swear) is very funny.

Only two people showed up at SPY's champagne brunch time-travel party last summer (see letter on page 18), but a third person did convey regrets: "I am afraid I cannot accept your tempting invitation.... I wish to retain my anonymity for obvious reasons.... I must make certain changes in the capitalist structure of the West rather quickly in an effort to avoid a major disaster of not just economic proportions." The note was signed "The Unseen Master" and dropped off at The Puck Building. Shortly thereafter, we moved.

A couple of follow-ups: Mike Tyson was fined for speeding again (see "Car and Driver, Heavyweight Division," by John Brodie and Bob Mack, December 1988). The Dean Witter mural on Kings Highway in Brooklyn—the one with the embarrassingly wrong Dow predictions ("When Dean Witter Talks, People Listen to E.F. Hutton," by Andy Aaron, May)—has been painted over, according to a reader from Brooklyn. In early August, Dino DeLaurentiis ("The Little Producer That Couldn't," by Mark Frankel, August) offered to buy back DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group, the movie studio he had run into bankruptcy and left a year before. And Dave Steadman of London, Ontario, has written us regarding Norman Lear's art imitating Norman Lear's life ("Desperately Seeking Seriousness: The Rise and Rupture of Media Zillionaires Norman and Frances Lear," by Leah Rozen, June). Steadman reports that while no black teenager was ever adopted by Lear's TV characters, in an early episode of *Maude* the Findlays did invite a black girl to spend a vacation with them, and that Frances Lear's illness was "covered" not only in Mary Hartman's crackup but also when *Maude*'s manic-depression caused her to campaign for Henry Fonda for president (*Maude* is "cured," writes Stead-



mous," by Sydney Schuster, August]? If I had been Socrates, Buddha and Charlemagne in past lives and turned up as such a dud this late in the game, I sure wouldn't tell everybody.

Anne Harvey
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS **E**nough is enough! St. Marks Place between Second and Third Avenues already has enough weirdos, wackos and assorted kooks who camp on our stoops, puke and piss in our doorways, and block the sidewalks selling recycled garbage. The last thing we need is SPY encouraging more people to descend upon us and sell their junk ["Getting Rich Quick: The Inside Story of America's Newest, Most Synergistic Import-Export/Money-Funneling/Artificial-Flower Conglomerate," by Andy Aaron and Steve Radlauer, August].

All peddling (even books and magazines) is illegal on this block. Until we can get the laws enforced, we're going to recommend that peddlers set up shop in front of The Puck Building. We're sure you'll be fascinated by their collections of

ratty old textbooks and beat-up magazines; in fact, rumor has it you can even find ten-year-old issues of SPY squirreled away behind copies of *Nurses in Bondage*.

Helayne Seidman
President, St. Marks Place
2 to 3 Block Association
New York

Peddlers in front of The Puck Building? Fine.

DEAR EDITORS **I** turned on WKLS radio (96.1 FM) on July 28, in the middle of a dialogue detailing facetious alternatives to the B-2 Bomber. The segment was virtually identical to "Slow Down and Kill," by Jamie Kitman, in your August issue. While imitation might be the sincerest form of flattery, "96 Rock" seems to have perpetrated mere plagiarism: no references indicated that SPY was the source of the spot. Even worse, one of the deejays butchered one of the punch lines. An inquiry into the whole tainted affair might be appropriate.

Nick Dobson
Atlanta, Georgia
WKLS morning deejays Jeff Jensen and Lorna Love maintain that they did credit SPY.

DEAR EDITORS **I** enjoyed reading "Daddy, You're Not a Fool to Cry—You're Just Terribly Confused" [by Joanne Gruber, August]. Although you detailed extensively the family shifting that would occur if Patsy Smith (Mandy's mom) were to marry Stephen Wyman (Bill's son), you neglected to mention the most startling thing of all—namely, that Mandy Smith would become her own stepgrandmother-in-law!

Because Mandy would become her own mother's stepmother-in-law, she would automatically become the stepgrandmother-in-law of any offspring that Patsy and Stephen might have, and since Mandy is in fact Patsy's offspring, she'd therefore become her own stepgrand-mother-in-law.

Sara Natasha Berman
Portland, Oregon

DEAR EDITORS **I** know how much you enjoy poking fun at the transliterative foibles of the Japanese, as well as at the pretensions of a certain Queens-born developer. So, when I saw how the Donald's last name was misspelled

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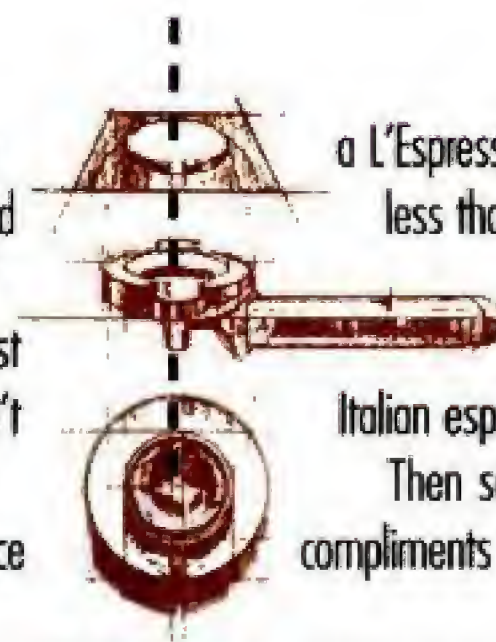


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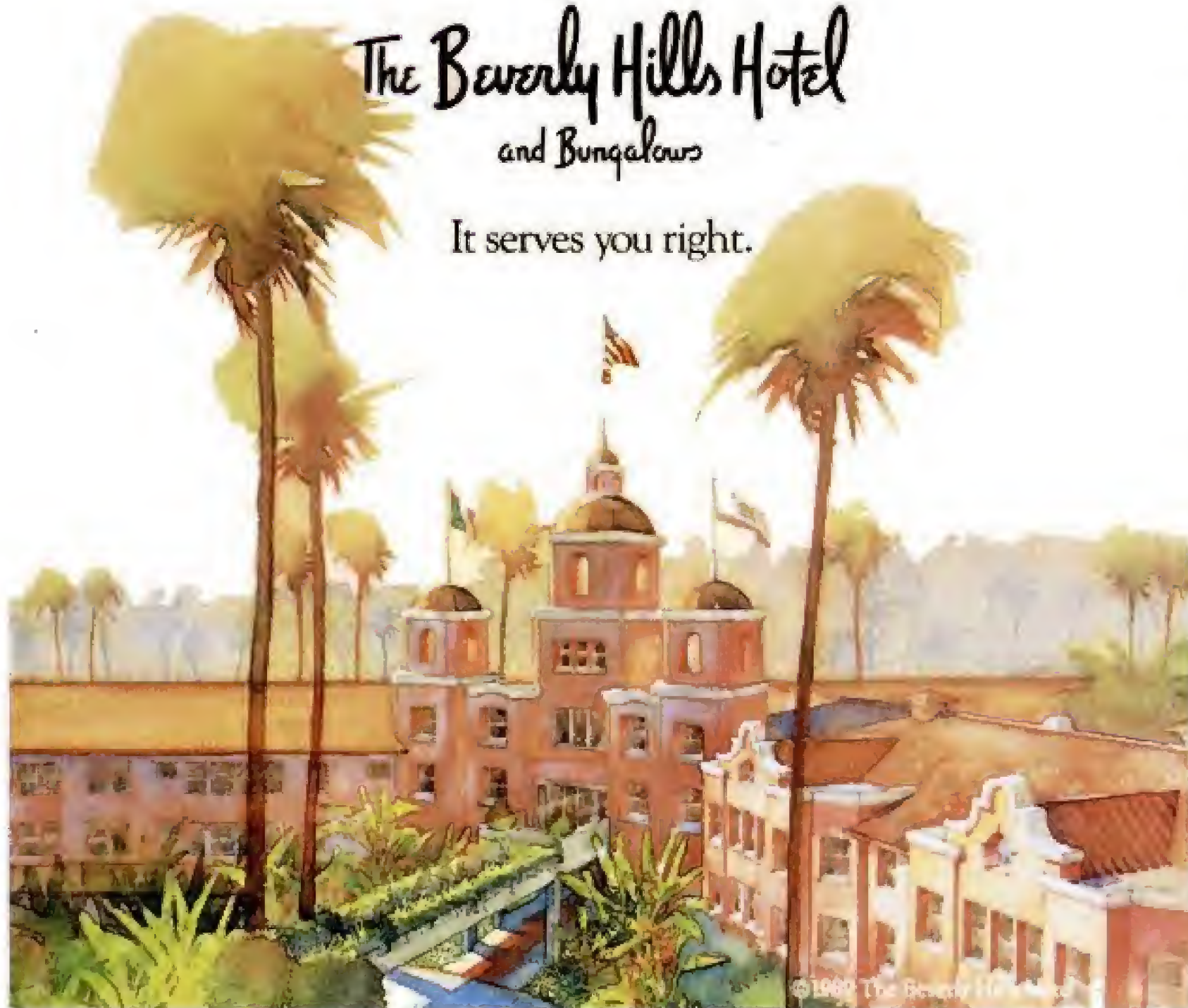
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man, "through the magic of lithium").

This from John Farley of Sparta, New Jersey: "Tim Colvin's 'haiku' is not a haiku [see this space, July]. A haiku has five syllables in the first line, then seven, then five or six." Actually, the not-quite-haiku we printed wasn't Colvin's, just a little something we had lying around for about 17 years. (Apart from that one problem, John, did you like it?) Farley has enclosed an example of the way it should be done, but unfortunately, some of his writing is illegible:

Running lile a dog
Your noitrl in quite itclry
Please don't steg ar ny toe.

Still, we think we're beginning to grasp the general idea.

And finally, Bill Asp of Arlington, Virginia, checks in with a *scientific* assessment of America's "squarest city" (see *Great Expectations*, May). Here is Asp, mightily condensed:

"'Square' being subjective (and in this world infinitely transmutable), measurements must pertain to structural possibilities that either expand or diminish the range of cultural and behavioral relations. Working from the standard of gross squareness capacity... Considering these places on a blunt pressure per capita basis... metro area... individualized cubic escape potential... Best TQS: San Francisco (19,4285)... Best ICEP: Lawrence, Kansas (4,657)... These ratings are based on 329 Standard Metropolitan Statistical areas in the United States.... This is not a poetry submission."

You're darn right it isn't. In fact—and we say this with the sort of confidence that comes from having counted syllables—we don't even think it's a haiku. »

C O R R E C T I O N S

In "Slaves of *The New Yorker*" (by Jenet Conant, September), the dates of employment for one of the Vedettes quoted in the story were misstated. Our apologies to anyone who was inconvenienced by this error.

When we mentioned, in the June *Great Expectations*, the "wacky parking-lot zillionaire Al Hirschfeld," we meant *Abe* Hirschfeld, who as far as we know is not a gifted caricaturist, never traveled with S. J. Perelman and conceals no *Ninas* anywhere for the public to detect. »



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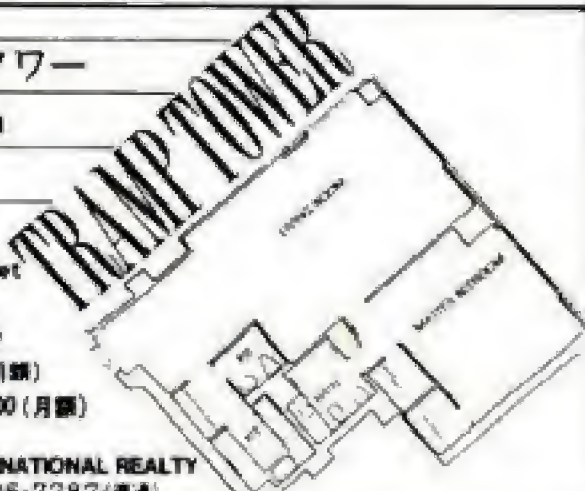
in this particular ad, I felt obliged to forward it to you. Do you think they were referring to Ivana?

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DEAR EDITORS **R**esponding to Ryan "Tiger Beat Happens to Be an Excellent Magazine, Far Outshining *Bop* or Even *Teen Beat*" Witte's query as to "Just what exactly is a Taso Lagos?" [From the SPY Mailroom, August]—I went around and posed that pressing issue to relatives and friends.

My parents both laughed and got up and walked away. They never heard of SPY and thought I'd said "Pie." My younger

sister is too busy being a GAP (Greek-American Princess) to even bother with anything that doesn't concern purchasing the latest fashions from Nordstrom's or watching sappy, Anglophilic *Masterpiece Theatre* TV episodes. My brother is preoccupied with his upcoming trip to Greece and therefore didn't want to discuss the issue.

As for my friends, well, they cheerfully acknowledged that my having worked in Hollywood for the past seven years as a script doctor has left me a bit peculiar.

I hope Mr. Witte can now sleep better at nights knowing this.

Taso Lagos

Seattle, Washington

What do you say, Other Readers: shall we gong him?

DEAR EDITORS **U**nlike my former colleague at *The New Yorker* Gwyneth Cravens, I did consent to be interviewed for Jennet Conant's piece about that magazine and one of its staff writers, Ved Mehta ["Slaves of *The New Yorker*," September]; I hoped that my comments would provide needed balance in

Ms. Conant's portrayal, since my experience in working with Mr. Mehta was a positive one. How unfortunate, then, to find that the only remark of mine Ms. Conant repeated in her one-sided diatribe was inaccurately quoted. I never said that "there seemed to be a tradition [at *The New Yorker*] that the writers never sharpened their own pencils." Furthermore, when read that quote by SPY's checker, I denied having said something so sweepingly snotty. One of the many valuable lessons I learned from Ved was never to make unwarranted generalizations. It's a pity more journalists haven't learned it as well.

Amanda Vaill

New York

What Vaill did want to be quoted as saying was simply "It seemed like the (New Yorker) writers never sharpened their own pencils." SPY deeply regrets the error.

SPY welcomes letters from its readers, except Taso Lagos. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ▶

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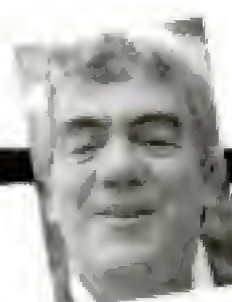
THE USUAL SUSPECTS



C. BRINKLEY



W. GOLDBERG



J. BRESLIN

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

SEX, NUTS AND QUESTIONNAIRES

Every once in a while someone in Washington gets ambitious and tries to turn the already elephantine and intrusive federal government into a true Orwellian machine. Ordinarily we are grateful to the people who thwart those plans. But one case last summer tested the limits of our gratitude, when the man who stopped the government turned out to be one of the most ferociously homophobic congressmen in Washington.

The National Institutes of Health, aiming to examine America's sexual habits, prepared a long survey (more than 200 questions) that a random group of citizens were to answer during personal and phone interviews. NIH's aim was to get a statistical picture of our sexual habits, which, it maintained, would help in the fight against AIDS. But after seeing the questionnaire, the House Appropriations Committee denied funding. "The members felt that this just wasn't appropriate," said a spokesman for the subcommittee that cut the funds. "The feeling was that it just wasn't appropriate for the government to ask people intimate questions about sexual behavior."

Well! we thought. We're enlightened people. We recognize the need for information. We understand

LIKE ALL CAUSES CÉLÈBRES embraced by those who Hampton, the current Lyme-tick paranoia has inspired some extreme antics among eastern Long Island's high-strung, competitively wealthy part-time residents. Palooka singer-songwriter **BILLY JOEL** and ultrawhite model **CHRISTIE BRINKLEY**, of course, possessed the discernment and wherewithal to demand the best possible defense, last summer, against the fashionable fear: an armada of "specially bred" hens, 20 strong, were given free reign to wander the grounds of the couple's East Hampton manor. The Joels' prime directive to their attack poultry: *Seek out deer ticks and devour!* And just in case the supposedly tick-eating chickens let a few get away, Brinkley was careful over the summer to augment her Brinkleyesque bikini with impenetrable, deer-tick-thwarting (but still thigh-revealing) rubber hip waders.

PLAYBOY-STYLE FLESH-ON-THE-HOOF dating rituals are making a comeback in Hollywood. **JAY BERNSTEIN**, the talent broker who made **FAWCETT** a superrespected household word, recently rejected a married prospective personal assistant—his assistant serves as his "platonic wife," an aide explained. When Jay invites a woman he'd like to get to know better to come by his place, she is greeted by the assistant, whose job it is to warm up the young lady, much the way Johnny Olsen used to warm up the studio audience on *The Price Is Right*. The assistant serves wine and cheese and makes small talk for an hour or so. Then Jay, whose publicist calls him the Starmaker, arrives to preside over the critical portion of the evening. Also in that big, bubbling, megaswanky hot tub of a town, West Coast Trump manqué **DONALD T. STERLING** (*Let's see...pro-sports franchise, hotel, superimpressive first name? Check.*) acts as purveyor for his underlings. At a *Chorus Line*-like cattle call for an opening in the public-relations department of the Donald Sterling Corporation, he asked one nubile finalist, who had just finished explaining that she had no experience but was willing to do *anything*, to walk

around the room. *Sorry, the minimogul informed her, I don't have a job for you. But would you be interested in dating one of my vice presidents?*

SPY'S COVERAGE OF THE LIMOUSINE-HIRING policies of black performers has been quite thin—but better late than never. Money-mad *faux* nice guy **BILL COSBY**, who was recently honored at Yale, was characteristically despotic when it came to deciding who'd drive him to New Haven. *I want a black driver*, he told the Yale-supplied white chauffeur who came to pick him up. When the abashed driver told Cosby there was nothing he could do about his skin color, Cosby demanded that a black driver take him back after his visit. When the chauffeur relayed his boss's demurrer, the comedian flew into a rage, then maintained a pointed silence all the way home—where Cosby's door was opened by his very own black chauffeur. While filming *The Long Walk Home* in Alabama, **WHOOPI GOLDBERG** didn't want just *any* black person to drive her around—she wanted her own brother, Clyde, whom Goldberg hadn't seen in 12 years. Clyde was hired—and, Frank Stallone-like, has just moved to Los Angeles to become an actor.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE QUIANT exercises in local politics, where the minions of an all but unbeatable candidate for an all but meaningless local office spend a morning at a subway station passing out leaflets to an all but uncaring public. This particular exercise, conducted on behalf of City Council candidate **RONNIE ELDRIDGE**, was enlivened by the presence of her husband, who also happens to be a columnist for the least-read daily in town. And how did that Pulitzer winner conduct himself on the stump? "Hey, kid!" **JIMMY BRESLIN** screamed at one fellow citizen caught crumpling an Eldridge broadside. "That flier's about my wife. You throw that out and I'll have to beat the shit out of you."

THE LETTERS AND MEMORANDUMS OF DEBORAH GORE DEAN

A Revisionist SPY Biography



Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

that surveys are conducted with social-scientific objectivity and clinical distance. How objectionable could the survey be?

We took a look, and damned if the survey didn't seem to get awfully personal in a way that we are disinclined to have governments get. It started off simply enough, asking name, occupation, race, education and other standard survey questions, such as whether within the last five years you had spent a week or more in New York, northern New Jersey, Miami, Houston, San Francisco or Los Angeles. Then the survey began to focus on your sexual partner, asking questions that have an immediate and obvious connection to fighting AIDS:

What is (your partner's) height?

What about (your partner's) weight? Is/was (your partner) very thin, somewhat thin, about average, somewhat overweight, (or) very overweight?

When did you first meet (your partner)? Just give me the month and year. How did you first meet? (T)hrough mutual friends, (when) working together, (at) work-related activity, (when) taking classes together, in your neighborhood, by chance... (or in) some other way?

Soon enough the questions cut to the matter at hand.

When did you first become involved sexually with (your partner)? Just give me the month and year. Do you think you will have sex with (your partner) again?

When was the last time you had a sexual experience with (your partner)? (And your other partner?) Were you involved in sexual activity with (your partner) and (your other partner) at the same time? ... Sometimes, when we start asking questions about partners, people remember other partners they have had. Is there anyone else you were involved with sexually during the past year that you haven't told me about? How many other people were you involved with during

[A handwritten note to an associate]

Luisa — *The copy is fine but I strongly suggest you change the title of the fact sheet. "On the House" is not appropriate.*

She's been accused of being a disgrace to the agency. Is this a person who seems ignorant about standards, or perhaps just as they apply to her?

Memorandum for: Ann Banning, Associate Director, Office of Presidential Personnel

In reference to the attached Inspector General's report concerning allegations that Mr. W. routinely arrives late for work... the Secretary and I feel that (you should) request Mr. W's resignation.... Behavior of this type cannot be tolerated and to allow it to continue would be a detriment to the goals of the Reagan Administration.

She's been accused of hiding the truth. Does this memo reveal her as anything but boldly honest?

[A handwritten note to John Mooring, special assistant to the under secretary of HUD]

J.M. — *I want you to emass (sic) great wells of power and wield it on my behalf.*

— Andrea Rider

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Jim Bakker rehearses with his lawyers for his next court appearance.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Billy Barty

Warren Beatty

Napoléon Bonaparte

Montgomery Clift

Michelangelo's David

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Clark Gable

Timothy Hutton

John Lennon

Donald Trump

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the past year?...

Now let's talk about... when you last had sex with (your partner)... Where did you have sex? (The responses permitted were "your home," your "partner's home," "someone else's home," "a hotel or motel," "a car or van," "at work," "in a public place" or "other.")...

What did you do to (your partner)? Just give me the number on the card. (The choices on the card were "hug," "kiss," "deep or tongue kiss," "undress your partner," "stimulate your partner's breast or chest with your hand," "stimulate your partner's breast or chest with your mouth," "rub your genitals on your partner's body," "stimulate your partner's genitals with your hand," "stimulate your partner's genitals with your mouth," "vaginal intercourse," "stimulate your partner's anus with your fingers," "stimulate your partner's anus with your mouth," "anal intercourse.")

What did (your partner) do to you? Give me the number on the card. Did you have an orgasm? Did (your partner) have an orgasm? How did you reach orgasm? That is, what were you and (your partner) doing at the time? You can tell me the number from this card. How did (your partner) reach orgasm? You can tell me the number on the card. About how long did your sexual activity with (your partner) last?... (Please give me the length of time in minutes or hours.)

How did you feel about the amount of sexual activity with (your partner)? Did you feel there was the right amount, or would you have liked more or less?... On a scale of 1 to 10, how close emotionally (do/did) you feel to (your partner)... where 10 is very close emotionally, and 1 is not close at all?

When you had sex with (your partner), how often did (your partner) perform oral sex on you? Was it always, usually, sometimes, rarely, or never? When you had sex with (your partner), how often did you perform

WHERE THE 250-LB PRISON MATRON STANDS GUARD

Gloat-o-Rama: Leona Helmsley's Big-House Preview



If she is sentenced to cold, hard time later this month, feloness Leona Helmsley will be at the mercy of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which decides where those convicted of federal crimes will pay their debt to society. The bureau makes every effort to place prisoners in the federal facility nearest their home (official term: *release destination*). Leona's release destination being Dunnellen Hall—the Helmsleys' superfantabulous 28-acre Greenwich, Connecticut, mansion—her designated prison might very well be (the bureau won't say for sure) the all-female Federal Prison Camp an hour's drive away in Danbury.

Of the five all-women federal facilities in the United States, Danbury has the smallest population, a cozy 150 inmates. And for someone who is good-address-obsessed, the fact that Danbury was named by *Money* magazine last year as the best city in America should ease considerably the embarrassment of serving time. On the down side, says Craig Apker, public-information director for the Danbury camp, there's always "a great deal of work to be done."

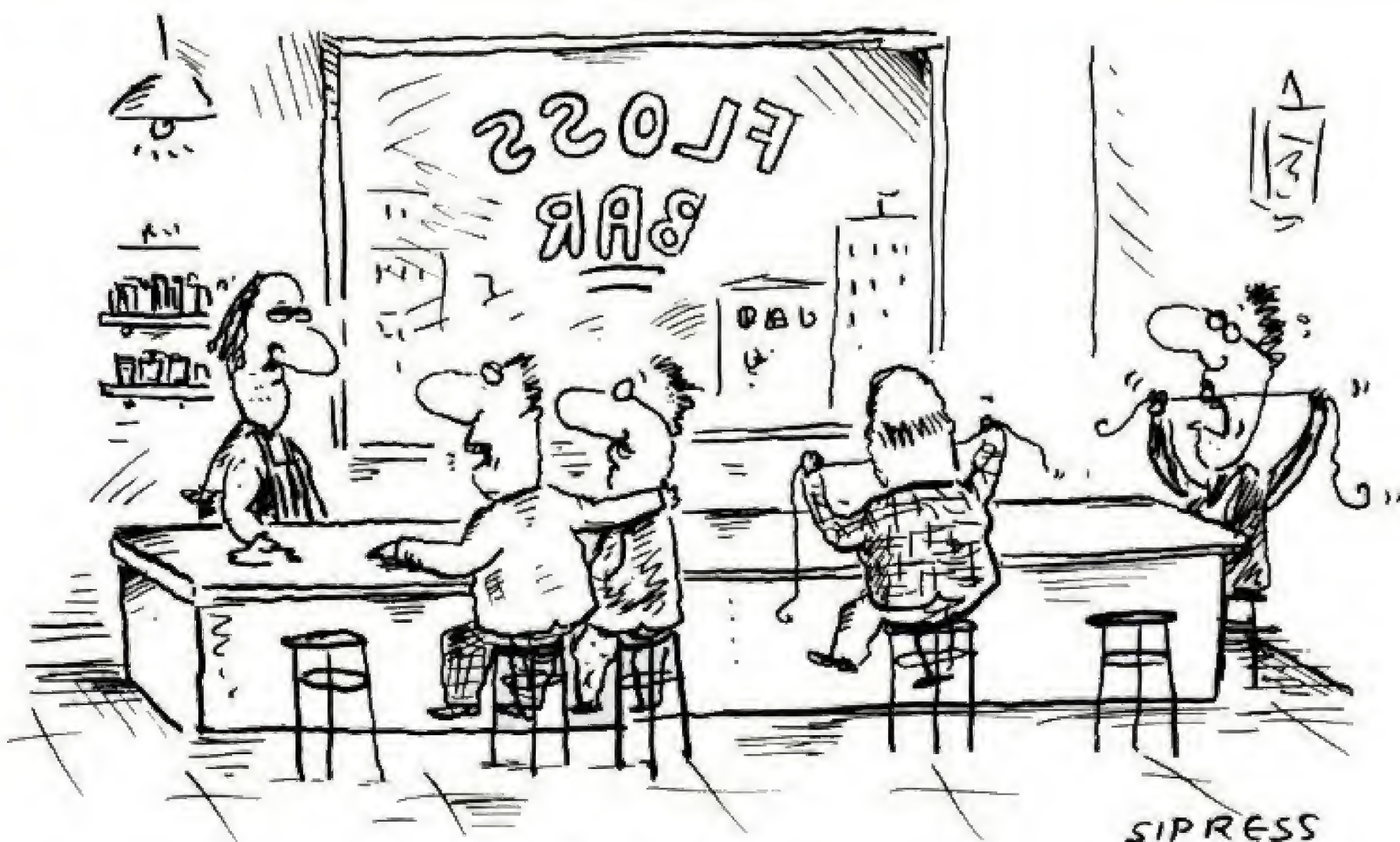
What kind of work? Will Leona, the self-styled perfectionist, be manufacturing license plates, for instance, or breaking rocks, or repaving I-84 as

part of an all-woman chain gang while guards and hounds look on hungrily? "No, no, no," insists Apker, who says that a lot of the work at Danbury involves landscaping its 387 acres (359 more acres than even Leona is used to). But is it possible that the warden would force a 69-year-old woman—even one as tough and hard as Leona—to dig holes and pull weeds? "I can't respond," his spokesman says. "I can only tell you generally that there are a lot of older people who do work in the field."

After putting in a full day's work, Leona will be able to kick off her regulation steel-toed work boots and relax in the prison "dormitory," which offers large, open cubicles (no bars) that accommodate up to four women apiece. The showers, a focus of female prison camp life—at least as it is portrayed in many girls-behind-bars movies—aren't private, either.

Will Leona be able to participate in any rehabilitative programs? Apker replies stonily, "It's a work camp." The tedium, however, will be broken if Leona's certifiably enfeebled husband, Harry, takes advantage of visitation rights (hours are 8:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m., every day but Tuesday and Wednesday). Conjugal visits are not allowed.

—Bob Mack



A plain, unwaxed, for me, and waxed with mint for my pal here.

*"I see you've switched
Vodkas, Vladimir"*

*"I see you are as perceptive
as you are beautiful, Natasha"*



ICY COLD. ICY CLEAR. ICY VODKA. IT'S SMOOTH AS ICE.

Vodka, 40% Alc. by Volume, Imported by Brown-Forman Beverage Co., Louisville, KY. © 1989

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

oral sex on (your partner)? Was it always, usually, sometimes, rarely, or never?

On average over the past year, how often did you masturbate?

Before puberty, many children engage in sex play with other children which involves looking at or exploring each other's bodies. While you were growing up, did you do this a great deal, some, a little, or not at all?

The survey also contains questions about abortion, sexual dysfunction and flashing, subjects that to a layperson seem tenuously related to AIDS. Thankfully, no representative of the government will now visit your home and record your answers to these questions (or, if one does, he or she won't get paid for it; and neither will you—respondents to the federal survey were to get \$50).

The most outspoken opponent of the survey was Representative William Dannemeyer of California, a sex-obsessed and generally knuckleheaded Republican from Orange County. Dannemeyer had previously distinguished himself by accusing people with AIDS of "emitting spores." But one of his most peculiar moments came last June 29, when he took to the floor of the House to address his colleagues on the matter of homosexuality.

"Militant homosexuals do not want you to know of the behavior that defines their existence," thundered Dannemeyer, standing at the podium in the well of the historic chamber. "They do not want you to know that the average homosexual has... sex two or three times a week"—good God, no!—with "1,000 or more partners in his lifetime... [and] has experienced receptive anal penetration, or the insertion of one man's penis in another man's rectum... The average homosexual's favorite activities include receiving oral sodomy—that is, putting one man's penis in another man's mouth; performing anal penetration; and participating in mutual oral sodomy. Other activities

"PARDON ME, HOW DO I GET TO CARNEGIE HALL?"



To New Yorkers who think they're comedians there is just one answer. Stationed by the Lincoln Center fountain, we stopped 50 passersby and earnestly posed the question above.

DELIVERED PUNCH LINE—32%

"Practice, practice, practice. No, it's an old joke. So what you do is take that angled street down to 57th and turn left"—man in Bermuda shorts. "You gotta keep practicing"—Officer Nelson, New York Police Department. "Practice. No, walk down to 57th Street and east two blocks"—woman with Channel 13 bag. "Practice. It's East 57th Street. No, wait. Walk down Broadway; you'll see it"—man in baseball cap. "Practice... Hey, you want a free ticket? It's Slaughter on Tenth Avenue"—scalper outside New York State Theater. "Practice. It's on 57th and Seventh. Almost five blocks down"—bum in Yankees cap. "Yeah, I know that joke. Practice"—balding man. "The standard answer is 'Practice,' but it's 56th and Seventh—walk down that street where all the cabs are heading"—preppy. "It's on 57th and Seventh. Aren't you glad I didn't say, 'Practice, practice, practice?'"—man in sunglasses. "Practice. No. Seventh Avenue and 57th Street"—man in Hawaiian shirt. "Practice. It's a very famous joke. A guy gets into a cab and says, 'How do I get to Carnegie Hall?' and the answer is, 'Practice'"—woman in red-and-white dress. "I don't know, but it's funny you should ask because there's this old joke—you know, 'Practice'"—man with pinkie ring. "Practice. Thank you. I've always wanted to say that"—young man in yellow shirt. "Practice, then go to 57th Street"—tall man. "Are you serious? The correct response is 'Practice'"—red-haired woman in chartreuse skirt. "Practice, practice, practice"—man in hurry.

DIRECTIONS ONLY (ROUGHLY CORRECT)—30%

"It's on Seventh Avenue down at the end of the park"—Englishman. "The easiest way to get there is to walk over to Broadway and down to 57th"—man in gray suit. "See the Hotel Empire? Take that street to 57th and hang a left"—muscular man in tight black sleeveless T-shirt. "I'm pretty sure it's on 57th and Seventh. Yeah, 57th and Seventh. I think"—man with knapsack. "Fifty-Seventh and Seventh. That way"—woman in orange T-shirt. "Go straight down Broadway to 57th Street. Make a left. You can't miss it. You'll be okay"—concerned woman. "Straight down Broadway on 57th Street"—elderly couple with Zabar's bag. "Go past O'Neal's about five blocks. You can take a bus or walk"—bearded man. "Fifty-seventh and Seventh. Right on the corner"—woman with Jersey accent. "It's just down on 57th Street"—Englishman. "Take any of these buses. Get off at 57th Street and walk to Seventh Avenue"—scalper. "It's on 57th Street. Go down Broadway, then left"—woman with too much lipstick. "The No. 7 bus puts you right there"—man in red baseball cap. "Take the 104 bus"—man with thick, black-framed glasses. "57th and Broadway"—cabdriver.

DIRECTIONS ONLY (INCORRECT)—10%

"Walk down to 57th and over to Sixth. I think it's on Sixth Avenue. Yeah, it's on Sixth"—mustachioed man in suit. "Walk down Broadway to Columbus Circle. At Sixth, go across

to Sixth Avenue, then go downtown two blocks and it's between Fifth and Sixth"—New York City police officer. "Okay. It's not here at all. Go down Columbus and make a left and it's on the other side over on Sixth Avenue"—man with foul breath. "It's just down on 55th Street"—man with deep voice. "Fifty-eighth and Sixth"—woman with gold earrings.

NO HELP AT ALL—26%

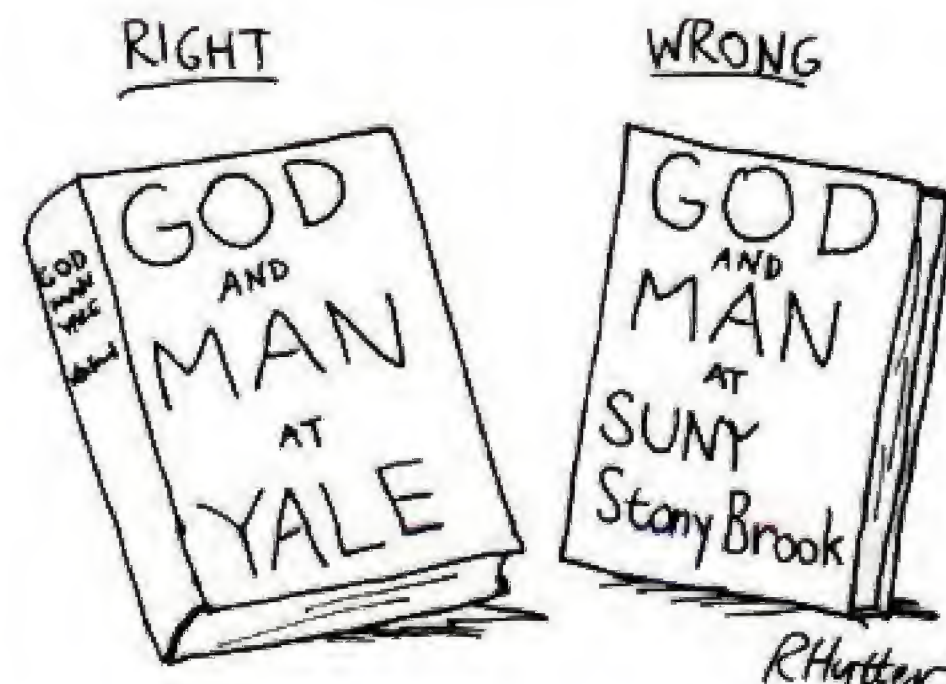
"I think it's that way, but I'm not sure. I've only been in New York a year"—young woman, apparently a dancer. "That way"—pointing woman. "You're asking the wrong people. We're tourists"—pleasant, well-dressed woman. "It's more like in midtown. You better take a cab if you want to make it by eight o'clock"—young man with tweezed eyebrows. "Okay, it's very easy"—man with beard. "It's not near here"—his female companion. He: "Don't discourage her." She: "Who's discouraging her?" He: "Okay, go down Broadway to 57th and make a right." She: "No, no, no. You go down Broadway and make a left." He: "Did I say 'right'?" She: "Yes, you did." "Hub?"—cabdriver. "You're at Lincoln Center—why not go to something here?"—man in seersucker suit. "It's somewhere down there"—man reading a book. "Oh, you walk down the Broadway and then you almost hit it"—Scandinavian man. "God, how should I know?"—religious woman. "I don't know, but do you know how to get to Tower Records?"—enthusiastic young man. "Don't ask me. I'm not a cabdriver"—elderly woman.

DELIVERED PUNCH LINE (INCORRECTLY)—2%

"Study, study, study. No. Go down Broadway to 57th Street"—green-eyed woman.

—Nell Scovell

HOW TO START A HIGHBROW CAREER



Marlboro

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a man's face, tilted slightly. He is wearing a white cowboy hat with a dark band. He has a thick, dark mustache and is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows on the right side of his face and under the hat. The background is a solid, light tan color.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

peculiar to homosexuality include rimming...golden showers...fisting or hand-balling...and...inserting dildos, certain vegetables or light bulbs up another man's rectum.

"Militant homosexuals cringe at the thought of what these graphic images mean [to] most Americans." At that point, Dannemeyer put his research, and himself, into context: "Mind you," he said, "most Americans do not view homosexual sodomy in the same light as heterosexual intercourse or even the aberration of heterosexual sodomy."

The congressman continued his jag at length, discussing why homosexuals do not deserve civil-rights protection and the extent of homosexuals' influence on society ("Beyond the obvious fields of entertainment, literature and certain creative occupations, they have systematically entered professional fields"). Dannemeyer concluded his peroration with the pledge "As long as I...serve in the U.S. Congress, I will continue to affirm the heterosexual ethic at every turn."

Dannemeyer is considered zany and intolerant even by fellow homophobic Republicans. In 1987, Democrats released a purported secret memorandum that showed that while GOP consultants were urging that the epidemic be exploited for partisan purposes ("If we are low key, logical sounding and stressing the importance of 'protecting' families," the memo read, "then we should find ourselves in excellent shape in '88"), they wanted no part of Dannemeyer. The memo described him as "a live grenade" on the issue and said he was "practically foaming at the mouth any time anyone made even a slightly sympathetic reference to people with AIDS."

JUST SAY NO, UNLESS THEY INCLUDE EXPENSES
Don't do drugs, we tell our children, and we explain why: they'll sicken you, impoverish you, undercut your talents, rob you of your livelihood, alienate your friends, ►

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"[His] searching meditations on the love and hate of war...are among the most eloquent I have read in modern literature."
— William Styron on Philip Caputo's *A Rumor of War*

"I devoured it....Belongs to the grand tradition of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Madame Bovary*, and *Anna Karenina*."
— Caputo on Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*

"*Indian Country* is the mature work of one of our most important writers."
— Nicholas Proffitt on Philip Caputo's *Indian Country*

"One of the major novels to come out of the Vietnam War."
— Caputo on Proffitt's *Embassy House*

"Goes far beyond anything I have encountered in the literature of Vietnam."
— Tim O'Brien on Philip Caputo's *Indian Country*

"Not only the best novel about the Vietnam War, but among the finest works of fiction in contemporary American literature."
— Caputo on O'Brien's *Going After Cacciato*

— Howard Kaplan

THE NEW, IMPROVED LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD A Monthly Tally



Clients of press agent

Jeffrey Richards....mentioned once every 3.4 days
Meryl Streep.....once every 4.8 days
Roseanne Barr.....every 6 days
Kirk Douglasevery 6 days
Madonna.....every 6 days
Yoko Ono.....every 6 days
Barry Diller.....every 8 days
Jane Fonda.....every 8 days
A. R. Gurney Jr.....every 8 days
"Yours truly".....every 8 days
Bette Midler.....every 8 days
Joseph Papp.....every 8 days
Arnold Scaasi.....every 8 days
Elizabeth Taylor.....every 8 days
Barbara Walters.....every 8 days
Mort Janklowevery 12 days
Swift Lazar.....every 12 days
Liza Minnelli.....every 12 days
Patsy's.....every 12 days
Linda Blair.....every 24 days
Iris Love.....every 24 days
SPY.....every 24 days

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



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and a Giant Galapagos tortoise?



Pete Dawkins...



and Len Cariou?



Uma Thurman...



and N.Y. Ranger Tomas Sandstrom?

With Gel Exfoliant...
say goodbye to clogged pores
and ingrown hairs.

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PROGRAMME
HOMME

LANCÔME
PARIS

The skin resource for men.

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

possibly kill you. On the other hand, if you survive, you may be able to pick up a nice piece of change at speaking engagements. Here's a flier issued by Greater Talent Network Inc., a speakers' agency in New York.

"ALCOHOL AND SUBSTANCE ABUSE CELEBRITIES"

"*Sid Caesar*—recovering alcoholic; outstanding speaker who always draws a full house; \$10,000–\$12,500 range

"*Gregory Harrison*—Recovering alcoholic and cocaine addict; former co-star of *Trapper John M.D.*; very articulate and recently 'public' on his problems; a very handsome man who does all the extra activities; \$12,500–\$16,000

"*Ralph Waite*—Former star of CBS hit TV series *The Waltons*; recovering alcoholic who appeals to family values; \$7,500–\$10,000

"*Tony Curtis*—The legendary screen star; former husband of Janet Leigh, father of Jamie Lee Curtis; Tony is a recovering alcoholic and cocaine addict; \$15,000 +

"*Margeaux Hemmingway* [*sic*]—Recovered alcoholic and drug abuse[r]; she is a young screen star and granddaughter of the late Ernest Hemmingway [*sic*]; \$5,000–\$6,500

"*Jennifer Bassey*—Former star of soap *All My Children* playing Marian Colby; a very warm and motivational speaker; \$5,000–\$6,500

"*Stacy Keach*—Arrested while on location in England (for cocaine possession); several months in prison helped to force Stacy to accept professional help when he had shunned it for years. A recovering cocaine addict, Stacy feels he got lucky when he got arrested; \$20,000–\$25,000

"*Others*—Barbara Gordon, \$4,500 + ; Larry Gatlin, \$9,000 + ; June Allison [*sic*] \$5,500 + ; Dick Van Dyke, \$12,500 + ; Meredith MacRae, \$6,000 + ; Suzanne Somers, \$12,000 + ; Patty Duke, \$15,000 + ")

WELCOME TO BLOOD-RED CHINA, LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

It's an Ill Wind That Doesn't Make Somebody Richer



Remember those stirring days last June when hundreds of thousands of students peacefully gathered in Tiananmen Square to call upon their government for the right of self-determination? Few have forgotten the stoic faces of the hunger strikers, or the clumsy, touching plaster Statue of Liberty maquette they raised as a symbol of their hopes, or the bloodbath that followed. But time moves fast in the world of free enterprise, and memories do not linger, even memories of people being crushed by tanks. Within a few weeks, most capitalists operating in China managed to put the carnage behind them; a few even cheered the terrific opportunities it had created. We asked some businessmen for their view of the current economic climate in China, and here is what they had to say.

"When you're talking about the smaller Asian markets, your tendency—not your tendency, but your *discipline*—should be to buy when the blood hits the streets. It's a simple rule of thumb."

—*Andrew Economos of the Scudder New Asia Fund, whose heavy investments in the Hong Kong market after the massacre yielded a 20 percent to 35 percent return over the succeeding two months*

"If [the massacre] drives everyone else away and it leaves just you, now you've got a million opportunities where before you had just ten."

—*Richard Barone of the Maxus Investment Group, on*

the prospects for investment in China and Hong Kong

"It's the right time to invest in China. You need to be radical to succeed."

—*Mohamed Hadid, developer of the Beijing Ritz-Carlton Hotel, as quoted in Regardie's*

"We must, of course, deplore the suppression and wanton killing of demonstrators and find appropriate ways to respond... [but] if your business is such that you can make money in a pre-reform environment then go ahead."

—*Roger W. Sullivan, president of the US-China Business Council, on how businesses with investments in China should react to the Tiananmen tragedy*

"Things are back to normal."

—*John Bonomo, a spokesman for NYNEX*

"This was a big event in China, but now the situation is back to normal... There is a fair held twice a year now called the Import and Export Commodities Fair, which will be held in October... People are [already] coming to our office asking for invitations."

—*An official in the New York consulate of the Chinese government, whose court system, in an application of sound fiscal management, billed the families of the executed demonstrators 27 cents for each bullet fired into the victim*

—*Eddie Stern*

BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



DAD, starring Jack Lemmon, Olympia Dukakis, Ted Danson (Universal)

Walter Monheit says, "A great big love-hug of a movie! Jack Lemmon detonates with genius as the Great American Everyfather!"

WHEN THE WHALES CAME, starring Paul Scofield, Helen Mirren (Twentieth Century Fox)

Walter Monheit says, "Thor they bestow — Oscars!"

SECOND SIGHT, starring John Larroquette (Warner Bros.)

Walter Monheit says, "John Larroquette is a summons to laughter! Be sure to comply — unless you want to be held in contempt of comedy!"

STEEL MAGNOLIAS, starring Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah (Tri-Star)

Walter Monheit says, "Guess who's been invited to the cinema slumber party of the year! That's right: Oscar!")



THAT NEW WHITE WINE WAS PERFECTLY SUITED FOR THE OCCASION.



SEEN IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.

Photographed by George Carroll Whipple, III, at Neil's, N.Y.C.

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NOVEMBER DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and Alarming
Events Upcoming*

3 Sandwich Day is held to recognize John Montague, fourth earl of Sandwich, the inventor of the eponymous bread-based treat. Montague is said to have invented the sandwich as a time-saving foodstuff during a 24-hour gambling session. So: why no day for the Baron of Beer Nuts?

4 Sadie Hawkins Day.

5 Elke Sommer—or, as trivia buffs and her parents know her, Elke Schletz—turns 48.

6–12 National Split Pea Soup Week is held to “promote the use of split peas in split pea soup”; an event of particular interest to those who are still making split pea soup with half-filled Xerox toner tubes, creosoted railway ties and pieces of glass ripped out of abandoned cars.

7 Twenty-seventh anniversary of Richard Nixon’s “last” press conference, at which he said, “You won’t have Nixon to kick around anymore.” He was, of course, telling an untruth.

7 Joni Mitchell—known by no one as Elke Schletz—turns 46.

9 The Museum of the City of New York presents a four-hour-long lecture on dollmaking. Location of the seminar on wardrobe and accessories TBA.

14 Anniversary of the first blood transfusion (1666). Members of the cotton swab community encouraged to rise, join hands and lift their voices in song.

14 Operating Room Nurse Day is held to “inform health care consumers that the nurse in the operating room cares for patients before, during and after surgery.” And,



one might add, throughout the difficult blood-transfusion process.

15 No performance at the Metropolitan Opera; all Metropolitan Opera singers spend the day in their apartments padding around in silk kimonos, crying hysterically on the phone with their ex-lovers in Spoleto and ingesting elaborate carbohydrate-heavy meals suitable for large families.

18–24 National Eating Disorders Week.

23 Thanksgiving Day arrives, and you probably have a load of turkey-related questions. Tap into the original party line—the Butterball Turkey Talk Line™ at (800) 323-4848. Last year 127,000 callers asked about Butterball’s

preferred roasting methods (the most popular question asked), thawing (No. 2) and—what many turkey enthusiasts fear is an increasingly overlooked problem—meat thermometer insertion (No. 7).

26 Robert Goulet turns 56.

26 Shopping Reminder: there are only 24 more shopping days until Christmas—and,

more important, *no* shopping days until Robert Goulet’s birthday.

30 The Wellness Permission League in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, hosts Stay Home Because You’re Well Day. The perfect antidote to spending the day at the office putting up your YOU WANT IT WHEN? sign and browsing through old *Cathys*. ☛

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY’s Horoscope for Skeptics

Our regular look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

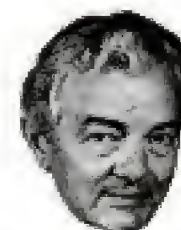
Subject: AL NEUHARTH

Sign: Aries (b. 3/22/24)

Date: July 28, 1989

Notable Activity: Wrote op-ed piece in *USA Today*, the newspaper he created, saying that all flight attendants should be unmarried, female, “under age 25; not over 5 feet 4 inches tall; weight less than 115 pounds.”

Horoscope: “Focus on trips [and] ability to strike chord of universal appeal.”—Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*



Subject: JIM BAKKER

Sign: Capricorn (b. 1/2/40)

Date: August 21, 1989

Notable Activity: Trial began on charges that he raised \$158 million fraudulently by selling fake vacation shares at Heritage USA theme park

Horoscope: “Be especially cautious with high-risk investments.”—Usha, *USA Today*



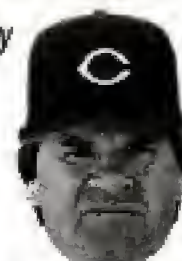
Subject: PETE ROSE

Sign: Aries (b. 4/14/41)

Date: August 24, 1989

Notable Activity: Was banned from major-league baseball for life

Horoscope: “A little stress at work midweek makes you irritable.”—Laurie Brady, *Star*

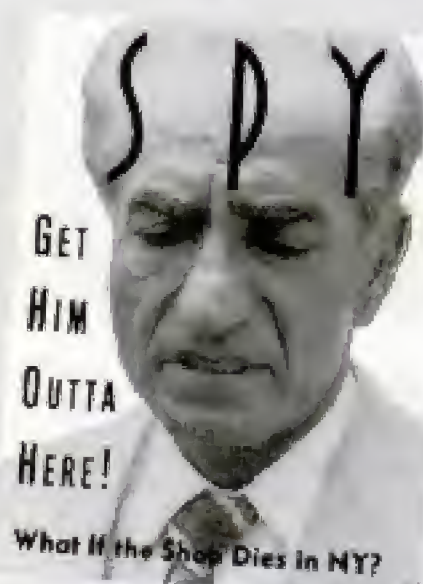


—George Mannes

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

“‘Those kids are all decent athletes,’ Dr. X told me, ‘but without drugs they’re just a bunch of college kids who know how to skate or ski. Put them on steroids and amphetamines, though, and they could beat anybody. Even the Russians. Hell, they could win the gold medal.’”

—from “Will Drugs Transform the 1980 Olympics?,” by David Owen, *SPY*, November 1979



THIS IS TWELVE YEARS SUSPENDED IN TIME.

HEARING THINGS YOU FORGOT.

IT'S WHAT YOU'RE MISSING.

THIS IS SOUND + VISION. 1969 TO 1980.

SPACE ODDITY TO SCARY MONSTERS.

THIS IS 46 TRACKS + 12 YEARS + FROM DAVID BOWIE.

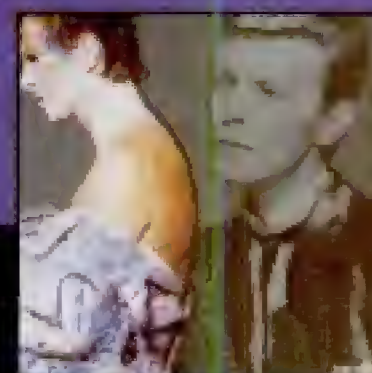
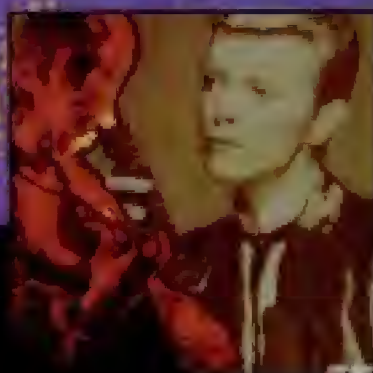
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3 COMPACT DISCS + BONUS CDV EP...

3 CASSETTES...6 LPS.

EXTENSIVE LINER NOTES AND RARE PHOTOS.

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READ MY CLIPS: THIS WAY TO TRUMP THE WRIGHT STUFF

Seven Rules for Composing Headlines the E-Z Way



Every day, newspapers and magazines churn out scores of stories. You may think, "Gee, writing all those headlines seems like a hard job. How do you learn to do it? Does the New School have courses?" In fact, it's not so difficult, once you have learned the seven rules:

1 If your subject's last name is a homonym or homophone, pun on it relentlessly. This rule makes journalism easy these days, because the president, the VP and the U.S.'s leading publicity hog all have such names: A BUSH-LEAGUE TALE—*The Nation*, May 21, 1988; BUSH LEAGUE CHARGES—*The New York Times*, June 24, 1988; IT'S STILL A BUSH LEAGUE—*Ibid.*, September 16, 1988; BUSH LEAGUE TRANSIT?—*Railway Age*, March 1989; BUSH LEAGUE: THE PREPPY STUMBLES—*New York*, March 13, 1989; THE BUSH LEAGUE—*Vogue*, April 1989; QUAYLE HUNT TURNS NEWS MEDIA INTO TARGET FOR ANGRY PUBLIC—*The Washington Post*, August 25, 1988; QUAYLE HUNTING—*The New Statesman*, September 30, 1988; ON THE QUAYLE TRAIL—*The New Republic*, October 31, 1988; PLAYING THE TRUMP CARD—*Time*, September 15, 1986; A TRUMP CARD?—*Ibid.*, September 14, 1987; MCA CONFRONTED WITH A TRUMP CARD—*Variety*, February 17, 1988; THE ART OF PLAYING THE TRUMP CARD—*Maclean's*, January 30, 1989

2 Punning is also useful when first names are homonyms. Note here how the *Daily News's* writers cherish Frank Sinatra's first name as a renewable resource: FRANKLY SPEAKING—interview with Sinatra, May 17, 1976; SINATRA: SPEAKING FRANKLY—profile, January 22, 1978; FRANKLY SPEAKING AT YALE—article, April 17, 1986

3 If your subject's a singer, let his lyrics write your headline: SINATRA DOES IT HIS WAY AT CARNEGIE HALL BENEFIT—*New York Post*, April 9, 1974; GOING FRANKIE'S WAY—*Village Voice*, April 18, 1974; HE DID IT HIS WAY—*Rolling Stone*, June 6, 1974; FRANK DOES IT HIS WAY—*Daily News*, October 16, 1978; OLD BLUE EYES DOES IT HIS WAY AT CARNEGIE—*New York Post*, June 16, 1980

4 To suggest erudition, use the title of a literary classic in your headline. See how a title Hemingway himself lifted from *Ecclesiastes* was appropriated for articles about the children of prominent people (see also the clever use of the homophone son): INDIA: THE SON ALSO RISES—*Newsweek* on Sanjay Gandhi, son of Indira, February 28, 1977; THE SON ALSO RISES—*People* on Adam Arkin, son of Alan, March 7, 1977; THE SON ALSO RISES—*Newsweek* on Ahmad Khomeini, son of the ayatollah, June 9, 1980; THE SON ALSO RISES—*Forbes* on *Washington Post* publisher Donald Graham, son of Katharine, September 29, 1980; THE SON ALSO RISES—*St. Paul* on Stanley S. Hubbard, son of midwestern rich guy Stanley E. Hubbard, June 1987; THE SON ALSO RISES—*Forbes* on George W. Bush, son of George H.W. Bush, June 1, 1987; THE SON ALSO RISES—*Forbes* on Barron Hilton, son of hotelier Conrad Hilton, January 25, 1988

5 If you can't remember any classics, appropriate the title of a recent book or movie. The writers at work below ingeniously modified the title of the 1970 best-seller *Future Shock* to lend their work an air of irony. FUTURE SCHLOCK: THE QUALITY OF LEADERSHIP IS STRAINED—*Maclean's* on Pierre Trudeau, August 17, 1981; FUTURE SCHLOCK—*The Humanist* in a review of a book about psychics, November-December 1984; FUTURE SCHLOCK—*Boston's* movie forecasts, January 1988; FUTURE SCHLOCK: VODOO DOLLS 'R' US AT THE FAD FAIR—*Vogue* on an exhibition of religious effigies, February 1988; FUTURE SCHLOCK—*Interview* on life in the twenty-first century, January 1989

6 If your subject is politics, let a presidential speech writer compose the headline. KINDER, GENTLER NUCLEAR POWER—*The Economist*, February 18, 1989; A KINDER, GENTLER BUSINESS CYCLE?—*Business Week*, March 6, 1989; ISRAEL: A KINDER, GENTLER OCCUPATION—*The Economist*, March 25, 1989; KINDER, GENTLER SOVIETS—*Society*, July-August 1989; A KINDER, GENTLER MARRIAGE—*The Saturday Evening Post*, September 1989; A KINDER, GENTLER ANGLER—*The Wall Street Journal* on the presidential

penchant for fishing, March 8, 1989; A KINDER, GENTLER HEALTH POLICY—*The Nation*, December 5, 1988; A KINDER, GENTLER NICARAGUA?—*World Press Review*, July 1989; READ MY LIPS, GEORGE: DON'T RAISE TAXES—*Business Week*, December 5, 1988; READ MY LIPS—*Barron's* on the Fidelity Aggressive Tax-Free Fund, October 17, 1988; READ MY LIPS—*The New York Times* on political phrases, September 4, 1988; READ MY CLICHÉ: AN EPIDEMIC OF BUSHISMS—*Time* on political phrases, January 16, 1989; JUST SAY NO—*The New Republic*, February 6, 1989; JUST SAY NO TO THE DRUG WAR—*The Nation*, May 21, 1988; JUST SAY NO—TO BEGGARS—*Time*, August 22, 1988; JUST SAY NO TO UNCLE SAM'S MONEY—*Christianity Today*, September 2, 1988; JUST SAY NO TO JUNK—*Utne Reader*, July-August 1989

7 Special to *Esquire* editors: When the article is a hagiography, just add the appellation "Saint" to the subject's name or nickname. ST. BOSS—*Esquire* on Bruce Springsteen, December 1988; SAINT FRANCIS OF HOBOKEN—on Sinatra, December 1987; SAINT MITCH—on activist Mitch Snyder, December 1986; ST. ELMORE'S FILE—on Elmore Leonard, April 1987 (note: Rule No. 5 observed here as well)

Once you are comfortable with these formulas, feel free to mix and match. These headlines about people named Wright combine Rule No. 1 and Rule No. 5: [on Jim Wright] THE WRIGHT STUFF—*The New Republic*, October 14, 1985; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*The New York Times*, March 11, 1987; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*Time*, October 5, 1987; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*Los Angeles Times*, June 6, 1988; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*The New Republic*, May 15, 1989; [on Frank Lloyd Wright] THE WRIGHT STUFF—*Vogue*, December 1982; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*The Wall Street Journal*, May 21, 1986; THE WRIGHT STUFF—*Newsweek*, February 1, 1988; [on the Wright brothers] THE WRIGHT STUFF—*Bicycling*, July 1982; TWO BROTHERS HAVE THE WRIGHT STUFF, 1903—*The Wall Street Journal*, February 8, 1989

—Eddie Stern

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Interior of a Restaurant by Vincent Van Gogh, adapted by Richard Hess

Bacardi without reservations.

A quiet table for two
in your favorite bistro.
The perfect setting
for smooth Bacardi light
and tonic.
Bacardi rum,
made in Puerto Rico.

Having good taste is knowing what tastes good.

How Did I Get This Great Job?

A SPY Service Feature

back when the business of America was business, a Harvard M.B.A. was the surest route to wealth. But as the Japanese buy up all our real estate and take over the world's banking and manufacturing, Harvard may no longer present an ambitious mogul-in-the-making with the secret of success. Other schools may offer training in skills more appropriate to America's standing in the 21st century. What is the confused executive of tomorrow to choose? Here is a guide to some of the local choices available.

Institution	Length of Training	Entrance Requirements	% Applicants Accepted	Some Required Courses
East New York High School of Transit Technology	3-4 years	Grade-level reading and math skills, good junior high attendance record	60	Introduction to Occupations, Exploratory Shops
The College of Insurance	4-5 years	In top 20 percent of high school class, minimum combined SAT score of 1000 or 1200 (depending on which program you apply for), personal interview	40	Principles of Insurance and Suretyship, Finite Mathematics, Calculus, Economics
New York School of Detection	7 weeks	21 years old, 60 college credits, satisfactory personal interview	100	Polygraph Instrument Consideration, Polygraph Question Formulation, Polygraph Examination Techniques, Polygraph Notepack Utilization and Other Related Polygraph Instructions
Harvard Business School	2 years	Three letters of recommendation, one from a former employer; seven-essay, 100-hour application; transcripts; two to four years of work experience after college	12	Introduction to Financial Statements; Organizational Behavior; Control, Competition and Strategy; Management Communication

Nobody has the Carlton

1.
Lowest
tar.
(1 mg.)



2.
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nicotine.
(0.1 mg.)



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Naked City

Total Tuition	School Motto	Some Extracurricular Activities	Ambience	Positions for Which Graduates Are Qualified in Today's Economy	Average Starting Salary
None	"The express to success"	Student newspaper, coed varsity handball and track teams	Aroma of indolence	Signal or electrical-equipment maintenance; power/electricity technician; road-car inspector; air brake inspector	\$23,000/year
\$29,600-\$37,100	"Ex agendo aestimamur" ("Let us be judged by our deeds")	Intercollegiate bowling team	Scent of Xerox machine toner	Risk management, underwriting, insurance brokering	\$28,000/year
\$2,500 plus lodging (students get a special rate at the Ramada Inn at 48th Street and Eighth Avenue: \$95/day)	None	None	Odor of sweat and fear	Conducting polygraph examinations	\$22,000/year
\$30,700	"Veritas" ("Truth")	Corporate Leadership Forum, Health Industry Club, Marketing Club, Real Estate Club	Smell of indolence, Xerox machine toner, sweat and fear	Credit department management at a Japanese bank	\$55,000/year

— Caren Weiner

combination.

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for me."

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Carlton is lowest.

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Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

King Size Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Naked City

t

NAME THAT TUNE, MR. SPOCK!

his celebratory gathering occurs at my behest and I shall be lachrymose if it so befits me.

She chooses to purchase a terraced incline directed toward a postlife paradisiacal region.

I request that you prevent a large, glowing orb consisting of incandescent gas from committing fellatio upon my person.

The leather coverings now encasing my pedal extremities have been manufactured for the specific purpose of ambulatory forward motion.

Allow me the honor of portraying for you a miniaturized representation of a member of the family Ursidae of the order Carnivora.

Adieu, jaundiced vehicular pathway

consisting of blocks of baked clay.

You provide illumination for the period of time delimited by my nativity and the complete cessation of my metabolic functions.

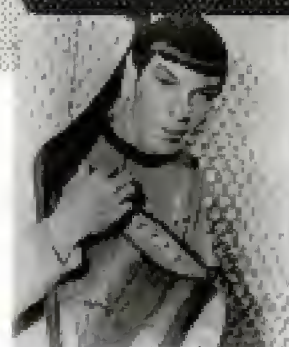
And we will engage in much jubilant activity until such time as the male parent chooses to repossess her vehicle of motorized transport.

The deity had little or nothing to do with the manufacture of minuscule viridescent seed-bearing fruits.

Expresses deep affection toward yours truly in the manner of a hardened igneous object.

Please remove yourself from the immediate vicinity of my visible collection of minute water particles, Dr. McCoy.

—David Yazbek and Howard Korder



SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



SPY: What do you like about show business, Bob?
Bob Brivic, Star of Tomorrow: In films I mostly get cast as bag men or derelicts. It's fun. I was in the orgasm scene in *When Harry Met Sally*. . . It was great. I was paid to eat deli sandwiches all day long. ☛

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly
Anagram Analysis

ROE VS. WADE
ERASED VOW

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
HELP—TRY CAR CORROSION

ELVIS ARON PRESLEY
REPRESSION VALLEY

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY
LICK MY AWFUL BILE

MAYOR ART AGNOS
(of San Francisco)
GAY MAN'S ORATOR

RONALD LAUDER
O, NEAR DULLARD
—Andy Aaron

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DEAR BOB,

I'm puzzled about some of your Talk of the Town pieces. When you state, "A young friend of ours writes," for example, do you mean young in comparison to Brendan Gill, or merely someone that the octogenarian William Shawn would consider a stripling? Is "a young woman we know" the same as "a young woman of our acquaintance"? And do these acquaintances just write in from time to time, or are they simply staff writers not allowed to reveal their identities?

David Adam
New York, New York

Naive, trusting fools that we are, we always believed they were "young friends," and even fantasized about young friends of our own who would write us precocious, careful letters. It turns out those pieces are indeed usually staff-written, the "young friend" merely a ploy to introduce the first-person singular. Let us tell you—rather, a young friend of ours writes, "Let me tell you, this news made me distraught."

DEAR BOB,

Is the situation at *The New Yorker* becoming so desperate that you have been forced to resort to two-button-placketed, traditionally tennis-tailed piqué (piqué?) polo shirts and Super High-Cru T-shirts to bolster the coffers? Are you sure your advertising firm has targeted the correct audience? Is this the kind of fashion statement *The New Yorker* really wants to be making? Do you really want your patrons to "wear all the personality and wit of *The New Yorker*"? I thought the goal was to get them to read the magazine. Does this mean that the comfortable tweed jackets and bow ties traditionally associated with *The New Yorker* have been rejected for all time? (Do you think the waiters at the Algonquin would ever even think of serving anyone wearing a T-shirt, even if it was a Super High-Cru *New Yorker* T-shirt?) Does the plastic-purse fetish have anything to do with this?

Eugene A. Bolt Jr.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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The taste is so superb, in fact, one of our own brewmasters now refuses to drink anything else.

This smooth, all-natural refresher is

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The result is a uniquely crisp, clean, bracing taste only a brewer with Grolsch's 374 years of experience could produce.

So ask for Grolsch Premium Dry the next time you buy beer.

And enjoy the first dry beer a European would consider drinking.




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A GOOD BUTTOCKS-LIFT IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS

Second in a Series: SPY Celebrates Show Biz Survivors

When Jane Fonda released her seminal *Workout* video in 1982, the ex-bulimic not only provoked a health-and-fitness mania, she also created a new method of self-expression-cum-career rehab for a whole raft of flabby has-beens. Time was when getting back in shape was just *one* of the steps a down-and-out performer had to take to revive a career. But now, recovering from an episode of alcoholism or a decade of obesity *in itself* constitutes a considerable celebrity achievement, worthy of documentation in all media.

Celebrity workout videos also provide an almost unbearably intimate new way for us to glimpse famous entertainers as they really are. Reading a book by Vanna White is one thing; sharing a personal moment with her in an embarrassing position on the living-room floor is something infinitely more satisfying. Consult the guide below to choose the famous personal trainer who is right for you. And remember: go for the burn!

Celebrity Fitness Video: *Do It Debbie's Way*

Athletic Qualifications: Debbie Reynolds was a successful pre-aerobics dancer

Supporting Players: Shelley Winters, Teri Garr, Florence Henderson, Rose Marie, Dionne Warwick, Jaye P. Morgan

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: "Doggy lifts," also known as "the hydrant" ("Bosoms to the floor!" Reynolds commands)

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Shake 'em out, girls!"

Activewear: Leotard, neck scarf, Olivia Newton-John-style headband, false eyelashes (Jaye P. Morgan wears high heels)

Evidence of Overtraining: Rose Marie nearly dies during hip flexors; Shelley Winters rests while others exert

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Close-ups of Dionne Warwick's bouncing chest

Household Objects Used? Yes—Debbie suggests using cans or bags of beans as hand weights

Exercise-Induced Delusion: Reynolds says,



"I used to do this at Palladium"

Celebrity Fitness Video: *Take Time With Pat Boone*

Athletic Qualifications: Boone is part owner of

Nutra First, a mysterious "new nutrition company"

Supporting Players: Seven elderly, demented exercisers

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Invisible-giant-beach-ball embrace/knee dip

Expert Conditioning Advice: "We've got to use these beautiful bodies God's given us"

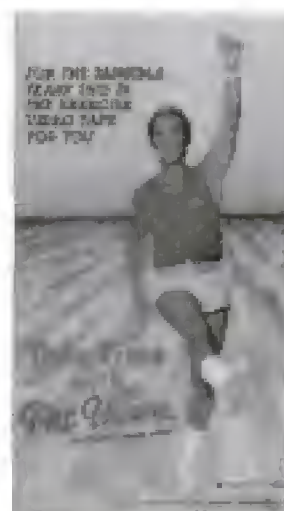
Activewear: Spandex Nutra First warm-ups, multiple gold chains

Evidence of Overtraining: Pat trips during leg stretch

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Rockettes-inspired synchronized "point-step" routine

Household Objects Used? No

Exercise-Induced Delusion: Pat imagines he is a sword fighter



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Richard Simmons and the Silver Foxes*

Athletic Qualifications: Simmons played a sissy-ish aerobics instructor—himself—on *General Hospital*; his supporting

players are the parents of superfit celebrities

Supporting Players: Jacqueline Stallone, Sal Pacino, Harry Hoffman, Pauline Fawcett, Shirley Simmons

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: "Rumba" and "Hawaii" arm swings

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Be sure to sit tall and open your chest"

Activewear: Painfully thin Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Stallone wear spandex leggings and perhaps two pounds of jewelry each

Evidence of Overtraining: Al Pacino's father is not able to march in place

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Hand-flexibility exercises

Household Objects Used? Yes—chairs to help with rump bends

Exercise-Induced Delusion: That Shirley Simmons is the parent of a star



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Fitness Walking With Sally Struthers*

Athletic Qualifications: Struthers did 295 straight performances in *The Odd Couple* on Broadway

Supporting Players: David Balboa (creator of ducklike Balboa walking technique), black walker, elderly walker, well-toned female walker

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Rolling-shoulder strides

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Your foot becomes a rocker. Like a rocking chair!"

Activewear: Bright-blue Lane Bryant bargain-bin sweat suit with shoulder pads

Evidence of Overtraining: Taking own pulse, Struthers comically feigns choking

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Struthers waddling through Central Park with Balboa

Household Objects Used? No

Exercise-Induced Delusion: That race-walking is "graceful"



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Vanna White's Get Slim, Stay Slim*

Athletic Qualifications: "An All-American ideal: youthful energy, beauty queen good looks and a slim, stunning figure"—liner notes

Supporting Players: Waiter in restaurant; nameless dinner date described only as Vanna's "very special friend"

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: This is a diet video, so Vanna doesn't stretch

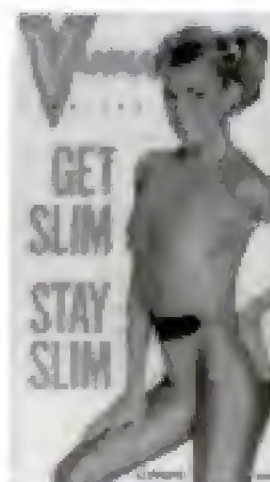
Expert Conditioning Advice: "Never sit still if you can move around, that's my motto"

Activewear: Pink tank top, slacks and sneakers, spandex leotard, two blue gowns, *Flashdance*-esque sweats, football jersey, tight Lakers T-shirt, sequined evening dress

Evidence of Overtraining: Too-gleeful preparation of Vanna-Banana breakfast shake

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Vanna running up and down staircase

Household Objects Used? Yes—blender to



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Naked City

(continued)

prepare Vanna-Banana breakfast shake
Exercise-Induced Delusion: Vanna receives a call at home from Pat Sajak

Celebrity Fitness Video: *Marie Osmond: Exercises for Mothers-to-Be*

Athletic Qualifications: Pregnant Osmond says, "I'm what you'd call a fairly energetic-type person"

Supporting Player: Fetus

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: "Body bridge" (rhythmically raising and lowering pelvis while lying on back)

Expert Conditioning Advice: "The warmth from your hands in the darkness can...ease sinus congestion"

Activewear: Clownish flannel jumpsuits, Exorcist-look makeup, headband

Evidence of Overtraining: Marie apparently falls asleep several times

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Foot circles during final sleep sequence

Household Objects Used? No

Exercise-Induced Delusion: Marie hopes viewers will do "pelvic-floor" contractions "at the office, at lunch, even a party"



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Sid Caesar's Shape Up!*

Athletic Qualifications: Former pill- and booze-hound Caesar is now "addicted to exercise"

Supporting Players: Blond and brunet aerobics partners who appear in Caesar's ostensibly amusing erotic daydreams

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Tongue extensions ("to prevent wrinkles")

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Keep your coccyx on your tushy on that pillow"

Activewear: Blue bikini underpants

Evidence of Overtraining: Caesar coughs up phlegm while showering

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Caesar pacing up and down hotel hallway while rapidly blinking

Household Objects Used? Yes—end tables (for "incline push-aways"), pillow, sponge (for forearm squeezes)



Exercise-Induced Delusions: Caesar imagines he is, consecutively, German, French and Italian

Celebrity Fitness Video: *Looking Good! Featuring Tempestt Bledsoe (Vanessa on Cosby)*

Athletic Qualifications: Blood relation of video's producer

Supporting Players: The ideal *Sassy* magazine focus group

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Buttocks-elevating frog position

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Don't forget to breathe when you jog"

Activewear: Nike sweats, Jheri-Kurls

Evidence of Overtraining: Bledsoe yawns during small-circle leg lifts

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Ankle twirls

Household Objects Used? No

Exercise-Induced Delusion: That teenagers buy exercise videos



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Angela Lansbury's Positive Moves*

Athletic Qualifications: "I'm not a fitness expert or a dietitian. I'm certainly not a fanatic about any of this"—Lansbury

Supporting Players: None

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: "Cat arch," on all fours with buttocks raised

Expert Conditioning Advice: "It's worth it to continue to present yourself as a woman of loveliness and dignity"

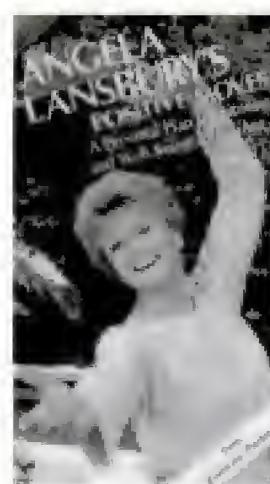
Activewear: Pastel martial-arts jumpsuit, apron (for making "power loaf" bread)

Evidence of Overtraining: Near-masturbatory "bath ceremony," including votive candles and Lansbury's slow application of lotion while in bubble bath

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: On-land swimming

Household Objects Used? Yes—bath towel to hold during shoulder stretch

Exercise-Induced Delusion: Lansbury comments, "In the sixties, I rocked with the best of them"



Celebrity Fitness Video: *Shirley MacLaine's Inner Workout*

Athletic Qualifications: MacLaine is flexible enough to maintain fake lotus position for nearly 60 minutes

Supporting Player: Naked male mannequin with pulsating energy points

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Mentally aligning body's invisible "chakras"

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Pulsate orange in and around the reproductive organs...Feel all the variable colors all through the genital area, fusing and cleansing and coloring"

Activewear: Oversize peach lounge suit

Evidence of Overtraining: Open-eyed meditations provoke colorful hallucinations

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Obscene gesturing used to explain "base chakra," located on mannequin's buttocks

Household Objects Used? No

Exercise-Induced Delusions: Plentiful



Celebrity Fitness Video: *The Rob Lowe Home Workout*

Athletic Qualifications: Rob played a

hockey star in the wretched *Youngblood*; one of *Us*'s "America's 10 Sexiest Bachelors"

Supporting Players: Justin M. (a production assistant on *Masquerade*) and unidentified American model

Particularly Humiliating Stretch: Lowe masturbating in profile

Expert Conditioning Advice: "Harder, harder," says Justin, spotting for Lowe

Activewear: None

Evidence of Overtraining: After two strenuous rounds, unidentified model needs "a ten-minute breather"

Best Segment Viewed on Fast Speed: Lowe doing standard, basic-training-style push-ups on top of model for 19 minutes

Household Objects Used? Yes—see Sid Caesar's Expert Conditioning Advice

Exercise-Induced Delusion: That unidentified American models like being spanked on national television



—Dan Zevin



Cristal

persuasión™

*"Standing there...
sipping that macho drink...
you think you're so superior."*



"Be nice."

*"How can I be anything but —
with someone brilliant, arrogant
and obviously bigger than I am?"*

*"I'm too brilliant
to be arrogant."*

"Persuade me."

"E = MC²"

*"You're going to have
to do more than that!"*



*"Take my CRISTAL...
and then beg for
my forgiveness."*

*"I'll take your CRISTAL...
you can beg to get it back."*



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- 100% Colombian:
CRISTAL (neat)
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CRISTAL, soda
& lime slice.
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& orange slice.
- 100% L.A.
CRISTAL & a slice
...of anything!



THE ART OF THE ART OF THE DEAL

Donald Trump, Author, vs. Donald Trump, Aggrieved Taxpayer



One of the more remarkable deals described in *The Art of the Deal* is Donald Trump's purchase of the Mar-a-Lago estate in Palm Beach. Trump got the mansion, originally priced at \$20 million, for a quarter of that amount—\$5 million for the house, plus \$3 million for the furnishings and \$2 million for an adjacent property, with only \$2,812 actually coming out of his own pocket.

But one does not become a short-fingered casino operator by being easily satisfied. When the local tax assessor backhandedly confirmed what a fabulous deal Trump had negotiated by declaring the value of the property to be \$11.5 million—64 per-

cent higher than the purchase price—Trump cried foul. He challenged the assessment in court, even though the additional taxes amount to a mere \$81,525, less than what he spent last spring for newspaper ads supporting capital punishment. But what was no doubt an unintended consequence of the suit, which he did not win, was the glimpse of the Mar-a-Lago deal revealed in court papers, one that shows that the heroic account published in *The Art of the Deal* was exaggerated, if not simply false. Below is the passage in the book recounting the purchase, as annotated by FRANK CERABINO, a reporter for *The Palm Beach Post*, where his report on these discrepancies first appeared.

Trump said he learned about Mar-a-Lago from an anonymous cabdriver. "I said, 'What's good around here that's for sale?' He said, 'Well, maybe Mar-a-Lago is for sale.'" The cabbie, Trump noted, should have been a real estate agent. "He could have been a wealthy man today. That's called the breaks, right?"

In fact, \$20 million

In a deposition taken for his lawsuit against the county, Trump said his first offer on Mar-a-Lago was turned down by the Post Foundation because he wanted to build 14 houses on the estate.

In fact, on August 9, 1983—at least seven months later

Only one of the four bids was higher than \$15 million.

Because Trump wanted to build 14 houses. "It was our firm belief he would not get approval for that—building houses," said Post Foundation board member Rodion Cantacuzene.

Buying Mar-a-Lago was a great deal even though I bought it to live in, not as a real estate investment. Mar-a-Lago was built in the early 1920s by Marjorie Merriweather Post, the heiress to the Post cereal fortune and, at the time, Mrs. Edward F. Hutton. Set on twenty acres that face both the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Worth, the house took four years to build and has 118 rooms. Three boatloads of Dorian stone were brought from Italy for the exterior walls, and 36,000 Spanish tiles dating back to the fifteenth century were used on the exterior and the interior.

In fact, \$9 million

Trump made two more bids, in October 1983 and October 1985. During those two years, the foundation went to contract four different times without getting any counteroffers from Trump as each of the four deals fell through.

Plus another virtually-never-mentioned \$2 million he paid for 403 feet of oceanfront property in front of Mar-a-Lago. The property was valued at \$1 million, but since the owner could have built on the property and blocked Mar-a-Lago's access to the water, he was able to squeeze the foundation, and thus Trump.

When Mrs. Post died she gave the house to the federal government for use as a presidential retreat. The government eventually gave the house back to the Post Foundation, and the foundation put it up for sale at an asking price of \$25 million. I first looked at Mar-a-Lago while vacationing in Palm Beach in 1982. Almost immediately I put in a bid of \$15 million, and it was promptly rejected. Over the next few years, the foundation signed contracts with several other buyers at higher prices than I'd offered, only to have them fall-through before closing. Each time that happened, I put in another bid, but always at a lower sum than before.

Trump got 99.97 percent financing on Mar-a-Lago from Chase Manhattan Bank, laying out only \$2,812 of his own money as a down payment.

One estate

Finally, in late 1985, I put in a cash offer of \$5 million, plus another \$3-million for the furnishings in the house. Apparently, the foundation was tired of broken deals. They accepted my offer, and we closed one month later. The day the deal was announced, the *Palm Beach Daily News* ran a huge front-page story with the headline MARA-LAGO'S BARGAIN PRICE ROCKS COMMUNITY.

Soon, several far more modest estates on property a fraction of Mar-a-Lago's size sold for prices in excess of \$18 million. I've been told that the furnishings in Mar-a-Lago alone are worth more than I paid for the house. It just goes to show that it pays to move quickly and decisively when the time is right. Upkeep of Mar-a-Lago, of course, isn't cheap. For what it costs each year, you could buy a beautiful home almost anywhere else in America.

A fraction, yes—and quite a large one, something in the neighborhood of five-sevenths. But Trump didn't always boast about the size. In a deposition, he noted that Mar-a-Lago was inconveniently big, saying, "Let's not kid ourselves, Mar-a-Lago, while it's a great national treasure, is a total under-utilization of this property." And indeed, he subtracted \$2.5 million from the value of Mar-a-Lago because he judged its excessive size a liability rather than an asset.

The "far more modest estate" is Montsorel, a 35,000-square-foot Palm Beach mansion with 608 feet of ocean frontage that was listed for sale at \$25 million—just \$5 million more than the asking price of Mar-a-Lago.

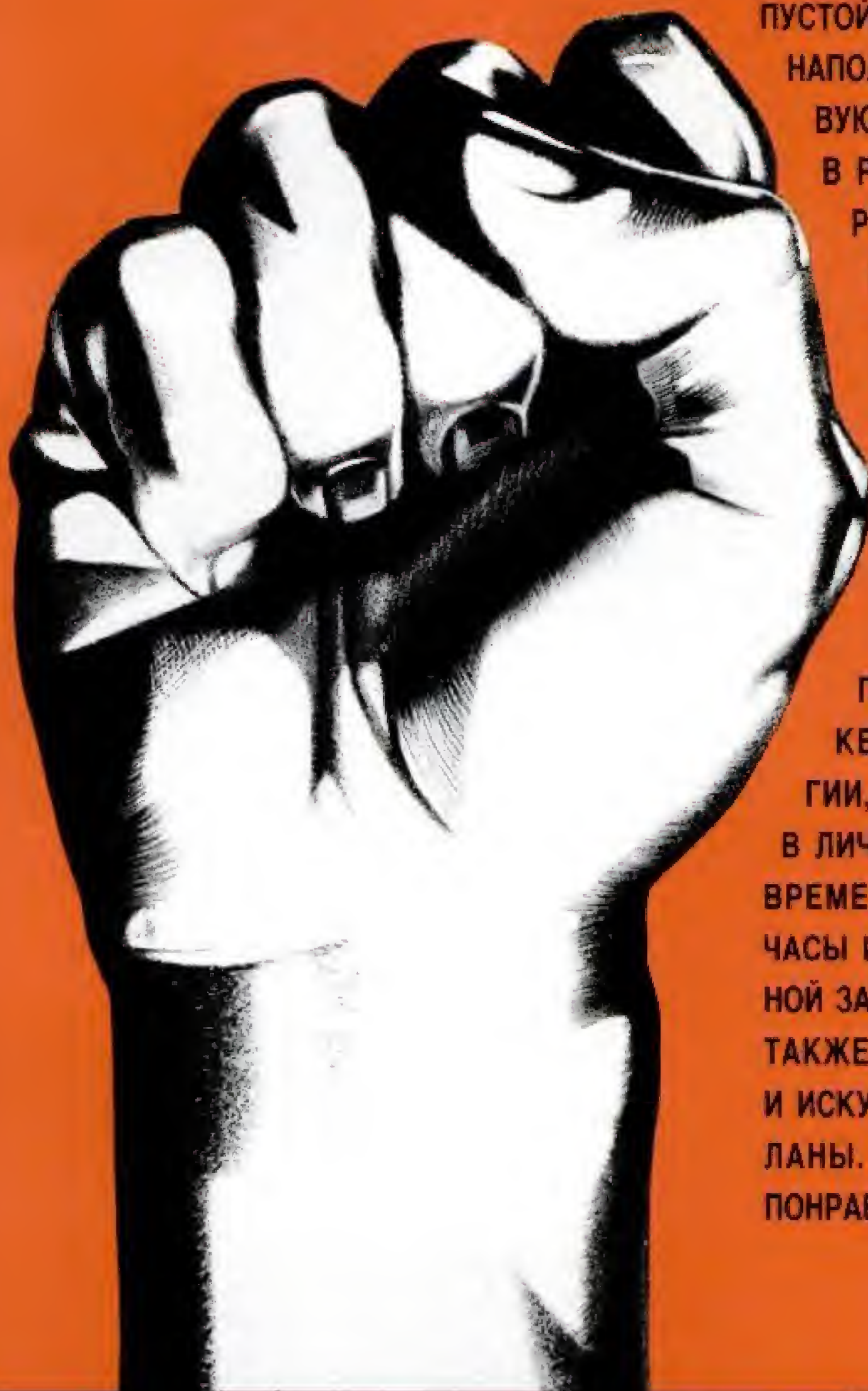
Exactly \$18 million, not "in excess" of \$18 million

More valuable than \$5 million? They were valued at between \$1 million and \$1.64 million in the three independent appraisals undertaken while the mansion was for sale.

Trump has testified that Mar-a-Lago's upkeep costs between \$2 million and \$2.5 million a year. That estimate has been contradicted by, of all people, Trump's own hired appraiser, John Underwood, who has come up with a much lower figure. In court, Underwood testified, "The only way I can see that he got from the figure we were given to \$2.5 million would be including mortgage payments," which would amount to \$1 million a year or more. ☺

РАКЕТА

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ЭТОТ СИМВОЛ МИРА — НЕ ПУСТОЙ ЖЕСТ. МЫ ПЕРЕЖИЛИ НАПОЛЕОНА, ПЕРВУЮ МИРОВУЮ ВОЙНУ, РЕВОЛЮЦИЮ В РОССИИ, ВТОРУЮ МИРОВУЮ ВОЙНУ И «ХОЛОДНУЮ ВОЙНУ». МЫ ЯВЛЯЕМСЯ АУТЕНТИЧНЫМ РУССКИМ ПРЕДПРИЯТИЕМ ПО ПРОИЗВОДСТВУ ЧАСОВ, ОСНОВАННЫМ В 1721 ГОДУ ПЕТРОМ ВЕЛИКИМ. МЫ СОПРОТИВЛЯЕМСЯ ЭРЕ КВАРЦЕВОЙ ТЕХНОЛОГИИ, ПОТОМУ ЧТО ВЕРИМ В ЛИЧНОЕ ОТНОШЕНИЕ КО ВРЕМЕНИ. ПОЭТОМУ НАШИ ЧАСЫ ИМЕЮТ ПРУЖИНУ РУЧНОЙ ЗАВОДКИ. ОНИ ТАКЖЕ КРАСИВЫ И ИСКУСНО ОТДЕЛАНЫ. ОНИ ВАМ ПОНРАВЯТСЯ.



ОРИГИНАЛЬНЫЕ РУССКИЕ ЧАСЫ

THE DEATH NEWS EQUATION REDUX

Further Proof That The New York Times Uses a Secret Formula to Determine Story Length

After a deluge of letters and phone calls, we are exhausted. *We're not convinced*, went the uproar. *We need more proof*. Okay, okay. We give.

For those just joining us, an update: in May we published "All the News That's Print to Fit," containing definitive proof—six weeks' worth of clippings from the paper of record—that coverage of death in *The New York Times* is determined by the use of a formula. To wit:

$$\sqrt{\frac{K + \frac{I}{3} + \frac{3S}{2} + \frac{P(ts)^2 + P(j)^2}{50}}}{3} = \text{Total column inches}$$

where K = number killed;

I = number injured;

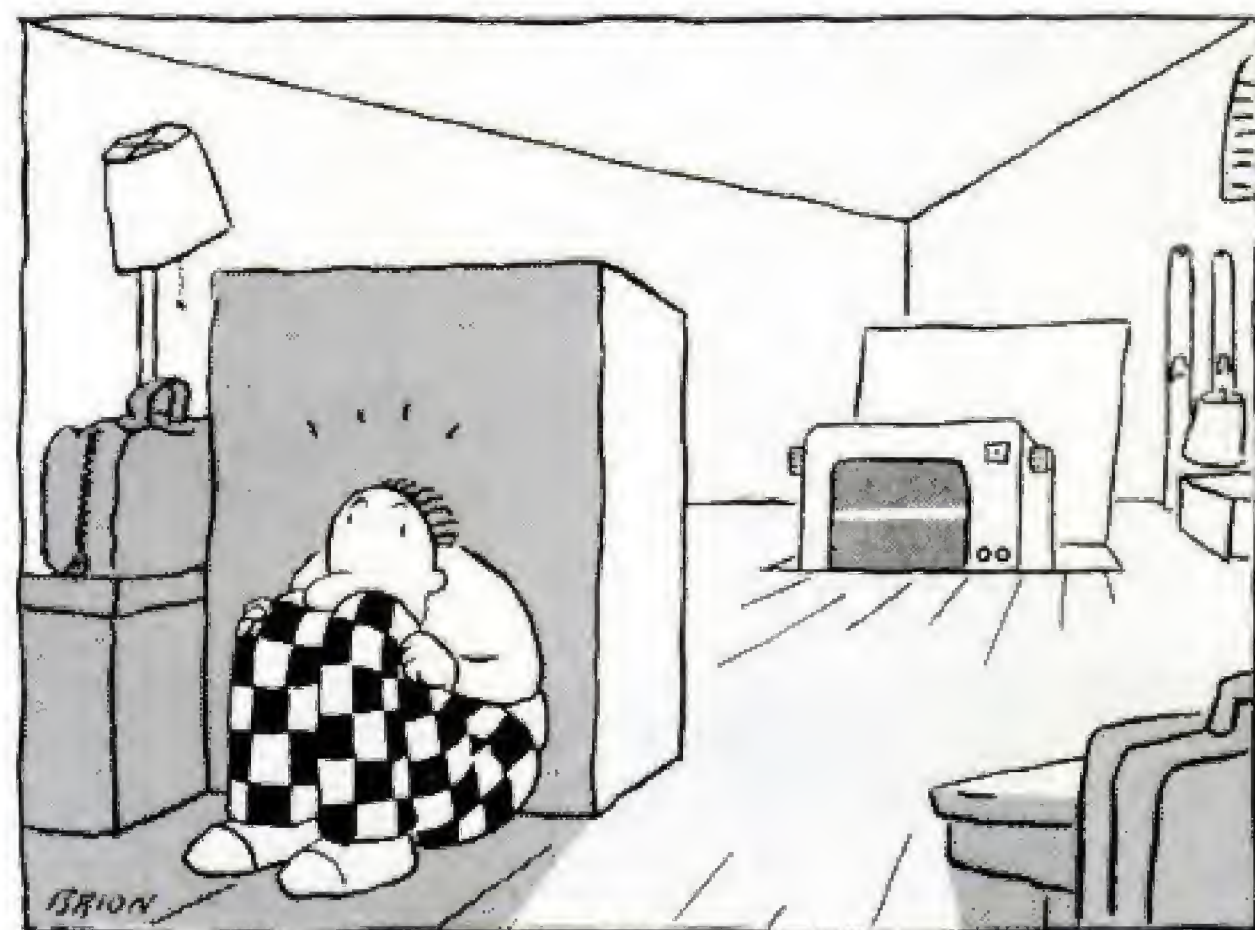
S = the Sensitivity, on a 1–10 scale, of *Times* editors to the episode; and

P = the Proximity, on a 0–10 scale, of the incident to Times Square (ts) or, to account for weight accorded Middle East conflict, Jerusalem (j)

When the correct numbers are fed into the formula, the result is the number of inches any given story will run in *The New York Times*. The method for determining a story's location in the paper involves a somewhat less objective calculation based on the Sensitivity factor.

The Equation in Action

1–2. Let's start with this past summer's two big plane stories. One hundred and eleven people died in Sioux City, Iowa (July 19), and 185 survived; 82 died in a Korean Air crash in Tripoli



CARLTON SOON REGRETTED BUYING A
HEAT-SEEKING TELEVISION SET



OFFICIAL TIMES SQUARE PROXIMITY
CALCULATOR MAP

(July 27) and 113 others were injured. As you'd guess, the American deaths count for more. But how many inches more, and where in the paper? In both cases, add one-third of the injured/survivors toll to the number of dead, and divide by three, leaving sums of 57.77 on United and 39.89 on

Korean Air. Then take the square roots.

Next into the hopper go one and a half of the respective Sensitivity scores. As for the deaths of 111 Middle Americans, even jaded, parochial editors of *The New York Times* are acutely sensitive. Such a toll, in fact, busts the 1–10 scale; well on their way to 30.5 inches of front-page coverage, the Iowa victims score 15 Sensitivity points. Once we add .5 (a Proximity to Times Square of 5, squared and divided by 50), our equation churns out a figure of 30.59—within a quarter inch of what appeared in the paper.

Libya, however, is a different story. The Korean Air crash followed United's by only eight days, and in a DC-10—the *very same model of plane*—but, mysteriously, our editors' Sensitivity is a tad dulled: this disaster is awarded only 9 points. Factoring in a Proximity to Jerusalem (even though the plunge is attributed to relatively apolitical causes—poor visibility) of 7, our equation suggests the story should run 20.8 inches. The *Times* printed 21. Which, owing to the much lower Sensitivity involved, appeared on page A-8.

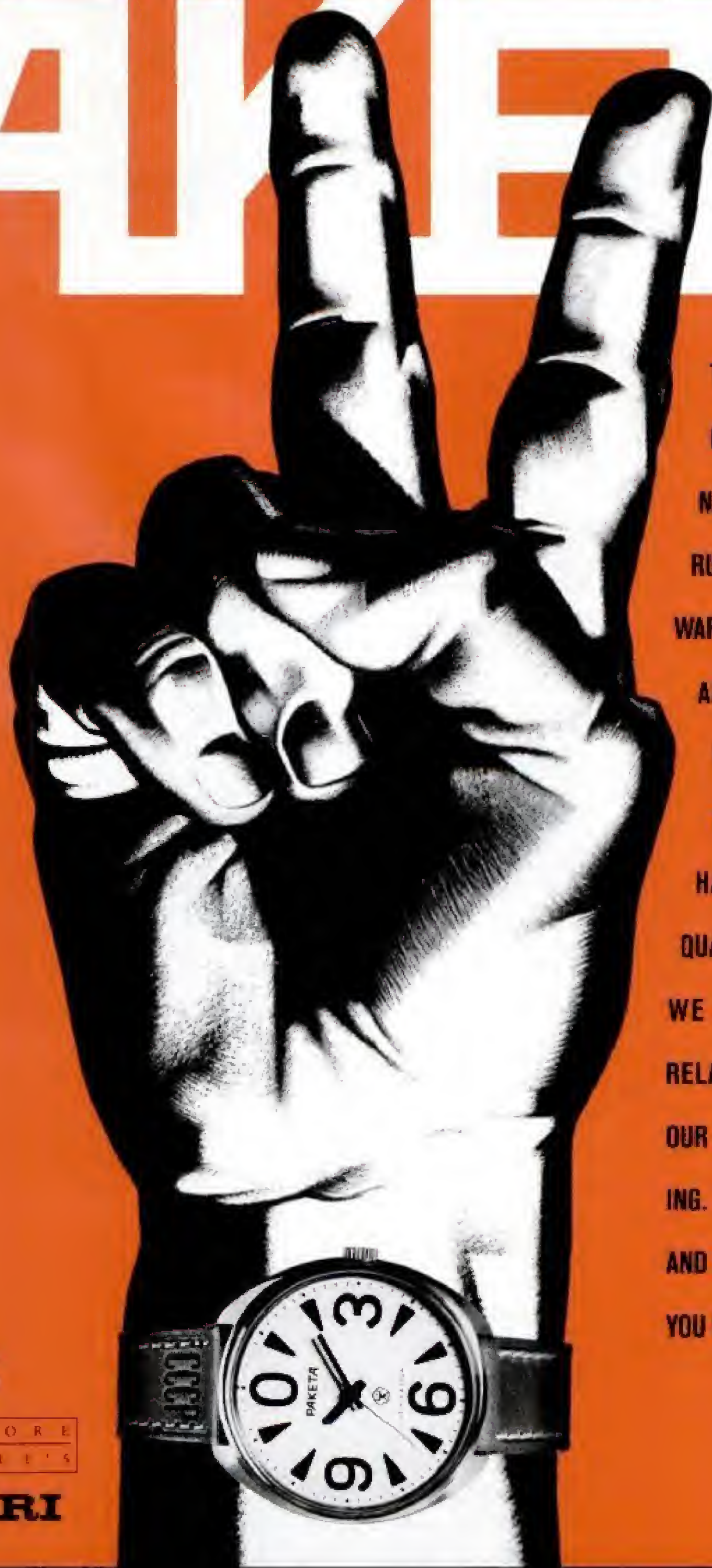
3. Sunday, July 30, 1989: Here's an example of how a low Proximity factor can cost you inches. A group of American tourists on a trip organized by the Connecticut Audubon Society are ambushed by gunmen in the Kenyan wilderness. One New Haven woman is shot through the head and killed. What's the story worth? Let's go to the slo-mo replay: one death plus one-third of a retired teacher with a flesh wound, divided by three (.444); take the square root (.667). Add 1.5 times the Sensitivity (in this case, international but insubstantial piracy, the factor is 3); add the square of Proximity—1—divided by 50. Our equation predicts 5.19 inches, once again within a quarter inch of the actual 5 inches allotted. The story ran on page 14 of the Sunday edition.

4. Friday, July 28, 1989: Police in Brooklyn interrupt a mother disciplining her child. The 33-year-old woman is repeatedly shouting, "The devil is in you. I have to kill you," and stabbing her daughter. When an officer grabs the bleeding child, the mother—who two weeks earlier had taken her kids to Disney World—lunges at him with the 14-inch carving knife; the officer fires two shots into the woman's chest, killing her. The story said the daughter was in stable condition. As tragic and unusual as this story sounds, the equation still works. Look: 1 dead, 1 wounded, 1 square root, we start with .444. Adding in a Proximity of 7, a Sensitivity of 6—it's a Metro story—and kick-starting the computer, our forecast is 10.42 inches. For once, thankfully, the *Times* is more compassionate than its heartless equation: the story ran 10.75 inches on page B-3.

—Peter Heffernan

PAKETA

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THIS PEACE SIGN IS NO EMPTY GESTURE. WE HAVE SURVIVED NAPOLEON, WORLD WAR I, THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, WORLD WAR II AND THE COLD WAR. WE ARE THE AUTHENTIC RUSSIAN WATCH COMPANY, FOUNDED IN 1721 BY PETER THE GREAT. WE HAVE RESISTED THE ERA OF QUARTZ TECHNOLOGY BECAUSE WE BELIEVE IN A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH TIME. SO OUR WATCHES ARE MANUAL WINDING. THEY ARE ALSO HANDSOME AND EXPERTLY CRAFTED. YOU WILL LIKE THEM.



macy's

THE MEN'S STORE
BLOOMINGDALE'S

CHARIVARI

THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN WATCH

Naked City



Max

Punch

Abe

To its beleaguered inmates, the *Times's* Washington bureau is a joyless, suffocating outpost. But having lost nearly a dozen reporters over the past year and a half, the bureau is, to the *Times's* budget-crazed nibs in New York anyway, a joyless, suffocating outpost *that is also wildly cost-efficient*. Indeed, turmoil has become a permanent condition for survivors of the Washington bureau since Max "the Ax" Frankel was installed as executive editor in 1987.

Max was said at the time to have been displeased with the lackluster performance of the bureau (the *Times* was especially late and spotty on the Iran-contra affair), until then in the not-quite-capable hands of Craig Whitney and his deputy, Judith Miller. Before shipping Whitney off to London and Miller up to New York, however, Max dispatched his personal hatchet guy, Warren Hoge, to Washington, where he remorselessly decimated the staff. No, Whitney and Miller have not been missed.

Fortunately, self-important master-of-the-obvious Hedrick Smith was squeezed out by Max, too. Smith was said to be holding back information he picked up in the course of his reporting and saving it for *The Power Game*, his self-important, master-of-the-obvious best-seller. Smith has not been missed. Bernard Gwertzman, the bureau's capable White House correspondent, was moved by Max to New York to become foreign editor. In Washington, Gwertzman is missed sorely.

The current bureau chief, Howell Raines, and his deputy, Philip Taubman, seem in no apparent hurry to fill the myriad positions now open in Washington, and the thinness is beginning to show. For instance, the *Times* has had no one covering the labor beat since William Serrin

left the paper. As a result, during the Eastern pilots' strike the fill-in reporters utterly accommodated Max's wish that stories not be told from the vantage point of the strikers; almost all the coverage centered on the long-term damage to Eastern's corporate prospects and the inconvenience to air travelers.

Taubman, fresh from a stint in Moscow, was the first *Timesman* in recent memory to serve a tour of duty in the Soviet Union and not publish a book about the experience. Perhaps wisely. In Moscow Taubman was regularly outwritten not only by his deputy, William Keller, but also by his own wife, *Times* contributor Felicity Barringer.

Raines, a southerner, has what appears to be a serious problem managing women. He tried to have State Department correspondent Elaine Sciolino reassigned against her will when she was pregnant, a plan he backed down on after it was pointed out that the attempted transfer could violate federal law. The two top women in the bureau, assignment editor Janet Battaile and head librarian Barclay Walsh, are said to be Xeroxing their résumés. Another female bureau member has asked for a transfer to New York. The situation is such that even Max has been making inquiries about whether Raines might have a woman problem.

During all this uninvigorating hubbub, Raines has managed to remain somewhat above it all, confining himself to matters of a more mundane nature. His ice bucket, for example. He keeps one in his office that news clerks have been instructed to keep filled with fresh ice at all times. Lapses in ice-bucket maintenance are usually followed by detailed instructions to the assistants, ending with a curt *And I don't want to have to go over this again*. Unfortunately, a novice clerk, and therefore

one new to the importance of ice-bucket protocol, neglected this crucial duty once too often, and the most important bureau chief of the most important newspaper in the most important country in the world was forced to issue an official office directive illustrating his own fastidious ice-bucket-refilling techniques.

But Raines's concerns are not confined solely to dry-bar preparation. In a scene fairly reminiscent of *Mr. Roberts*, the bureau's news clerks also have standing orders, the moment it starts raining, to grab Raines's ficus plant and take it outside so that it can be watered naturally. In periods of drought, the lovingly cosseted plant gets showers in Raines's personal bathroom at the bureau.

Indeed, the aquatic theme is curiously unrelenting. One morning recently, Raines developed an uncontrollable pang for shad roe and ordered his secretary to find him a restaurant in the capital that would be serving it that day. As those in the newsroom

In a scene reminiscent of Mr. Roberts, the bureau clerks have standing orders, the moment it starts raining, to grab chief Raines's ficus plant and take it outside

looked on in bemused horror, the poor woman spent the better part of a morning on the phone in an attempt to find a place serving the elusive caviar. Finally, a call came through from a chef with the job-saving news that he just happened to have some shad roe on hand. Visibly relieved, the secretary was about to make a reservation when the entire newsroom erupted in laughter. The call, it turned out, had come from a line inside the bureau. Shortly thereafter, though, Raines's secretary managed to find a bona fide shad-roe venue. And so, at noon, Raines climbed into the back of the bureau car and instructed the driver to take him to an address near Chevy Chase Circle. For two non-ice-bucket-refilling, non-pregnant-woman-transferring, non-ficus-irrigating hours, the bureau chief was hardly missed at all.

—J. J. Hunsecker



"I was wondering if you could possibly return
the cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label you borrowed."



MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

GO TO
CAMB

Inside BOHEMIAN GROVE

BY PHILIP WEISS

**MY THREE WEEKS
OF MALE BOND-
ING AND FUNNY
COCKTAILS WITH
HENRY KISSINGER,
WILLIAM F.
BUCKLEY, HENRY**

KRAVIS AND RONALD REAGAN AT THE MOST EXCLUSIVE FRAT PARTY ON EARTH

MONTE RIO IS A DEPRESSED NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TOWN OF 900 where the forest is so thick that some streetlights stay on all day long. Its only landmark is a kick-ass bar called the Pink Elephant, but a half-mile or so away from "the Pink," in the middle of a redwood grove, there is, strangely enough, a bank of 16 pay telephones. In midsummer the phones are often crowded. On July 21 of this year Henry Kissinger sat at one of them, chuffing loudly to someone — Sunshine, he called her, and Sweetie — about the pleasant distractions of his vacation in the forest.

"We had jazz concert," Kissinger said. "We had rope trick. This morning we went bird-watching."

Proudly Kissinger reeled off the names of some of his fellow campers: "Nick Brady and his brother is here." Brady is the U.S. Treasury Secretary. "Tom Johnson is here."



Though impulse rules in Bohemia, a few ancient redwoods are off-limits—even to heads of state.



The then-publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, who had copies of his news-

paper shipped up every day. "That Indian is here. Bajpai." Shankar Bajpai, former ambassador to the U.S. "Today they had a Russian."

The Russian was the physicist Roald Sagdeyev, a member of the Soviet Supreme Council of People's Deputies, who had given a speech to Kissinger and many other powerful men too. George Shultz, the former secretary of State, wearing hiking boots, had listened while sitting under a tree. Kissinger had lolled on the ground, distributing mown grass clippings across his white shirt, being careful not to set his elbow on one of the cigar butts squashed in the grass, and joking with a wiry, nut-brown companion.

The woman on the line now asked about the friend.

"Oh, Rocard is having a ball."

Kissinger was sharing his turtleneck with Rocard, for nights amid the redwoods grew surprisingly cool. The two of them were camping in Mandalay, the most exclusive bunksite in the encampment, the one on the hill with the tiny cable car that carries visitors up to the compound. Meanwhile,

Every summer for more than a century, the all-male Bohemian Club of San Francisco has led a retreat into a redwood forest 70 miles north of the city, four and a quarter square miles of rugged, majestic terrain that members consider sacred. The religion they consecrate is right-wing, laissez-faire and quintessentially western, with some Druid tree worship thrown in for fun. The often bizarre rites have elevated what was once a provincial club for San Franciscans embarrassed by the rude manners of the Wild West into the most exclusive club in the United States, with 2,300 members drawn from

the whole of the American establishment and a waiting list 33 years long.

In the first 50 years of the club's existence the Bohemian Grove was comparatively accessible to outsiders, but in the 1930s, as the club gained influence and its redwoods provided a haven for Republican presidents, it grew quite secretive about its rituals and membership—you won't even find the Grove on public maps. This has been especially true in the last ten years as Bohemia's stunning roster has waxed ever more statusy, as Kissinger and Rockefeller and Nick Brady have joined, drawing the attention of left-wing protesters, scholars of elites, and reporters. The encampment has become the primary watering hole for Republican-

administration officials, defense contractors, press barons, old-line Hollywood figures, establishment intellectuals and a handful of German-speaking men in lederhosen. What the Bois de Boulogne was to the ancien régime, the Grove is to America's power class. Ronald Reagan and George Bush are members. So are Gerald Ford and Richard Nixon—though club directors are said to be miffed at Nixon, a longtime Bohemian Grover who's still listed as sleeping in Cave Man, one of the Grove's 119 curiously and sometimes appropriately named camps.

Today the Grove is stocked with Reaganites. Former Defense secretary Caspar W. Weinberger, former attorney general William French Smith and former Transportation secretary Drew Lewis are all members. At the encampment last July, Al Haig was there, along with three other former secretaries of State: Kissinger, Shultz and William P. Rogers (Rogers as a guest of former national security adviser William P. Clark's). James A. Baker III, the current secretary of State, is also a member, but he



I. P. Daley: an old-timer enjoying his most hallowed Bohemian right

THE PRIESTS

WORE BRIGHT
RED, BLUE
AND ORANGE
HOODED ROBES
THAT MIGHT

HAVE BEEN DESIGNED FOR THE KU KLUX KLAN BY MARIMEKKO

Kissinger had been offering Rocard advice: "I told him, 'Do anything you want, hide in the bushes—just don't let them see you.'"

Rocard was Michel Rocard, the prime minister of France, and this was a secret trip. No one was supposed to know he was peering up at ospreys and turkey vultures and hearing Soviet speakers along with former American secretaries of State and the present secretary of the Treasury. And David Rockefeller too. And Dwayne Andreas, the chairman of Archer-Daniels-Midland. Merv Griffin. Walter Cronkite.

No one was supposed to know that Rocard himself would be speaking the next day down at the lake, under the green speakers' parasol. As orange dragonflies coupled dazzlingly over the water, as bullfrogs sounded, Rocard would lean forward and say, "Because you are such an astonishing group of men, I can speak privately."

It was a devilishly charming thing to say, calculated to flatter the men of the Bohemian Grove.

couldn't make it this year. The right-wing Hoover Institution at Stanford attended in full force and brought along the president of Washington's Heritage Foundation. William F. Buckley Jr. and Malcolm Forbes held court. Big business shows up: Thomas Watson Jr. of IBM, billionaire John Kluge of Metromedia. Former Bank of America chairman Samuel Armacost brought IBM chairman John F. Akers, Bechtel chairman S. D. Bechtel Jr. brought Amoco chairman Richard Morrow. Noted and hoary writers and personalities are members: Herman Wouk, Art Linkletter, Fred Travalena. Scenting power, press lords skip in from all over the country. Joe Albritton, former owner of *The Washington Star*; Charles E. Scripps and Jack Howard of the 21-paper Scripps Howard newspaper chain; Otto Silha of Cowles Media; the McClatchys of the McClatchy chain; and David Gergen of *U.S. News & World Report* all obey the Bohemian command of keeping the goings-on from their readers.

Every spring for many years now, Bohemian Club presidents have formally summoned such men to the Grove with great effusion:

"Brother Bohemians: The Sun is Once Again in the Clutches of the Lion, and the encircling season bids us to the forest — there to celebrate... the awful mysteries!"

"Bohemians come! Find home again in the Grove! Burn CARE and hurl his ashes, whirling, from our glade!"

"Come out Bohemians! come out and play, come with all the buoyant impetuous rush of youth!"

And this year, when president George Elliott wrote, more drably, "Around campfires large and small, warm hospitality awaits you. Of course you must be with us," I heard his summons, too.

It was a good time to visit the Grove. The country was still steeped in the aw-shucks authoritarianism of the Reagan years, and if there is any place to study the culture of our ruling class, it is here among the Grove's benevolent, string-tie aristocracy. Also, it seemed possible that Ronald Reagan himself might make a triumphant return to his longtime camp, Owl's Nest. While president he had avoided the Grove, a custom Nixon cemented in 1971 when he canceled a speech planned for the lakeside in the secret encampment after the press insisted on covering it.

For me, the trick was getting in. A guest card was out of the question: club bylaws have stated that a member-sponsor's application "shall be in writing and shall contain full information for the guidance of the Board in determining the merits and qualifications of the proposed guest." No, Section 8, Article XVIII was too fine a screen for me. And my attempts to get a job as a waiter or a valet in one of the camps failed. (The only

book entirely devoted to Grove life, *The Greatest Men's Party on Earth*, was written in 1974 by John van der Zee, a San Francisco writer who got in for four days as a waiter.)

In the end I entered

by stealth. Students of the Grove had warned that security was too good; they'd sniff me out quickly. I might last three hours before they put me in the Santa Rosa jail for trespassing. Lowell Bergman, a producer with *60 Minutes* who used to hunt rabbits in the nearby hills, remembered a fire road leading into the site near the Guerneville waste-treatment plant but said they'd spot me sneaking in. Others mentioned barbed wire and electronic monitoring devices at places where the Grove abuts Monte Rio, and helicopters patrolling the "ridge roads" that traverse the 1,000-foot hills and form the Grove's perimeter. One day I drove up to the front gate and got a daunting glimpse of what looked like the Grove sheriff, a barrel-like figure in a Smokey the Bear hat. A Berlin-ish set of checkpoints seemed to stretch



What would Smokey say? At the annual Cremation of Care, grove men dress as Druids and the outside world goes up in smoke.

out behind him.

But by then I'd made my connection. My driver was Mary Moore, an Earth Mother type with long silvery-blond hair who is the most active member of a distinctly Californian left-wing group called the Bohemian Grove Action Network. Moore agreed to help me get in, providing me with a sort of underground railroad. She put at my service a mountain guide who demanded only that I keep the methods he devised for me confidential. He had a keen geographical sense and a girlfriend who described a plan to seed magic crystals at the Grove gates to make them open of their own accord so that Native American drummers could walk in.

We didn't do it that way, but it turned out that Grove security isn't quite what it's reputed to be. Reporters seeking to write about the Grove had rarely been inside, and then usually for only a few hours at a time, but I was determined to have a good, long look, so I took care to blend. I outfitted myself in conservative recreational wear — a pressed plaid shirt, Perma-Prest chinos, Top-Siders, a sport jacket — I always carried a drink, and I made it a point to have that morning's *Wall Street Journal* or *New York Times* under my arm when I surfaced (though television is against the rules, newspapers are sold at the Grove Civic Center). Thus equipped, I came and went on 7 days dur-

Where the establishment boys are: roughing it in 1941



ing the 16-day encampment, openly trespassing in what is regarded as an impermeable enclave and which the press routinely refers to as a heavily guarded area. Though I regularly violated Grove rule 20 ("Members and guests shall sign the register when arriving at or departing from the Grove"), I was never stopped or questioned. (Another rule forbade cameras outside one's own camp. I waited till my last day to bring one in.) Indeed, I was able to enjoy most pleasures of the Grove, notably the speeches, songs, elaborate drag shows, endless toasts, prebreakfast gin fizzes, round-the-clock "Nembutals" and other drinks — though I didn't sleep in any of the camps or swim naked with like-minded Bohemians in the Russian River at night.

My imposture included misrepresenting myself in conversation with other campers, and my story kept changing as I learned more about how life inside was organized. I said I was a guest of Bromley camp, where unsortable visitors end up. At 33, I was one of the youngest Bohemians, but I was welcome almost as a policy matter. "We looked around and saw we were becoming an old-men's club," a member said, explaining recent efforts to recruit fresh blood. Being from New York was fine; the Grove limits retreat guests to out-of-staters (though clamoring by well-connected Californians to visit the forest has resulted in the rise of the June "Spring Jinks" weekend). I used my real name. No one inside acted suspicious, but paranoia about the Grove seemed justified, and I brought along my own version of cyanide: Interol, a tranquilizer used by actors to counteract stage fright. One day a member asked if I was related to a Bohemian named Jack Weiss. "No, but I've heard a lot about him and I'd like to meet him." "You can't," he said. "He's dead." After that I began working a dead West Coast relative's promise to have me out to the Grove one summer into a shaggy-dog story about my invitation.

In this way I managed to drop in on the principal events of the encampment, right up to the final Saturday, July 29, 12:30 p.m., when I attended a Lakeside Talk whose giver was, intriguingly, the only one not identified in the program of events. "Speaker: To Be Announced," it said, raising the question of what dignitary might be thought more important than Prime Minister Rocard, who was listed as the speaker on the middle Saturday.

My first full-strength dose of Bohemian culture took place two weeks earlier, the first Saturday night, when after a long day in the Grove I took a seat on the grassy lakeside among 1,500 other men for the encampment's famously surreal opening ritual. As the magic hour of 9:15 approached, a helicopter from a network newsmagazine circled frantically far above the darkened forest, searching out a spectacle lit at that point only by

the hundreds of cigars whose smokers had ignited them in defiance of the California Forest Service's posted warnings. My neighbor suggested that someone ought to "shoot the fucker down," flashing the press hatred that prevails in Bohemia.

"My friends don't understand this," a pudgy 35-year-old in front of me confided to his companion. "I know that if they could see it, they would see how terrific it is. It's like great sex..."

It was the sort of analogy I was to hear often in the nearly 60 hours I spent inside the Grove. The friend and I leaned closer.

"It's *more* than it's cracked up to be. You can't describe it," he explained. Then everyone hushed as a column of hooded figures carrying torches emerged solemnly from the woods 100 yards away, bearing a corpse down to the water.

YOU KNOW YOU ARE INSIDE THE BOHEMIAN GROVE WHEN YOU come down a trail in the woods and hear piano music from amid a group of tents and then round a bend to see a man with a beer in one hand and his penis in the other, urinating into the bushes. This is the most gloried-in ritual of the encampment, the freedom of powerful men to pee wherever they like, a right the club has invoked when trying to fight government anti-sex-discrimination efforts and one curtailed only when it comes to

KISSINGER a few popular redwoods just outside the Dining Circle. Tacked to one of these haplessly **OFFERED FRENCH PRIME** postprandial trees is a sign conveying the fairy-dust mixture of boyishness and courtliness that envelops the encampment: **GENTLEMEN PLEASE! NO PEE PEE HERE!**

Everything in the encampment is sheltered by redwoods, which admit hazy shafts of sunlight, and every camp has a more or less constant campfire sending a soft column of smoke into the trees. The walled camps are generally about 100 feet wide and stretch back up the hillside, with wooden platforms on which members set up tents. Bohemians sleep on cots in these tents, or, in the richer camps, in redwood cabins. The camps are decorated with wooden or stone sculptures of owls, the Grove symbol. Members wash up in dormitory-style bathrooms and eat breakfast and dinner collectively in the Dining Circle, a splendid outdoor arena with fresh wood chips covering the ground and only the sky above. It never rains when the encampment is on.

During the day, idleness is encouraged. There are few rules, the most famous one being "Weaving Spiders Come Not Here"—in other words, don't do business in the Grove. The rule is widely ignored. Another, un-



The world's most exclusive enchanted forest

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho: the Bohemia-bound Secretarial pool



written rule is that everyone drink—and that everyone drink all the time. This rule is strictly adhered to. "His method was to seize a large horse bucket, throw a hunk of ice into it, pour in several bottles of gin and a half a bottle of vermouth, and slosh it all around," goes one Grove recipe. The traditional 7:00 a.m. gin fizz served in bed by camp valets set the pace. Throughout the skeet-shooting, the domino-playing and the museum talks, right up through the "afterglows" that follow each evening's entertainment, everyone is perpetually numbed and loose, but a clubbish decorum prevails just the same. No one throws up. Now and then, though, a Bohemian sits down in the ferns and passes out.

The sense that you are inside an actual club is heightened by all the furnishings that could not survive a wet season outdoors: the stuffed lion on top of Jungle; the red lanterns in the trees behind Dragons at night, which add to the haunting atmosphere; the paintings of camels, pelicans and naked women that are hung outside; the soft couch in the doorway of Woof; and everywhere pianos that, when the encampment is over, go back to the piano warehouse near the front gate. There's a feeling of both great privilege and rusticity. Bohemians talk about roughing it, but at a privy in the woods near the river, there is a constantly renewed supply of paper toilet-seat covers. And the sand at the Russian

Then the beer brewer himself came out to sing: "Mandalay," the song based on the Kipling poem. He was a goateed giant with massive shoulders and a beer gut. Rudyard Kipling, romantic colonialist and exponent of the masculine spirit, is, naturally, one of the Grove's heroes, and "Mandalay" is a triumphant white-



All aboard for a Rim Ride!

BA-DUM-BUM: THE LIGHTER SIDE OF POWER-MONGERING

A Completely Authentic 1989 Bohemian Grove Joke Book



1. "Tallulah Bankhead goes into a stall in the '21' Club bathroom. She soon pokes her head out. 'Is there any paper?' she asks an attendant. 'No.' A little later she sticks her head out a second time. 'Just some Kleenex?' 'I'm sorry, we have nothing at all.' A few minutes pass, and she leans out again. 'How about two fives for a ten?'—from Malcolm Forbes's Lakeside Talk.

2. "My wife was talking to a friend of hers the other day who says, 'You know what they say about oysters being an aphrodisiac? It's not true.' 'How do you know that?' 'Well, we went out to dinner last night and my husband ordered a dozen oysters. Only five worked.'—Ibid.

3. A Bohemian at dinner holds up a wine bottle filled with a yellowish liquid and reads the label in puzzlement: "*Château du pissoir*"—from the Owl Hoots cartoons at the Camp Fire Circle.

4. "You're as young as the woman you feel"—from the Low Jinks theatrical performance.

5. A Bohemian cuts out a photograph of a woman's crotch from a skin magazine and carefully tapes it to the cover of *Cockpit*, a magazine for private-aircraft fanciers that's popular among many corporate members. He leaves the magazine on a table in the campground. All day Bohemians grab the magazine to look inside, where they find only pictures of leather jackets and airplanes—a Bohemian prank recounted at the Grove beach.

6. "A man stumbles home early one morning. His angry wife yanks open the door and he lurches onto the floor. Getting up, he says, 'I think I'll skip my prepared remarks and take your questions now.'—from Associated Press president Louis Boccardi's Lakeside Talk.

7. "A ten-year-old boy is fornicating with his nine-year-old sister. 'Gee, you're almost as good as Ma,' he says. 'Really?' she says. 'That's what Pa says.'—Bohemian rib-tickler told at Land's End camp.

8. "Take care when you unsheath your sword—it can pierce a young lady's...heart"—advice from one character to another in the Grove play.

9. "The gravity on Jupiter is extremely strong. It's kind of like the lady in the play with the big boobs—she has to crawl out onstage!"—from a museum talk by Wally Schirra, the former astronaut, or, as he put it, "smart-ass-tronaut."

10. Two Vassar women run into one another in New York during the Depression. Their families have suffered terrible reverses. "It's gotten so bad I've taken to the streets, I'm practicing the world's oldest profession," says one. "Oh my God," says the other. "Before I did that I'd dip into capital"—Forbes.

11. "A lot of years have been going by for me. You know, there are three things that begin to happen as the years pile up. First, you begin to forget things. [Pause.] I can't remember the other two"—from Ronald Reagan's Lakeside Talk. —PW.

MINISTER MICHEL ROCARD ADVICE: "DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, HIDE IN

River beach is traversed by coconut-fiber mats and rich figured squares cut from the carpets in the "City Club," the five-story brick Bohemian building in downtown San Francisco.

All day long there is music in the Grove, and at night in some camps there are programs of entertainment: comics, singers, actors. Any Bohemian is welcome at such events. One afternoon, for instance, the Valhalla deck was crowded with men drinking Valhalla's home-brewed beer and listening to singers. They sang from a small stage in front of a redwood on which was hung a framed nineteenth-century engraving. The scene was permeated by a kind of Nazi kitsch Black Forest imagery, and the setting seemed very Wagnerian—though the music was sometimes undercut by the soft drumming of tinkling urine off the edge of the porch, where the beer drinkers went one after the other. The deck's railing posed a dilemma. It was set at crotch level, so you had to sort of crouch.

man's-burden song. The brewer finished tearily, his arms high above his head, fists clenched: "*Take me back to Mandalay-ah.*"

Amid wild applause one man removed a heavily chewed cigar to say, "If that don't send a chill up your spine, you ain't a Bohemian."

His friend, a man in a yellow brocade vest, agreed. "He really put the balls into it."

"Yep, Big Daddy's in town."

ONE REASON FOR THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S POOR public relations is the name it gave to the yearly opening ceremony: The Cremation of Care. The cremation is intended to put the busy men of the club at ease and banish the stress of the outside world, but it arouses critics of the encampment because they interpret it to mean that Bohemians literally don't care about the outside world. Cremation of care, they fear, means the death of caring. Demonstrations outside the Grove a few years back often centered around

THE BUSHES—
JUST DON'T
LET THEM
SEE YOU"

the "Resurrection of Care."

The cremation took place at the man-made lake that is the center of a lot of Grove social activity. At 9:15 a procession of priests carrying the crypt of Dull Care came out of the trees on the east side, along the Grove's chief thoroughfare, River Road. They wore bright red, blue and orange hooded robes that might have been designed for the Ku Klux Klan by Marimekko. When they reached the water, they extinguished their torches.

At this point some hamadryads and another priest or two appeared at the base of the main owl shrine, a 40-foot-tall, moss-covered statue of stone and steel at the south end of the lake, and sang songs about Care. They told of how a man's heart is divided between "reality" and "fantasy," how it is necessary to escape to another world of fellowship among men. Vaguely homosexual undertones suffused this spectacle, as they do much of ritualized life in the Grove. The main priest wore a pink-and-green satin costume, while a hamadryad appeared before a redwood in a gold spangled bodysuit dripping with rhinestones. They spoke of "fairy unguents" that would free men to pursue warm fellowship, and I was reminded of something Herman Wouk wrote about the Grove: "Men can decently love each other; they always have, but women never quite understand."



Then the crypt of Care was poled slowly down the lake by a black-robed figure in a black gondola, accompanied by a great deal of special-effects smoke. Just as the priests set out to torch the crypt, a red light appeared high in a redwood and large speakers in the forest amplified the cackling voice of Care: "Fools! When will ye learn that me ye cannot slay? Year after year ye burn me in this Grove. . . . But when again ye turn your feet toward the marketplace, am I not waiting for you, as of old?"

With that, Care spat upon the fires, extinguishing them. The priests turned in desperation to the owl. "O thou, great symbol of all mortal wisdom, Owl of Bohemia . . . grant us thy counsel!"

Every year there are new wrinkles on the cremation ceremony. The big improvement this year was to project a sort of hologram onto the owl's face so that its beak seemed to move. Also, it was Walter Cronkite

IN THE END

I ENTERED BY STEALTH. STUDENTS OF THE GROVE HAD WARNED THAT

talking. (Cronkite camps in Hill Billies along with George H.W. Bush, William F. Buckley Jr. and former astronaut and ex-Eastern Air Lines chairman Frank Borman.) Cronkite, as the owl, said that the only way Care could be cremated was to use fire from the Lamp of Fellowship before him, an "eternal" gas flame that burns day and night while the encampment is on.

That did it. Care went up in blazes. Around me the men ex-

ploded in huzzahs. Fireworks went off at the lakeside, and a brass band in peppermint-striped jackets and straw boaters came out of the woods playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The sudden appearance of men in striped jackets shows what a bouillabaisse of traditions the Grove is. Bohemian Club literature is pious on this score. It boasts that the Cremation of Care ceremony derives from Druid rites, medieval Christian liturgy, the Book of Common Prayer, Shakespearean drama and nineteenth-century American lodge rites.

Early Bohemians were hungry for exaltation and grabbed on to any tradition they could find to dignify their exile in the vulgar West. The club was founded in 1872, just three years after the transcontinental railroad was completed, by a group of newspapermen and artists who plainly felt social anxiety about their surroundings. Early club menus offered dolled-up western dishes such as "boiled striped bass au vin blanc" and "café noir." The club's "men of talent" (i.e., artists and writers) included writers of a populist bent: Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Henry M. Stanley. Bohemian Jack London was a socialist; Bohemian Henry George, a radical reformer.

But the club's newspapermen were also socially ambitious, aiming to chronicle California's rise in the arts and sciences. *Bohemian*, they agreed in their early annals, didn't mean an unwashed shirt and poetry; it signified London, the beau monde, men of eminence whose purses were always open to their friends. By such standards, San Francisco businessmen surely looked crude.

Just the same, the club needed such "men of use" to support their activities, and inevitably the businessmen took over. Prohibition dealt a deadly blow to the club's democratic leanings by closing the central Grove bar. Social activity became decentralized, relocated to individual camps, and less egalitarian, a trend that continued during the Depression, when rich camps got even richer. Members poured money into capital improvements for the Grove, as if it were the haven to which they could flee during the revolution. (By 1925, according to one account, most of the Grove's 2,800 acres had been purchased for the sum of \$99,500.) Teddy Roosevelt had been a member. Franklin Roosevelt was not, and by the 1930s the Grove had become clannishly conservative. Will Rogers is said to have been denied membership because he once made a joke about the Grove.

The Bohemian Club's waiting list, which had first appeared in the Coolidge years, grew to ridiculous lengths. I was told that if a Californian is not admitted before he is 30, he can despair of membership unless he achieves commercial or political prominence. Many older men die waiting. And membership

Hello Muddah, hello Faddah: the Grove is one super-deluxe sleep-away camp for fat adolescents you won't see advertised in The New York Times Magazine.



OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS

A Guide to Right-Wing Fantasia

BOHEMIAN GROVE CAMPS, FACILITIES AND ROADS SONOMA CO., CALIFORNIA

SCALE IN FEET
0 100 200 300 400
SURVEYED BY W. H. K. 1944



20. Guests and members must sign in and out here

21. Here last July a Grove employee spent two and a half days marking parking spaces on the grass with lime

22. Sit-ins here forced Gerald Ford to take a three-mile detour through the woods in 1984

16. Have a Nambutall

17. The only place you can use money in the Grove

18. Where Wally Schirra revealed that astronauts don't like Tang

19. Bromley: where unsortable and guests of the board of directors bunk (Ed Meese was a guest in 1981)

8. Aviary: Singers' camp—the biggest

9. Isle of Aves: William P. Clark and Caspar Weinberger sleep here

10. Mandalay: Nicholas Brady, Gerald Ford, Henry Kissinger, George P. Shultz, William French Smith and Thomas Watson Jr. sleep here

11. Toyland: Al Haig slept here

12. Statue of St. John of Nepomuk, patron saint of the Grove (d. 1393)

13. Deer lick on redwood

14. Where Mac McCandless plays the organ

15. Dragons: Art Linkletter sleeps here

23. Where planes winter

24. Wohworno: John Kluge sleeps here

25. Stowaway: where David Rockefeller sleeps

26. Buy your official souvenir snapshots of the encampment here

27. Phone circle, where Henry Kissinger cut in line

28. In the 1910s Japanese servants wore white uniforms by day, blue by night, with gold-braided caps to match

29. Sleazebags here on wooden benches

30. Sheldrake Lodge: where former California governor Pat Brown sleeps

31. Taxidermied puma on benches

50. Popular cruising spot

49. A sleepy guard whistles sticks here

48. Rim Riders' hol

47. Hill Billies: where Frank Borman, William F. Buckley Jr., Christopher Buckley, George Bush, A. W. Clausen and Walter Cronkite sleep

46. Dog House: where Fred Travaleno sleeps

45. Photographer from Time magazine hiked in here in 1982; a Time reporter got in as a waiter. Their story never ran

44. Cave Man: right-wing coven where Martin Anderson—who before becoming Reagan's domestic policy adviser said poverty had been "virtually eliminated"—bunks with Emil Mosbacher, grain merchant Dwayne Andreas and press bosses. (Note Nixon's empty bed)

43. Camp for Navy admirals

42. Owl Shrine: where National Public Radio secretly taped Kissinger's 1982 Lakeside Talk—a recording that it later declined to air

41. Procession of priests begins here

40. Jack London got "full" here in 1912

39. Statue of the huntress—"the only woman here"

38. GENTLEMEN PLEASE! NO PEE-PEE HERE!

37. Waiters forced to confine themselves here since disappearance of cashmere sweater from a camp two years ago (when waiters were allowed to accept invitations to camps during off-hours)

36. 301-foot redwood here

35. Doctors in wigwags

34. Owl's Nest: where Eddie Albert and Ronald Reagan sleep

33. NO TRESPASSING signs here—a favored Bohemian jogging path

32. Wayside Log: where Oscar Lewis and Herman Wouk sleep

SECURITY WAS TOO GOOD; I MIGHT LAST THREE HOURS BEFORE THEY PUT ME IN

comes dear. The initiation fee for regular voting membership is said to be \$8,500, and dues are set at more than \$2,000 a year. Because the regular members require entertainment, "men of talent" pay greatly reduced fees. On Wouk's acceptance, for instance, he was put to work writing a history of the club.

The encampment became controversial in

the early Reagan years when reporters, still suffering the hangover of Carter populism, questioned club executive appointees about the club's sexist practices.

The Grove's keenest adversary is Mary Moore, who lives in a countercultural shantytown in nearby Occidental. Moore was the 1953 San Luis Obispo County Fiesta queen, but by 1980 she

THE SANTA
ROSA JAIL FOR
TRESPASSING

I WAS ABLE

TO ENJOY MOST
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THE SONGS,
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PREBREAKFAST
GIN FIZZES AND
ROUND-THE-
CLOCK "NEMBU-
TALS"—THOUGH

I DIDN'T SWIM NAKED WITH LIKE-MINDED BOHEMIANS IN THE RUSSIAN RIVER AT NIGHT

had become, she says, a "woman-identified woman," and the Grove's thunderous maleness and what she calls its "closedness" disturbed her. Of course, just about anybody could hate the Grove. With its dense concentration of extravagant war- and money-mongers, it's an easy object of protest, and 72 left-wing groups eventually joined Moore to form the Bohemian Grove Action Network.

For a while, in the early 1980s, Moore and BGAN thought they might actually liberate the redwoods. In 1984 folksinging demonstrators tried to quarantine the Bohemians inside the Grove because they were so dangerous to the outside world. Fifty people were arrested. Summer after summer BGAN stoked Grove conspiracy theories by getting hold of the guest list. In 1981, for instance, Dan Rostenkowski, Ed Meese and former president of CBS News Van Gordon Sauter attended (Sauter as the guest of former California governor Edmund "Pat" Brown—Jerry's father). Meese, by the way, is about the only major Reaganite who didn't end up as a member.

In its obsession with the encampment, BGAN has unwittingly taken on Bohemian

traits, becoming a kooky mirror image of the Grove. It wove spidery webs of string across Bohemian Avenue to block the way in. It urged its followers to form "Boho Clubs" to study members so they could be "held accountable by the American People" for participating "in the maintenance of the process of plutocratic patriarchy which threatens the planet Earth with omnicide from the nuclear menace." When BGAN resurrected Care, it chanted its own hymns:

*On a day much like this five score years ago
The first hideous fire was lit in Monte Rio
And sweet Care was banished from this lovely land,
And Bohemians revelled upon their shifting sand.*

But by 1985 BGAN's energies were ebbing. The media's anti-elitist mood, never all that ferocious, was spent. The reporters that Mary Moore had helped spirit into the Grove for hours at a time had come out with vague, watered-down versions of what went on, or their news organizations had suppressed the accounts. By 1988 the gauntlet of hippies and solarheads and woman-identified women whom the Bohemians had been forced to maneuver their Jags

Kawabunga!
Bohemians in
skivvies hear a
speech, 1950



Campfire of the vanities: recumbent Bohemians like to sleep it off on the redwood benches of the central Camp Fire Circle.

and limos around to get to the gate had disappeared. The Grove was still there.

When I got to Monte Rio, only a couple of signs of protest remained. Moore's answering-machine message asking friends not to call her at her vintage-clothing store in the town of Sebastopol included a denunciation of the Cremation of Care. And inside the Grove the guest list was well guarded. It was posted in a locked glass case during the day, and was removed every

night. This was about the highest security I saw inside.

"I'M ADMITTING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY life having no willpower," a man was saying to his wife on one of the public phones. He looked bewildered and hung over, and I figured Bohemians were warmly and mysteriously saying to him what they were saying to me: "I can tell this is your first Grove."

It was just past noon on Sunday, the middle weekend at the encampment—the busiest weekend, with attendance approaching 2,200 men. The most dignified had arrived. On the River Road you heard some small business talk.

"David Jr.'s going into the family business now."

"He's got a scruffy beard."

"Yes, he looks radical, but he doesn't talk like one."

"Abby, now, she's the one who raised her fist at graduation? Had a red fist painted on the back of her gown."

Of course. The Rockefellers.

"Where was that? Radcliffe?"

"You know, they've got a lot of liberal faculty."

"They're always on the periphery of radicalism."

"My son was in Santiago, and David sent him letters of introduction to seven leading bankers in seven countries."

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At lakeside the grass was crowded for the day's talk. Under the green parasol stood General John Chain, commander of the Strategic Air Command, who spoke of the country's desperate need for the Stealth B-2 bomber. "I am a warrior and that is how I come to you today," he said. "I need the B-2."

The important men come out for the Lakeside Talks, and each speaker seems to assume that his audience can actually do something about the issues raised—which, of course, it can. On the first weekend, for instance, Associated Press presi-

dark-haired man said to an older fellow.

Three other men discussed a friend of theirs who had left early that morning for New York. One of them seemed puzzled—the friend wasn't the sort to get going at 7:45, he noted.

"It was a free ride," the other friend explained. "Bill Simon had room on his plane."

"Simon doesn't know he doesn't have money."

They all got a big kick out of this. Simon was Treasury secretary in the Ford administration and today is a major savings and loan conglomerateur, active in takeovers. It would seem that this year's encampment was useful to him. Two weeks later he plunged into Sir James Goldsmith's battle to take over B.A.T. Industries PLC of England, a deal that could give Simon a toehold in Europe. He was surely influenced by Prime

Minister Rocard's Saturday-afternoon Lakeside Talk, in which he dangled the most sanguine business expectations of the new European order [see "The Case of the Disappearing Prime Minister."]

In 1982 reporters followed German chancellor Helmut Schmidt to the Grove gates, and the front page of *The Christian Science Monitor* termed the Grove "the West's hidden summit." This year Rocard's visit went unreported. A week after the encampment, a Washington correspondent for a French paper insisted to me that the last time the prime minister had visited the U.S. was a year and a half ago.

"One of the contemporary myths about the Bohemian Club is that it is a gathering and decision-making place for national and international 'power brokers,'" the club's then-president said in 1980. In fact, the encampment has always had political significance. Richard Nixon, Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller all stopped in as they geared up for their respective

presidential campaigns. Politicians say there is no place like the Grove to help get a campaign rolling. No wonder this year's guest list included the two biggest congressional bagmen of recent years: Representative Tony Coelho, former chairman of the House Democratic Campaign Committee, and Representative Guy Vander Jagt, his counterpart on the Republican committee. These men were interested in something more than pseudo-Druidic rituals.

The club says it serves as a "refuge" from the strivings of the marketplace, and though it's true that actual deal-making is discouraged, I heard business being done on all sides. The pay phones were a hub of activity. "Owner slash developer," a man dictated to his secretary one morning. On the blackboard near the bootblack stand there were phone messages for corporate raider Henry Kravis and Bloomingdale's chairman Marvin Traub. That day as I sat writing a letter (actually my notes) at the Civic Center, a one-story building in which various amenities (Grove stationery, laundry facilities) are available to Bohe-

THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING PRIME MINISTER

What France's Michel Rocard Said on His (Secret) Summer Vacation

The people and press of France thought their crafty prime minister, Michel Rocard, was on his boat off the coast of Brittany during the last two weeks of July this year. But thanks to an invitation from his pal Henry Kissinger, Rocard had been smuggled into the Grove—and not just to party with the guys, but also to talk openly and honestly before his fellow campers. (Whether highly placed aides arranged pillows under the covers of his bed back home is unclear.) His speech has, to date, gone entirely unreported.

Prime Minister Rocard began his July 22 talk at the Grove lakeside with a clumsy miscalculation—"There is no press here"—but from that point on it was all Gallic charm. Hundreds of miles from AP stringers and *Le Monde* reporters, he whispered secrets, he punctured allies. The speech was remarkable not so much for its content as for its candor

and tone.

Of the Europeans' goal to eliminate trade barriers in 1992, Rocard confided dramatically, "We are building a nation. The world is rich with multilingual nations." Within ten years, he said, Europe will have a unified currency. Only Margaret Thatcher will resist, but "as always," he added, "she will get on the train when it is leaving the station."

In Europe, Rocard has a reputation as a right-wing socialist. Among the Bohemians he was chummy. The Americans and the French, he said, have a special alliance in leading the way to disarmament, while Thatcher is "defiant"; she cannot be counted on. Rocard also considered the Germans hopeless. They suffer what the prime minister called "the German disease"—fear of fighting on their own soil, making them partial to nuclear arms.

To the subject of business

matters, Rocard brought a Bohemian zeal. Government-subsidized farming, he said, is "hypocrisy!" The farms aren't efficient but governments back



Michel Rocard

them because of the political consequences of opposing them. "Ridiculous," he said, then tilted forward in a delightful gesture of conspiracy. "Let me tell you a secret. We too are fed up with subsidizing farmers. We too want to get out of this silly system." The only way out, he whispered, is a private, "gentleman's agreement" involving agricultural trade. At lakeside there was an approving murmur. For the gentleman's agreement is the stock-in-trade of Bohemia. —P.W.

dent Louis Boccardi, addressing his listeners as men of "power and rank," gave them more details than he said he was willing to give his readers about the plight of Terry Anderson, the Middle East correspondent held hostage since 1985. It was a transparent plea for help.

Other Lakeside speaking is more indulgent. Here Nicholas Brady examined the history of the Jockey Club. Here William Buckley described how he had sat at his desk and cried upon learning of Whittaker Chambers's death. Here Henry Kissinger made a bathroom pun on the name of his friend Lee Kuan Yew, who was in attendance—the sort of joke that the people of Singapore, whom Lee rules with such authoritarian zeal, are not free to make in public. The speeches are presented as off-the-record—one of the absurdities of Grove life, given that they are open to several thousand people. As the Soviet Sagdeyev said in his speech, "There is no *glasnost* here."

After General Chain's talk, the usual quiet business chatter went on. "Your secretary, I got to tell you, she's 110 percent," a

mians, I overheard a large fellow in cranberry-colored shorts on the phone, bragging to someone back at the office. "I got slightly inebriated — slightly! — *heavily* inebriated with the president of the Portland Opera last night. I said we might have a deal for him. They're going to have Pavarotti there in November. I said when we got back we'd talk about it."

It was in the phone circle that Henry Kissinger alienated some brother Bohemians on the middle weekend. Wandering into the clearing, he announced to the air, "I have to make two phone calls." A man finished his call, and Kissinger, ignoring a half-dozen men in line, took the booth and proceeded to retail to a woman, evidently his wife, the Russian speaker's joke about the KGB's interrogation of a CIA agent. (The CIA agent denies involvement first in a calamitous ship disaster, then in Chernobyl. "So

what are you responsible for?" the KGB asks him.

AS A HELICOPTER

FROM A NETWORK NEWSMAGAZINE CIRCLED FRANTICALLY FAR ABOVE

"Your agricultural policy.") The woman on the line evidently objected to the joke, for Kissinger said, revealing a dovish streak, "Maybe the KGB *did* write it, but it is not a sign of strength."

Kissinger's crusty performance was not appreciated by the men he'd cut in front of in line. One Bohemian, a patrician fellow with silver hair, wheeled in rage, saying, "I'll be god-damned." Cutting in line is distinctly un-Bohemian behavior.

Everywhere you hear what is Bohemian and what isn't Bohemian. One night I wandered into Fore Peak camp and got a lecture from a man named Hugh about Bohemian values as they concerned Fore Peak's famous drink, a mixture of hot rum and hot chocolate. Many years ago a doctor called it a Nembutal, and the name stuck, so much so that one Fore Peak camper wears a stethoscope and a white lab coat with DR. NEMBUTAL stitched on it. Hugh said that an old college friend came to stay in Bohemia and took over the mixing of the drinks. He persisted in putting in too much rum to see how many guys would pass out.

"Hey, knock it off, this is Bohemia," Hugh had to tell him. He never invited the chum back.

A tenet of Grove life is noncompetitive egalitarianism: all men are equal here. But in fact, class and status differences among camps are pronounced. Just as you have to be sponsored for membership, you have to



be sponsored for a camp. The screens get pretty fine. Nonetheless, the ideal of equality is comforting. Among other things, it permits alcoholic failures to feel equal for a few days with their workaholic cousins. Since everyone is supposed to kick back and forget work, it's the fuckup's annual revenge. At Sundodgers there is a motto on the mantel: THE PRODUCTIVE DRUNK IS THE BANE OF ALL MORALISTS. It tells the productive they can drink, it tells the drunks they're productive.

A HIGH POINT OF THE MIDDLE WEEKEND WAS the performance of The Low Jinks, the Grove's elaborate musical-comedy show. Over the years the Jinks has become the leading entertainment at the encampment, surpassing the mannered and ponderous Grove Play, which is performed the next weekend. The Jinks is vigorously low-brow. It takes place on the Field Circle stage, which is wedged in between two camps, Pink Onion (notable for its pink sheets) and Cave Man (notable for big-deal right-wingers and a plaque commemorating Herbert Hoover).

The Field Circle seats are steeply canted; sitting in one feels like being inside a megaphone. The mood was American and bellicose. For a good half hour the band warmed up the audience, playing the fight songs of many California colleges and the armed services and culminating with "The Star-Spangled Banner." Individual melted into group, but what a group: George Shultz was seated below me, and word in the camp was that a year and \$75,000 or so had been spent for a production that would be seen just once, just by them. I felt like a mem-

THE DARKENED
FOREST, MY
NEIGHBOR
SUGGESTED,
"SHOOT THE
FUCKER DOWN"

That's the way it is: the 40-foot-tall Great Owl of Bohemia lip-synched Walter Cronkite in this year's Cremation of Care.





THE MAN

PEELED OFF THE
MASK TO REVEAL
THAT HE REALLY
WAS KISSINGER,
AND HE SAID
IN HIS FAMILIAR
GRAVELLY
ACCENT, "I AM

ber of the greatest nation ever, the greatest gender ever, the greatest generation ever. At such times—at many such times, among strong leaders, deep in the forest—the Grove takes on a certain Germanic *übermenschlich* feeling.

This year's Jinks was called *Sculpture Culture*, and the humor was not just lame but circa-1950s college follies lame. Rex Greed, an effeminate gallery owner who sells toilets ("a counterpoint of mass and void"), tries to convince artist Jason Jones Jr. that his future lies in sculptures composed of garbage. When a character describes modern art as "the talentless being sold by the unprincipled to the bewildered," the crowd's roar seemed to contain the grief of hundreds of businessmen who have shelled out



Calling Alfred E. Neuman: the ultrasophisticated poster for this year's Low Jinks revue, which cost about \$75,000 to produce once

his capital"). One day in the Grove, I tipped a camp valet and he offered some unsolicited information. Hookers came to a certain bar in Monte Río at ten each night, he said. It was the same bar-lodge-motel where the local police had arrested a man for pandering a few years back. The bust came right after a Lakeside Talk by William Webster, then the FBI director,

and the timing suggested it was his doing. But the charges were dropped, and the man is remembered fondly in the Grove. A Bohemian I overheard on the beach one day said that the man's genius had been in keeping vacationing families in the motel ignorant of the other business going on there. "Now, that's good management," he declared, capturing the robust laissez-

HERE BECAUSE I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CONVINCED THAT THE LOW JINKS IS THE ULTIMATE APHRODISIAC"

for headquarters art they do not understand.

The girls were all played by men, and every time they appeared—their chunky legs and flashed buttocks highly visible through tight support hose—the crowd went wild. After one character called the secretaries in the show "heifers," the audience couldn't resist breaking into "moos" every time they came back onstage. But the biggest crowd pleaser was Bubbles Boobenheim, a showgirl turned patroness who rubbed her prosthetic behind against the elevator doors at stage left. The doors were used repeatedly for wrong-floor gags. For example, at one point a Little League team came out that included Bohemians Bob Lurie and Peter O'Malley, the real-life owners of the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers, in uniform.

When one character, a PR executive, expressed a desire to make his mistress an honest woman, she objected, reminding him of an old Bohemian saying: "If it floats or flies or fools around, don't buy it, rent it." The scene brought to mind the reputation for prostitution that hangs around the Grove. From time to time law enforcement

faire spirit of the Grove.

The sexism and racism of the Jinks were of a peculiar sort. Black jokes are out because there are a handful of black members—though one day near the Civic Center I did hear a group of old-timers trying to imitate Jesse Jackson. As for Jews, old membership lists suggest that they have taken a very small part in the club for decades. That leaves women and Hispanics as targets for jokes—such as the one about Bubbles's protégé Raoul, who painted Puerto Rican flags on the backs of cockroaches.

The Jinks jokes about women were straight out of an old jokebook. "My father said if you have a choice between an angry woman and a rabid dog, take the dog," Jason Jones Jr. said. "It's already got a fur coat and the license is a lot cheaper." And Rex Greed said, "The only difference between rape and rapture is salesmanship." The sensibility of the Grove recalls an era before the surgeon general's report on smoking, before the death of God and duty, before the advent of cholesterol and Sandra Day O'Connor (whose husband, John, bunks in Pelicans). The mood is reminiscent of high school. There's no end to the pee-pee and penis jokes, suggesting that these men, advanced in so many other ways, were emotionally arrested sometime during adolescence.

The most striking prop in The Low Jinks was a sculpture of a female torso whose breasts and buttocks had both been attached to the front, an improvement that looked vaguely hostile. And all the talk about male fellowship often sounds just like a college freshman's version of NO GUYS ALLOWED, an institutional escape from women, from their demands, aggressions and vapors. At certain times of year women are

The iconography of the Grove



has tried unsuccessfully to bring cases against local procurers, and the Bohemian Grove Action Network circulates testimonials by a former paid mistress of a club member ("I only saw him troubled by one thing," she wrote. "He bought [an apple juice concern] for one million dollars and...he was fearful he would have to dip into

allowed to enter the Grove — but only under “chaperonage,” according to a 1980 statement by the club president. *Chaperonage* — for adult women. It’s another Bohemian wee-wee word, something you haven’t heard since you were 14.

The club’s nemesis here is the state of California, which keeps chipping away at the Grove’s maleness, lately threatening to take away its liquor license and its tax-exempt status because it discriminates against women. The state has established a beachhead at the Grove’s front office, a hundred yards outside the main gate, where, under legal pressure, seven women have been employed. Inside the Grove there is a feeling of mournful inevitability about the day women will join the encampment. Bohemians talk about how much it will muddle things. “It would screw everything up, excuse the pun,” said an old-timer sipping a drink by the river. “There’d be a lot more preening and peacocking than there already is,” a big gay Bohemian told me. Members have cited their privilege to walk about in “various states of undress.” And former California governor Pat Brown has said publicly, many times, that the presence of women would keep Bohemians from enjoying their hallowed freedom to pee.

The peeing is ceaseless and more than a little exhibitionistic. Everyone talks about it. Bohemian reminiscences describe such bizarre initiation rites as escorting new members to the redwood at which one of the founders “did his morning ablutions.” The Owl Hoots, poster-size cartoons tacked up each day near the Camp Fire Circle, are filled with pissing pictures. One featured a spurious design for a commemorative stamp of club member U.S. Postmaster General Anthony Frank relieving himself on a redwood.

“Are you going to show it?” I heard a 50-ish Bohemian, the “captain” of Pow Wow camp, call out one day as young George went to pee off the deck.

“Most of it. At least six inches.”

“Now, don’t be modest, George.”

A screen door creaked on a little house farther up the hill, and a Bohemian named Richard poked his head out, emerging from his siesta.

“Do it counterclockwise, Dickie, that’s best,” the captain called out.

“Oh, I’ve had my hand off it for two minutes now,” Richard protested.

“There’s a lot of wasted time.”

This dick-fussing often manifests itself as that starkest of male nostalgias, the hankering for the punctual erections of boyhood. According to 1979 figures, the average age of Bohemians is 55. Impotence is on many people’s minds. The poster outside Monkey Block advertising this year’s Grove play, *Pompeii*, fea-

tured a gigantic erection under a toga. The set for the play included a wall inscription in Latin meaning “Always hard.” One day I was at the Grove beach when a Bohemian discovered that a friend’s sunscreen was supposed to impede aging.

“You got it too late.”

The owner of the lotion sighed. “Well, I should give up putting it on my face and arms and spray it on my prick — see if that’ll do any good.”

Bohemian discourse is full of oblique organ worship as well. There’s all the redwood talk. Bohemians rhapsodize endlessly about towering shafts and the inspiration they give men. I LOVE

THIS TREE AS THE MOST SOUND, UPRIGHT AND STATELY REDWOOD IN THE GROVE. LET MY FRIENDS REMEMBER ME BY IT WHEN I AM GONE, reads a plaque left by a Bohemian at the base of a 301-footer.

Other references aren’t so subtle. Late in The Low Jinks the elevator doors opened and a man came out wearing a rubber Henry Kissinger mask. He had a dumpy body a lot like Kissinger’s. A “heifer” asked him why he was there. The man peeled off the mask to reveal that he really was Kissinger, and he said in his familiar gravelly accent, “I am here because I have always been convinced that The Low Jinks is the ultimate aphrodisiac.”

THE ENCAMPMENT GOT EVEN LOOSER AS the third and last weekend approached. The fairy unguents were wearing off; after two weeks the place stopped looking so magical and began to seem as ordinary as a tree-house. The nonfamous hard-core Bohemians were more in evidence now, men who wore owls in various forms — owl belt buckles, brass owl bolo ties, denim shirts embroidered with owls. Wooziness was pervasive. At his Lakeside Talk, Malcolm Forbes said

that Khrushchev knows the Soviets “are in over their heads,” and even as the name Gorbachev was murmured throughout the audience, Forbes rambled on, dotty and heedless, 25 years out-of-date.

At Faraway a guy beckoned me into the camp to enjoy “a little orange juice.” It tasted like lighter fluid sprinkled with mint flakes.

“What’s in this?”

“Oh, just a little orange juice,” the host repeated, smiling.

“What do you call this?” I asked another Farawayer.

“I call it dangerous,” he said and told of how a dropped cigar had once ignited a batch.

The men of Faraway had captured the rearranged-woman’s-torso sculpture from The Low Jinks and now displayed it against a wall, having wedged a fern leaf in “her” crack. Meanwhile, the tacked-up Owl Hoots drawings dubbed the sculpture the “statue of Piece” and pictured a Bohemian commenting that she would be “fun to dance with.” Several of the Hoots jokes were at the expense of the homeless. One cartoon had a camper at Bromley turning away a filthy guy with a bag of cans.

Anti-Bohemian activist Mary Moore, a woman-identified-woman dedicated to liberating the redwoods from man-identified-men . . .



. . . and some woman-identified-men—the world’s only establishment drag queens



ALL PLAY AND NO WORK

Even Back in the Real World, One Former President Kicks Back and Relaxes

Nicholas Brady missed putting the finishing touches on Mexico's new debt-reduction plan. French prime minister Michel Rocard skipped out on a big post-Bastille-bicentennial mess in Paris. Malcolm Forbes missed out on some of the superexciting buzz about *Egg*, his odd new life-style magazine. Henry Kravis was away while his former partner Jerome Kohlberg prepared to sue him for breach of contract. What did Ronald Reagan miss while he was wandering the northern California woods with tipsy, overweight guys in lederhosen? SPY obtained a copy of the former president's schedule for one day this year, complete with doodles. His routine, as we suspected, is every bit as hectic and momentous as it was when he put in his standard 11:00-to-3:00 days in the Oval Office.

1 Reagan works in a luxurious top-floor suite in the Century City office tower that was taken over by German terrorists in *Die Hard*. Maintenance man Horatio Ramirez has taken it upon himself to roll out a blue carpet for his building's most famous tenant to walk on as he travels to and from his limousine each day. "He's a big fan of the former president," explains Reagan spokesman Mark Weinberg. "Horatio paid for the carpet, and he cares for it."

2 The former president familiarizes himself with the day's script.

3 Yep, the pen works.

4 Having completed and crossed off each laborious duty in his hectic morning schedule, Reagan turns his attention to lunch.

5 If he's not napping now, you're

not holding a magazine.

6 Given that the Reagans' wedding anniversary is coming up on March 4, it would seem to be a valiant effort to figure out exactly how many years it's been, anyway. Unfortunately, since the marriage took place in 1952, the answer Reagan comes up with is wrong.

7 Ralph Bookman, Reagan's allergist—the man who administers, as the former president puts it, "my sneeze shots"

8 Beverly Hills barber Harry Drucker, who says he has been cutting Reagan's hair exactly the same way for nearly half a century, sees him at least twice a month. He describes the former president's coiffure as "a traditional haircut, a conservative haircut. It isn't," he points out helpfully, "a hippie-type haircut."

—Paul Slansky

"This is for the campless, not the homeless," he was saying.

The jokes fit right into the Grove's Ayn Rand R&R mood. "My grandmother always said, 'You can find sympathy in the dictionary,'" a guy with a cigar said, walking on the River Road. I'd made it in that day for breakfast at the Dining Circle, the most lavish meal of the Bohemian day, an experience redolent of moneyed western ease. The rough wooden tables were piled with perfect fruit. As I sat down a great glistening arc of melon was slid before me. Today they were offering Alaskan cod, sautéed lamb kidneys, eggs, French toast, bacon, sausages. The encampment's rules about dealing with waiters reinforce the heartless but egalitarian values of the Grove. Tipping the help is strictly forbidden, but so is reprimanding them. It's easy to imagine that many early Bohemians started out as laborers and had to remind more aristocratic visitors that social mobility was a cherished ideal. In the Grove's Club Med-like plan, the meals are covered in the fee for the encampment, which, judging from schedules I'd seen from two years back, ran about \$850 on top of annual dues.

A waiter in a red jacket dropped an uneaten chunk of the bright red cod into a waste bin, and the Bohemians at my table talked about presidents.

It looked as though Richard Nixon would once again not show. One old-timer said that Nixon was feuding with the board of directors. He was waiting to be asked to give a Lakeside Talk, but the club wasn't going to invite

The dining circle: drinks and sautéed lamb kidneys all around!



THE SCHEDULE OF PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN

Tuesday, February 28, 1989

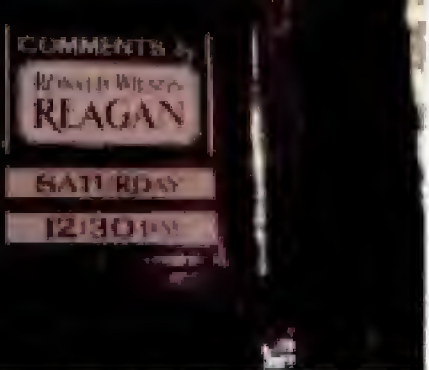
9:45 am	Depart for Office	Residence
9:55 am	Arrive at Office 1	Fox Plaza
10:00 am (30 min)	Staff Time 2	Office
10:30 am (5 min)	Taping for Robert Schuller's 1,000th Broadcast	Conference Room
11:00 am (10 min)	Phone Call to Bruce Levine	Office
11:10 am (50 min)	Personal Time 3	Office
12:00 m (60 min)	Lunch 4	Office
1:00 pm (1 hr)	Personal Time 5	Office
2:00 pm	Depart for Appointment with Dr. Bookman	Fox Plaza
2:15 pm (5 min)	Appointment with Dr. Bookman 7	Dr. Bookman's Office
2:20 pm	Depart for haircut at Drucker's Barber Shop	Dr. Bookman's Office
2:30 pm (30 min)	Haircut 8	Drucker's Barber Shop
3:00 pm	Depart for Residence	Drucker's Barber Shop
3:10 pm	Arrive Residence	Residence

REVISED 02/27/89 3:30 pm

him until he had shown them the respect of visiting Cave Man for a weekend or so. In my informant's opinion, there was bad blood; Nixon's resignation 15 years ago had offended the club's honor—it had been so un-Bohemian. The feud was unfortunate because Nixon and the club went back a long way. In 1953, when he was vice president, Nixon led a ceremony honoring Herbert Hoover's 40th year as a Bohemian. It took place at the Waldorf-Astoria, in a room piled with redwood bark and branches shipped to Manhattan from the Grove. In 1971, when the press corps forced him to cancel his speech at the Grove, President Nixon had wired the club to say, "Anyone can be president of the United States, but few have any hope of becoming president of the Bohemian Club."

Meanwhile, the Bohemians' new favorite son had arrived in camp the night before. One of the waiters had heard whorehouse piano music coming from Owl's Nest, and he said Ronald Reagan liked that kind of music. Rumor had it that Reagan was going to give the next day's Lakeside Talk. Some said there were Secret Service men guarding the roads and the perimeter. They'd built special platforms in the trees for men with binoculars. I didn't want to disagree. On hikes I'd taken,

my impression had been that the only people patrolling the ten miles of Grove perimeter were a guy at the Guard House on Smith Creek Road who spent a lot of time whittling a walking stick and ancient Bohemians taking the daily 10:00 a.m. open-



This year's surprise speaker: the former president

backed bus tour. Rim rides, the tours were called. Two of the buses bore vanity license plates commemorating the 1989 presidential inauguration—they had the words KINDER and GENTLER stamped on them.

In the afternoon I walked up Kitchen Hill Road to Owl's Nest. I wanted to visit the former president. Owl's Nest is sort of an old-Hollywood-corporatist camp. Eddie Albert is there, and United Technologies chieftain Harry J. Gray, who this year had brought along Union Carbide boss Robert D. Kennedy. The camp has a false outer door and two overlapping walls that form an S-shaped entry. Inside, a plump Secret Service guy in a Members Only jacket sat near a giant wooden owl. There were owl figures everywhere, notably a silver owl ice bucket on the bar whose head tilted off cleverly.

I walked over to the Secret Service guy and asked if it was okay to meet the president. He said Reagan would love it and motioned with an open hand toward the deck.

Reagan was mixing it up with a bunch of old-timers a few feet away. The first thing I noticed was that he had finally let his hair go gray. Also, he's not as tall as he looked in office. He wore western gear all the way, a gray-blue checked western shirt, a white braided western belt, cowboy boots and, in his left breast pocket, an Owl's Nest pin with an owl on it. The getup stood out because it was so fastidious among men who had let themselves go.

We shook hands firmly (his: small, bony) and chatted. Even one-on-one he has that habit of smiling and cocking his head and raising an eyebrow to encourage you. He projects an automatic, almost druggy congeniality. I worked hard to respond in kind (I invented an infant son named Ronald Wilson Weiss). We talked about his guest days at the Grove, before he became a member in 1975 (two months after he left the California governorship, a week after George Shultz joined). I asked him whether it was true that it was at the

TODAY

AIDS HAS PUT A DAMPER ON THE GROVE'S RIVER ROAD PICKUP SCENE,

Grove in 1967 that he, then the new governor, had assured Nixon that he wouldn't challenge him outright for the Republican nomination in 1968.

Reagan didn't get the question the first time around. He pitched himself forward in his seat with a puzzled look, still trying to be genial. I repeated myself, and he said, "Yes, yes, that's true," in the famous furry voice. Then an old friend came up and snagged his attention.

By the time I got back into the central camp-

ground, they'd announced the next day's Lakeside Talk. The mystery was over. COMMENTS BY RONALD WILSON REAGAN, said placards on the wooden signboards. By the time the talk was over, the posters had all been lifted by souvenir-seeking Bohemians.

AS DINNER BEGAN THAT NIGHT, PEOPLE WERE already sitting down on the redwood benches at the main stage for the Grove play (despite the poster, a humorless enactment of the destruction of Pompeii). Everything felt peaceful and sweet, like death, the good things they say about it: the end to striving, the sunlight-dappled heavenliness. Music sounded softly. A bagpiper walked in the woods by himself squeezing out a melancholy song, a brass band played "Sweet Georgia Brown" in Cliffdwellers, and in Band camp a young guitarist and an old pianist experimented with the Isley Brothers' "It's Your Thing."

Nearby, a young member of the cast dressed as a woman pulled apart purplish gossamer robes to pee. The popular redwoods between the Dining and Camp Fire Circles now reeked of urine and wore what looked to be a permanent skirt of wet, blackened soil. For a while I thought the bar of salt bracketed on one tree by the lake was an experimental effort to neutralize uric acids before they hit the roots. It turned out to be only a deer lick.

Down by the lake I saw three men lying on the ground, talking. When they got up to go to dinner, one hugged another around the middle from behind and trudged up the bank with him that way, laughing.

"Honey, I lost my ring and I want to sell the house," the third one said, mocking a homecoming speech.

At dinner I sat across from a young broker who shared his wine with me and complained about his girlfriend. The meal (tournedos of beef) was festive and communal. The long ta-

bles are lit by gas pipes that spring from the ears of wooden owl silhouettes three feet above the table, a half dozen of these per table. Wine gets passed around (though members must sign for the bottles on a chit). Old friends move among the tables, kissing one another, and a ruddy Bohemian gets up on a bench and, as his friends cheer him on, removes his cap and opens his mouth to sing. Great intimacy is achieved in song.

The physical aspect of Bohemian male bond-



Bohemians like their women stripped down: note Romany camp's headless, shirtless, legless lady in bronze.

BUT A MAN ON HIS OWN OFTEN GETS INVITED BACK TO CAMPS BY BROTHER BOHEMIANS

ing can't be overlooked. Even 100-year-old Grove annals have a homoerotic quality, with references to "slender, young Bohemians, clad in economical bathing suits." Nudity was more common then. Today AIDS has put a damper on the Grove's River Road pickup scene, which Herb Caen used to write about in his *San Francisco Chronicle* gossip column. Just the same, a man on his own often gets invited back to camps by gay Bohemians. The weirdest approach I experienced came from a tall redhead in western wear, a fourth-generation Californian. He wandered up with a beer in his hand as I sat reading on a bench and, pausing for emphasis, pronounced, "In the beginning the Lord created — cunts."

WHEN RONALD REAGAN CAME TO THE GREEN



"I GOT TO TAKE

A SECOND
TO DO SOME-
THING

NAUGHTY HERE," REAGAN SAID, "SINCE THIS IS AN ALL-STAG ARRANGEMENT"

The Lamp of Fellowship warms Bohemians to new heights of brotherly love.

parasol the next day, the organ player broke into "California, Here I Come." Reagan said that it was good to be back. The Grove had been a major factor in his "homesickness... when you are forced to be away, as I was, for eight years."

The speech was canned and courtly. Though he cursed now and then, he seemed uncomfortable with the word *damn*, which he said almost sotto voce. He did take a crack at toilet humor:

"You know, I got to take a second to do something naughty here, since this is an all-stag arrangement. You know how many times we've been in someone's home and we've wanted to go to the powder room and we've maybe said, 'Excuse me, I've got to powder my nose.' Well, a man did that at a party; and his hostess said, when he came back, she said, 'You must have the longest nose in the world.' He said, 'What are you talking about?' She said, 'Your fly's open.'"

Polite laughter.

The only surprises came when he took questions. He got rousing applause when he called for greater regulation of the media. "You know, the press conferences were adversarial bouts — they were there to trap me in something or other."

Reagan also came out in favor of four-year terms for congressmen. "You know," he said, for he started every comment with that phrase, "I haven't said this publicly before. I would like to

make the two-year congressman's term four years, to reduce the number of elections that we have, because I think that's one of the reasons that only about 53 percent of the people vote. We're just overdoing it. There's a kind of emotional experience with an election year, that between state elections, local elections — and besides, with a two-year term, a congressman gets elected and the next day he starts campaigning for the next election."

I wanted to ask Reagan about efforts to desegregate the club. It's only a matter of time before the club gets sued under either California's civil-rights act or San Francisco's civil-rights ordinance, both of which bar sex discrimination in business establishments. The Bohemians will be hard-pressed to prove that they are a purely private club that falls out-

side the legal definition of a business, when clearly so many members participate for business-related reasons. Some day the walls will fall, though it's hard to see why any woman would want to join a crowd of old Republicans chewing

cigars and reminiscing about potency.

I wrote "How do you feel about government and legal efforts to force the Club to admit women?" on a piece of Grove stationery and went up to the fellow taking questions from my section, by the giant owl. It was a risk, but then it was my last hour of my first and last Grove. My bags were packed — a camera in one pocket, a tape recorder in the other. Also, I'd tried to grab one of the free Bohemian Club walking sticks from the museum, something I could lean against my office wall with the B/C shield turned out to remind myself that this right-wing fantasia had not been just a dream. But there were none left; Bohemians had taken them all hiking.

The moderator studied the page and asked who I was and what camp I was in. We were a few feet from the Lamp of Fellowship, and after looking me over he said he didn't know, this was pushing it. He didn't ask Reagan my question, of course. The rest of the questions were about the world outside the Grove. Then the organist struck up "America the Beautiful" and Reagan left in a red truck, waving.

Later I heard a Bohemian on the River Road saying it had been brave of Reagan to take on all comers. But another Bohemian pointed out it really hadn't been a big risk. *Who was going to offend the president?* After all, this was Bohemia. ■

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They came from as far away as Albuquerque.



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S P E

**PRESENTING
THE COLLECTED
WORKS OF
DAVID MAMET IN
JUST UNDER
FOUR MINUTES**

BY
DAVID
IVES

A seedy coffee shop. Two playwrights, ITCHY and MOE.

ITCHY: So?

MOE: What.

ITCHY: Okay.

MOE: *What?*

ITCHY: Mamet.

(Pause.)

MOE: Mamet.

ITCHY: Yeah.

MOE: *David Mamet?*

(Pause.)

ITCHY: Who else?

MOE: Fuck me.

ITCHY: Why?

MOE: Get outta here. *(Pause.)* David Mamet.

ITCHY: What, you don't like —

MOE: Hey.

ITCHY: You don't like Mamet?

MOE: Fuck *me*.

ITCHY: What.

ED - THE PLAY

MOE: Listen.

ITCHY: What.

MOE: In nineteen-thirty-whatever, people thought Clifford Odets was a genius too.

(Pause.)

ITCHY: So?

MOE: What.

ITCHY: Listen.

MOE: David Mamet is a Potemkin playwright. You drive around the back of David Mamet, you're gonna see a lot of boards holding up a face.

ITCHY: Listen.

MOE: What.

ITCHY: *David* —

MOE: All right.

ITCHY: David Mamet... is the William Congreve of our time.

(Long pause.)

MOE: Who the fuck is William Congreve?

IMEDIATELY recognizable, immensely successful, David Mamet has spent the last dozen years becoming a celebrity, if not a minor American icon — the most significant serious dramatist of his generation. Playwright, screenwriter, director, essayist and kvetch, he has demonstrated a gift for self-packaging and self-promotion unparalleled in the American theater since the days when Orson Welles was a skinny, hustling tyro.

What PR firm could have come up with a better show than the turtleneck, the crew cut, the McGeorge Bundy glasses, the aggressive cigar? And, of course, there is the marriage to the actress daughter of a Pulitzer prize-winning playwright. As for success, consider the fact that the *Times* once ran a small article to announce that Mamet's most recent London production had got mixed reviews.

Now, *that* is success in the American theater.

But what about the oeuvre? Is there magnitude in these works? Or just Mametude? What is the place of the plays in the larger scheme of art, capitalism and the graduate school careers of one or two of our grandchildren?

Even Mamet's harshest, most resentful critics can't deny the man's gift for dialogue, that rat-tat-tat scatological hustler's patter that often sounds like a conversation between two foul-mouthed Selectrics from Bay Ridge. At times a Mamet text consists of little more than "no," "yes," "but," "and" and "fuck," half of

them *italicized*. And still one listens raptly and says, *Yes, that's how Americans talk. Particularly American men.*

Yet David Mamet knows something much more fundamental than how Americans talk. Particularly American men. He also knows that Americans are basically an impatient folk, and that they don't want to sit around inside some theater for too long. They want to get out and drink, eat on top of the Marriott Marquis, pick up their cars at the lot and just *drive*. Americans don't want the whole megillah, they want the *gist*. This is, after all, the country that invented *USA Today* and Reader's Digest Condensed Books.

In this regard, David Mamet is the writer geared for his moment. A full-length Mamet play such as *Glengarry Glen Ross* may run a little under 90 minutes, including a 20-minute intermission, and the two breaks in *Speed-the-Plow* may even be longer than the whole second act. In fact, in the 22nd century, this may be viewed as Mamet's greatest, most enduring gift to the American theater: *shorter and quicker full-length plays*.

Thus, the following cultural service. For all of you too itchy to even *go* to the theater, we boiled down the major plays and extracted their essences so you could become acquainted with the Master's work in the Master's own insistent way: even shorter, even quicker and even more to the fucking *point*.

LET'S PUT ON OUR OWN SHOW!

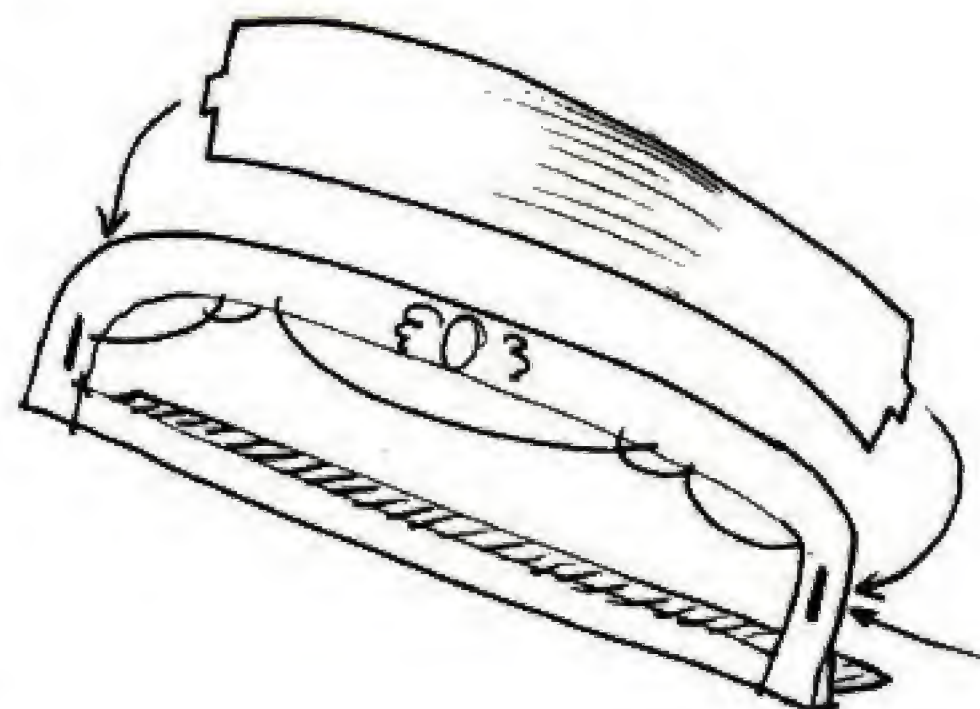
The Complete David Mamet-in-a-Can Broadway Sets and Players



1. Fold back side and bottom flaps of stage.
2. Cut sets out of magazine page and curve them so that the tabs fit inside the slots.



1. Bend flaps back and join together at slots to form a ring.
2. Slip finished puppet over desired finger.
3. Shake finger to indicate dialogue.



SPEED-THE-PLOW

Performance time: 50 seconds



ACT I

Gould's Hollywood office. Morning.

FOX: Gould, you're the new head of production at this studio and I'm an unsuccessful independent producer, and you owe me a favor.

GOULD: That's right, Fox.

FOX: I've discovered this trashy script. Will you take it to the head of the studio and make me rich, Gould?

GOULD: Yes I will, Fox. At ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

FOX: Thank you, Gould.

GOULD: I'm a whore.

FOX: I'm a whore, too. Who's your sexy new secretary?

GOULD: She's just a temp, Fox.

FOX: I'll bet you \$500 you can't get her into bed.

GOULD: It's a bet. (*Into intercom*) Karen, would you come in here, please? (*KAREN enters.*) Karen, will you read this book about cosmic bullshit and come to my apartment tonight to report on it?

KAREN: Yes, sir.

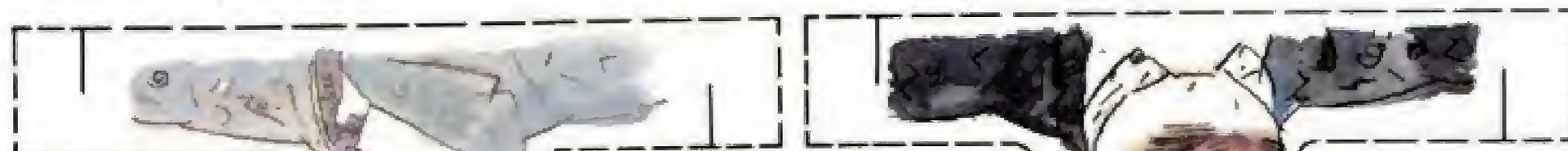
CURTAIN

ACT II

Gould's apartment. That night.

GOULD: Did you read the book, Karen?

THE MAMET PLAYERS



JOE MANTEGNA



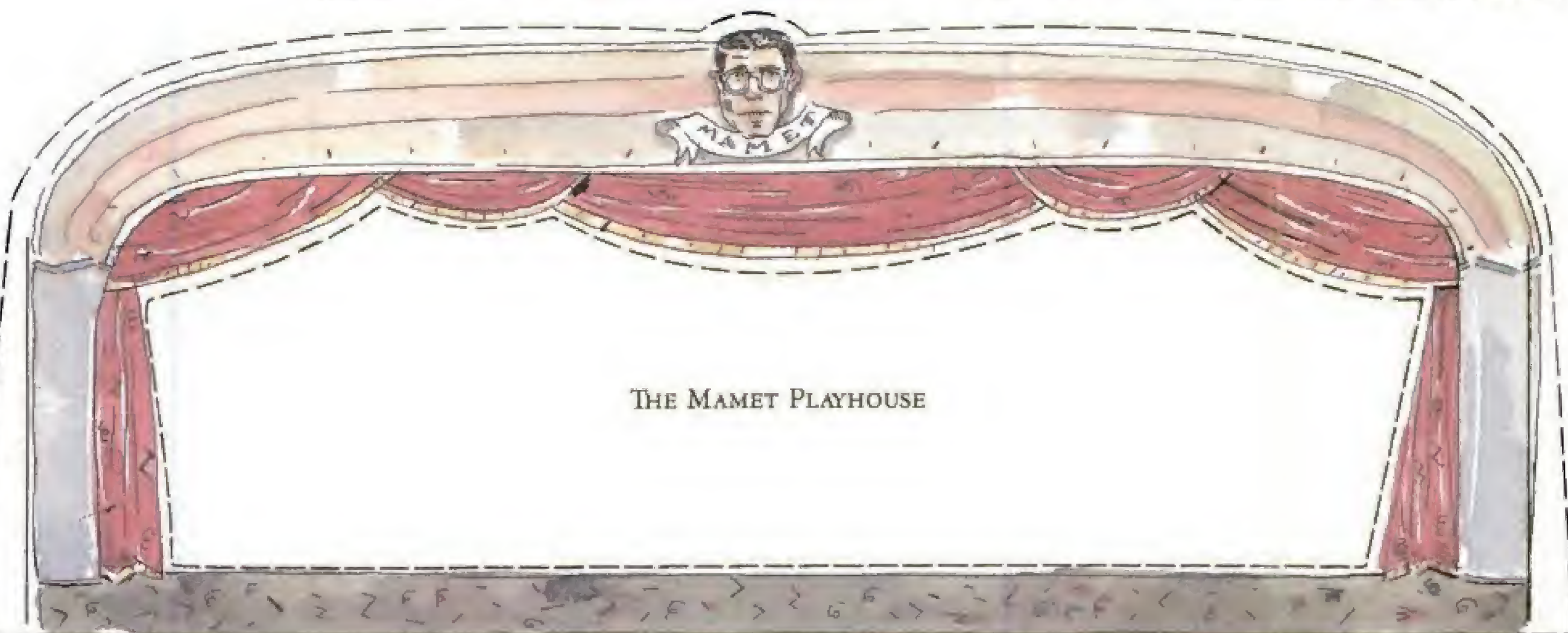
RON SILVER



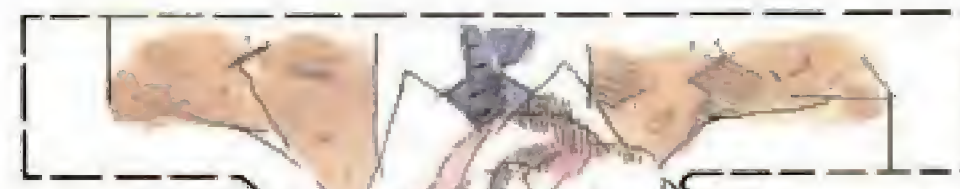
J. T. WALSH



MADONNA



THE MAMET PLAYHOUSE



AL PACINO



ROBERT PROSKY



LINDSAY CROUSE



JIM BELUSHI



KAREN: Yes, and I think it's brilliant and that Mr. Fox's script is trash.

GOULD: But I'm just a whore.

KAREN: I think that you're a very sensitive man.

GOULD: At last, a woman who understands me!

CURTAIN

ACT III

Gould's office. Next morning, just before 10:00 a.m.

GOULD: I'm not going to recommend your script to the head of the studio, Fox. I'm going to recommend the book about cosmic bullshit instead.

FOX: You're only doing this because Karen went to bed with you, Gould.

GOULD: Gee, maybe you're right, Fox. *(Into intercom)* Karen, would you come in here, please? *(KAREN enters.)* Karen, you're fired. *(KAREN exits.)*

FOX: She's a whore.

GOULD: She's a whore.

FOX: And life is good.

CURTAIN

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

Performance time: 57 seconds



ACT I

Scene 1. A booth at a Chinese restaurant.

WILLIAMSON: Levene, you're a failure.

LEVENE: Forty, fifty, sixty years ago I was the best goddamn hustler of swampland in the history of the real estate scams! *(Long pause.)* Now, I happen to need some leads so that I can win a Cadillac as top salesman of the month. And you're my boss. So, Williamson?

WILLIAMSON: You can't have any leads.

LEVENE: Oh, *please*, John, *please*?

Scene 2. Another booth at the restaurant.

MOSS: Aaronow.

AARONOW: *Dubh.*

MOSS: Somebody should steal the leads from the real estate office.

AARONOW: *Dubh.*

MOSS: I mean you and me, Aaronow. Tonight.

(AARONOW thinks.)

AARONOW: But wouldn't that be illegal?

Scene 3. Another booth.

ROMA: What is the meaning of life?

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER: I don't know.

ROMA: Me neither. Would you like to buy some real estate?

CURTAIN

ACT II

The real estate office. The place has been ransacked.

WILLIAMSON: Aaronow, someone broke into the office last night and stole the leads.

AARONOW: *Dubh.*

WILLIAMSON: Was it you?

AARONOW: *Dubh.*

(ROMA enters.)

ROMA: Gracious heavens. The office has been ransacked?

WILLIAMSON: Yes. Was it you, Roma?

ROMA: Fuck you, John.

(LEVENE enters.)

LEVENE: Hand over the Cadillac! I just made a huge sale!

WILLIAMSON: Sorry, Levene. *You* broke into the office last night and stole the leads. (To POLICEMAN) Take Levene away.

(POLICEMAN takes LEVENE away.)

ROMA: You mean...that's the *end*? That's *all*?

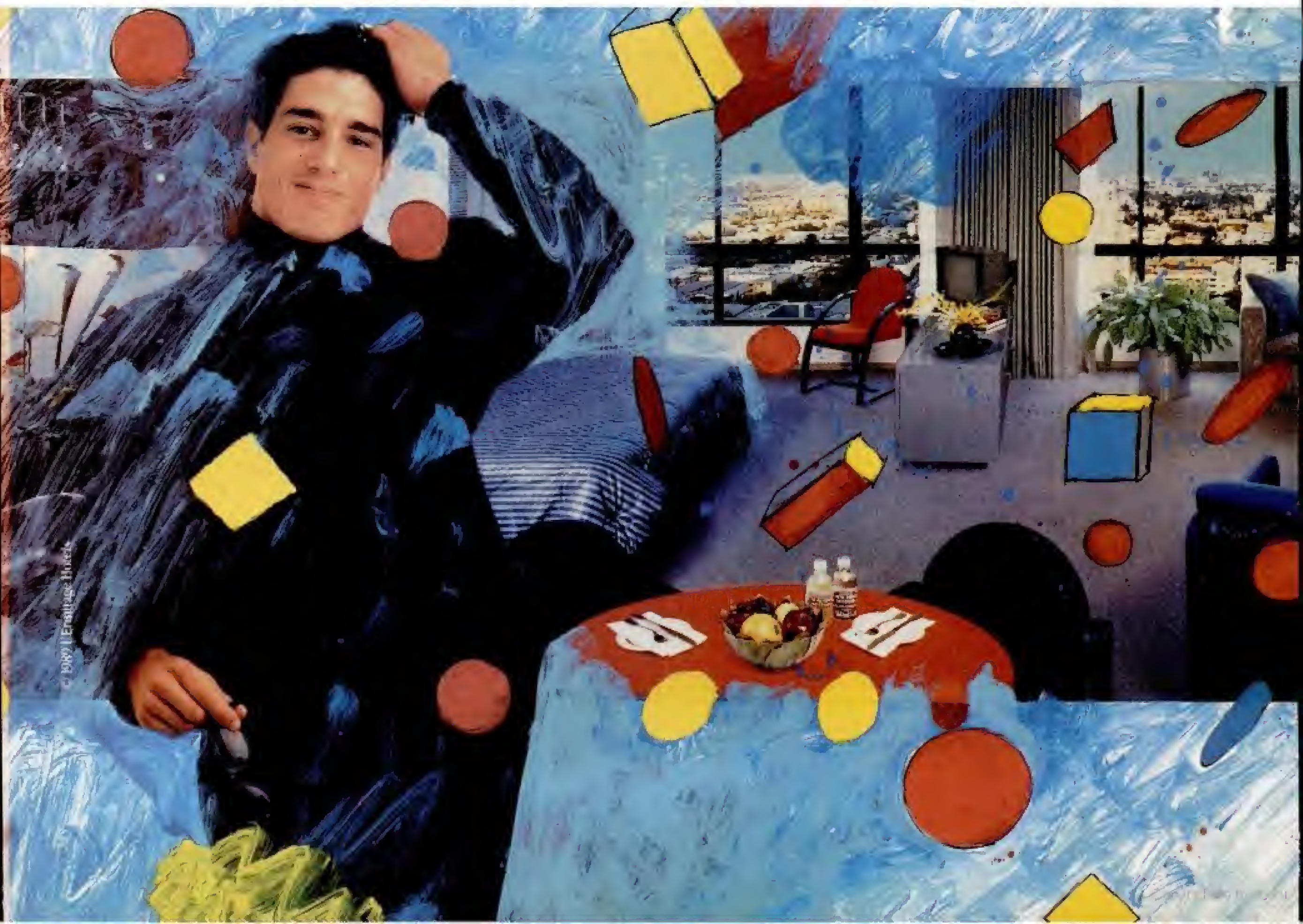
WILLIAMSON: *Yes*.

ROMA: Oh, okay. (Small pause, followed by a brief silence.) Life...is *life*. I'm going back to the Chinese restaurant.

CURTAIN

AMERICAN BUFFALO

Performance time: 53 seconds



ACT I

A junk shop. Morning.

DON: Bob, you're a young punk.

BOB: Fuckin' right I am.

DON: A small-time thief.

BOB: Fuckin' right I am.

DON: But we never use the word "thief," do we, Bob?

BOB: Fuckin' right we don't.

DON: And do you fence stolen goods through my junk shop?

BOB: We never talk about it.

DON: Fuckin' right we don't.

(Pause.)

BOB: So what do we talk about, Don?

DON: The nature of life. And we say "fuck" a lot.

(TEACH enters.)

TEACH: Fuckin' life.

DON: Is it bad, Teach?

TEACH: It's bad.

DON: Go for coffee, Bob. *(BOB exits.)* Bob's going to steal a very valuable coin collection for me tonight, Teach.

TEACH: Bob's too young.

DON: You're right, Teach. You should steal the coins instead.

TEACH and DON: *But let's not tell Bob.*

CURTAIN

ACT II

The junk shop. That night.

TEACH: Everything is going wrong, Don. It looks like I can't do the job after all.

DON: Are you just making excuses, Teach?

TEACH: Don, fuck you and the gene pool you swam in on.

(Aside to audience) I'm being a failure.

(BOB enters.)

BOB: Don, how would you like to buy this rare buffalo-head nickel?

TEACH: Did you steal that from the very valuable coin collection I was supposed to steal, Bob?

BOB: No. *(TEACH hits him.)* Ow! *(BOB bleeds.)*

DON: Fuck you, Teach.

TEACH: Fuck you, Don.

BOB: Fuck you, Don and Teach. *(Pause.)* Don — is life good or bad?

DON: Shut up, Bob.

TEACH: Ah, heck.

CURTAIN



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Italo Scanga 1989

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO

Performance time: 1 minute, 15 seconds



Scenes 1 through 16: DANNY and his friend BERNIE are drinking.

BERNIE: All women are alike, Danny.

DANNY: Gosh, Bernie. Is that really true?

BERNIE: Yes, essentially they're bitches.

DANNY: Or whores?

BERNIE: Or whores.

(They exit. Enter DEBORAH and her roommate, JOAN.)

JOAN: All men are alike, Deborah.

DEBORAH: They certainly are, Joan.

JOAN and DEBORAH: They're men.

(Exit DEBORAH. BERNIE enters.)

BERNIE: Hi there.

JOAN: Get lost.

(He does so. So does she. Enter DEBORAH. DANNY enters, too.)

DANNY: Hi there.

DEBORAH: Get lost.

DANNY: Want to go out with me?

(They exit. BERNIE enters and lies down and stares at the ceiling.)

BERNIE: Is there a metaphysical point to broads?

(BERNIE goes away. DANNY and DEBORAH enter and lie down.)

DANNY and DEBORAH: Goodnight!

(They fall asleep. Then they get up and go to a bar. BERNIE is there. DANNY introduces BERNIE and DEBORAH.)

DANNY: Deborah, Bernie. Bernie, Deborah.

DEBORAH and BERNIE: Hello!

BERNIE: You're a nice girl, Deborah. (Aside to DANNY) Probably a whore.

(DEBORAH exits. DANNY and BERNIE go to their job.)

BERNIE: Danny, people sometimes have sexual intercourse under very peculiar circumstances.

DANNY: Is that true, Bernie?

(BERNIE gives examples. They exit. DEBORAH and JOAN enter.)

JOAN: Is there a metaphysical point to life?

(DEBORAH does not answer. She and JOAN probably go shopping.

DANNY and BERNIE suddenly reappear.)

BERNIE: Don't fall in love, Danny.

DANNY: Mmn.

BERNIE: Deborah's just another bitch.

DANNY: Mmn.

(Pause.)

BERNIE: I gather you don't agree with me?

(BERNIE gets lost. DEBORAH enters. She and DANNY lie down again.)

DANNY: Masturbation.

DEBORAH: Penises.

(Pause.)

DANNY: I think I'm falling in love with you.

(He does so. DEBORAH vanishes. DANNY gets up and for some reason meets BERNIE in a toy shop.)

BERNIE: Danny, do you know that when I was a child, an old man once put his hand on my genitals in a movie theater?

DANNY: No.

(All of a sudden, DEBORAH and JOAN are at a restaurant.)

DEBORAH: I'm going to move in with Danny.

JOAN: Uh-oh.

(DEBORAH moves in with DANNY. JOAN goes somewhere else.)

DANNY: Where's the shampoo?

DEBORAH: Will you still love me when I'm old?

DANNY: Why are you putting on dirty panty hose?

(He silently falls out of love with her.)

DEBORAH: Are we all right?

DANNY: Shut up, Deborah.

DEBORAH: Shut up yourself, Danny. (Pause.) I'm moving back to my old apartment with Joan.

(She does so.)

JOAN: All men are alike, Deborah.

DEBORAH: Oh, be quiet.

(Meanwhile, DANNY and BERNIE are at a beach, ogling women.)

DANNY: All women are alike, Bernie.

BERNIE: Yes, they certainly are.

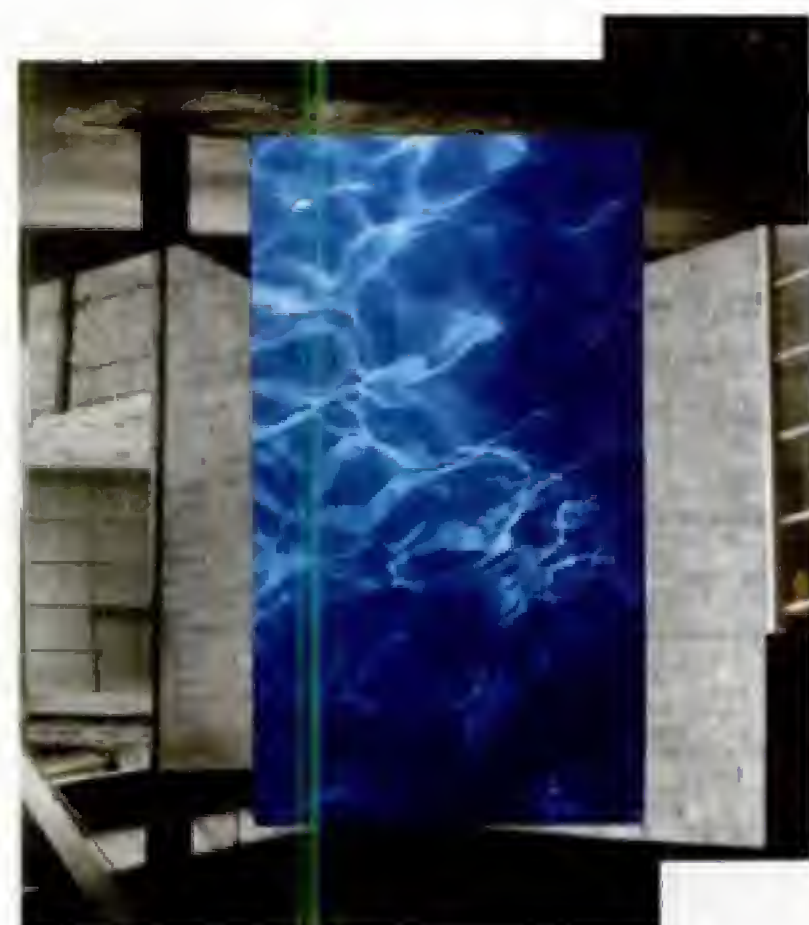
DANNY: Bitches.

BERNIE: Or whores. And life?

DANNY: Life is good, Bernie.

BERNIE: Life is very good.

CURTAIN



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FROM SANTA MARGHERITA



In his 1955 book, *The Exurbanites*, A. C. Spector argued that the commuters in gray flannel suits who marched through Grand Central Terminal weren't confirmed suburbanites but were at heart urbanites — "short-haul expatriates [who] really never leave town, though they live... on the North Shore." Times, of course, change, and around New York nowadays one sees a different group of expatriates: twenty-

and thirtysomethings who happen to live in the city but whose hearts and sensibilities are distinctly suburban. To help those of you who want to live where you can get ethnic food but whose idea of ethnic food is a Domino's pizza, who like the idea of cheap, fast public transportation but insist upon keeping a car, who are attracted to quirky boutiques but buy at Aca Joe, here is

THE SPY MAP OF SUBURBANIZED

THE SPORTING LIFE

Public Tennis Courts:

Central Park Tennis Courts,
Central Park at 93rd Street

Crosstown Tennis,
14 West 31st Street

The Midtown Tennis Club,
341 Eighth Avenue

● Sutton East Tennis,
488 East 60th Street

Village Courts,
110 University Place

Skateboarding Emporiums:

Soho Skateboards Etc.,
80 Varick Street

Skate N.Y.C.,
445 East 9th Street

Miniature Golf:

Putter's Paradise,
48 West 21st Street

● The Trump-owned Gotham
Golf at the Wollman Rink,
Central Park at 60th Street

Tallyho, Aboy, Kawabunga!

● Claremont Riding Stables,
175 West 89th Street

Goldbergs' Marine,
12 West 37th Street

Island Windsurfing,
1623 York Avenue

Sailways Windsurfing,
859 Broadway

SHOPPING SPREES

A Galleria by Any

Other Name:

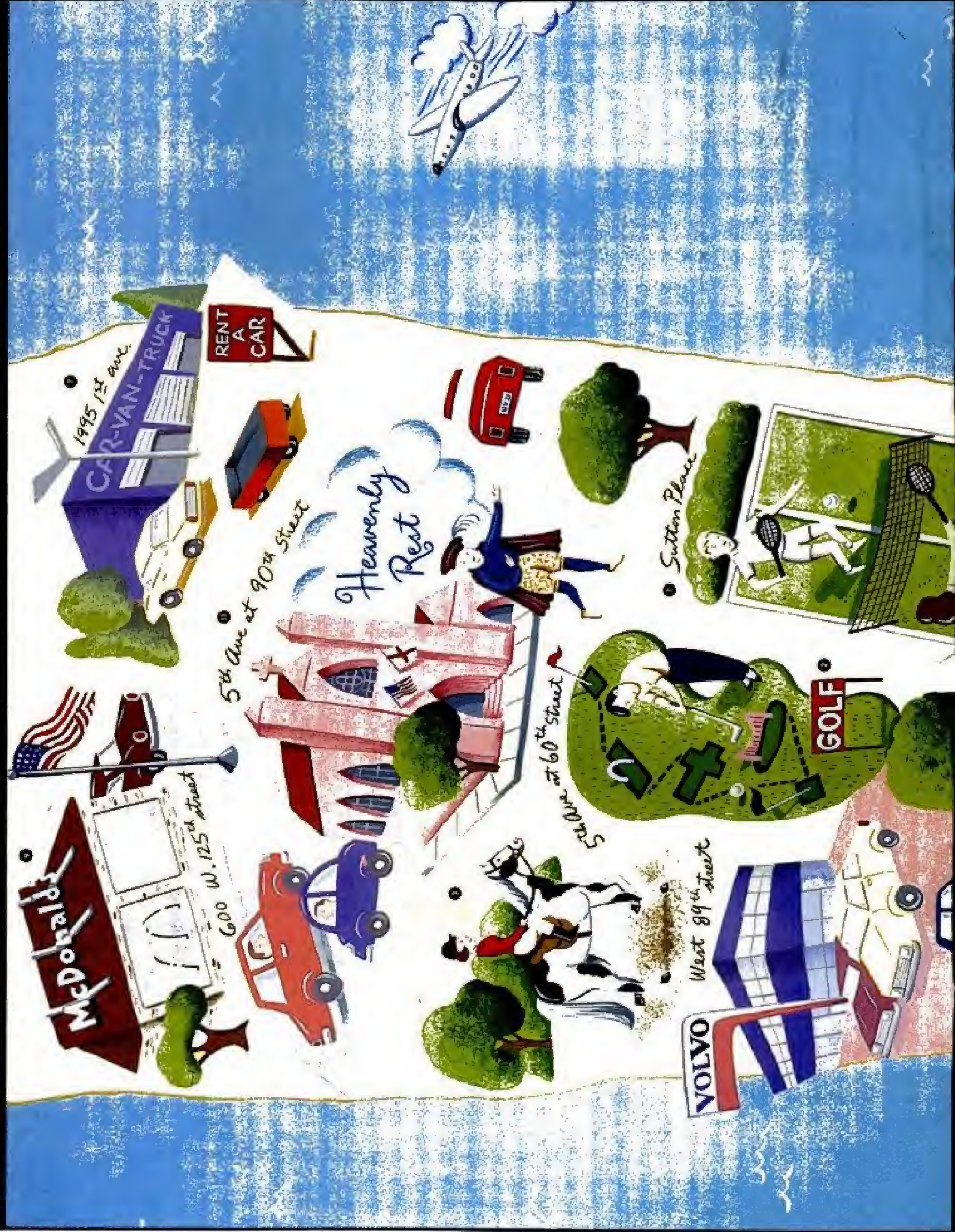
The South Street Seaport

Trump Tower,
725 Fifth Avenue

Herald Center,
One Herald Square

(complete with food court)

Citigroup Center,
153 East 53rd Street



Manhattan Nissan,
799 Eleventh Avenue

Zumbach Sports Cars,
629 West 54th Street

Service Stations:

Gaseteria,
300 Lafayette Street

● 1995 1st Avenue Station
Inc., 1995 First Avenue

Phils West 44th Street
Service Station,
624 Tenth Avenue

Highway Lodging:

● Howard Johnson Motor
Lodge, Eighth Avenue at
51st Street

Skyline Motor Inn,
725 Tenth Avenue

FOOD FOR THE THOUGHTLESS

Fuddrucker's Hamburgers,
87 Seventh Avenue South

● Drive-Thru McDonald's,
600 West 125th Street

Dallas BBQ:

27 West 72nd Street

132 Second Avenue

21 University Place

Domino's:

65 Cooper Square

161 Maiden Lane ●

Ultraconvenient

All-in-One Food Courts:

677 Lexington Avenue, at

56th Street (Roy Rogers,

Dunkin' Donuts, Del Taco,
Houlihan's)

1889 Broadway, at 63rd
Street (Pizza Hut Express,
Roy, Dunkin', Del)

14 East 42nd Street
(Croissant de France,

Kentucky Fried Chicken,
Nathan's, Hut, Dunkin')

The 42-store mall at The World Financial Center, on West Street between Vesey and Liberty Streets

L.A.-ish Shopping Strip
Mini-Malls:

558-580 Second Avenue, between 30th and 32nd Streets

535-547
La Guardia Place, near West 3rd Street

SUPER-MEGA-METRO-CINE-OCTOPLEXES
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Chelsea Cinemas, 260 West 23rd Street (featuring nine wide screens)

Loews 84th Street Theatre, 2310 Broadway

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Criterion Center, 45th Street at Broadway

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Pomander Walk, 261-267 West 94th Street and 260-266 West 95th Street

Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 61st Street between First and York Avenues

689-693 Washington Street 326-330 East 18th Street, between First and Second Avenues

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1627 Broadway, at 50th Street (Le Croissant Shop, Kentucky Fried, Nathan's, Hut, Dunkin' and Everything Yogurt)

WIDE-BODY SUPERMARKETS

A & P,
10 Union Square East
Pathmark of Pike Slip,
227 Cherry Street
(complete with parking lot)
Grand Union, 130 Bleecker Street, at La Guardia Place (adjoining La Guardia Gardens)

Pioneer Food Court, 80 Carmine Street, at Varick Street (complete with shopping cart ramp)

DO-IT-YOURSELF

Lumber Yards:
Canal Lumber, 18 Wooster Street
Wood-O-Rama, 238 West 108th Street
Lumberland, 409 Third Avenue

Nurseries:

Tony's Greenery, 511 Third Avenue
Butterlane Nurseries, 41 East 11th Street

All-Purpose:

Sears Home Store, 466 Third Avenue

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York Players, Church of The Heavenly Rest, Fifth Avenue at 90th Street

St. Bart's Playhouse, 109 East 50th Street, at Park Avenue

PENNY-SAVERS AND OTHER PERKY WEEKLIES



The West Side Spirit, 363 Seventh Avenue
Our Town, 451 East 83rd Street
New York Press, 295 Lafayette Street
7 Days, 40 Cooper Square

BY JOHN BRODIE AND BOB MACK

ollyolly, oxen free!

A Who's Who of Great American Recluses—

and a Visit With the Richest, Wackiest Hermit of Them All

There was a time when recluses were serious about their reclusiveness. Oh, sure, there was always the fuzzy photo of one crossing a busy midtown street, or the museum curator who would discover one upstate somewhere. Mostly, though, they were pretty good at being rarely seen and never heard. Then, in this last, confessional decade, they started coming out of hiding. The classical pianist Glenn Gould may have had the dramatic integrity to drop dead before his comeback, but other notable recluses have been less selfish with their presence. Brian Wilson resurfaced as a thinner, better-groomed nut; Marlene Dietrich narrated a movie about herself (and followed up with an autobiography); and then came the rumor that former first lady turned career girl Jacqueline Onassis was trying to sign ultra-recluse Greta Garbo to write an autobiography for Doubleday. Setting aside the irony inherent in the junior recluse convincing the wizened veteran to come out of mothballs, the recluse movement will suffer something of a setback if Garbo, the recluse against whom all others are measured, talks.  For those once-celebrated people who have been able to stay out of the public eye for a while (or who have been forced out of it), a convenient venue for ostentatious reemergence lately has been the tell-all book. But this is not the only option. Van Cliburn, for instance, simply came back in the flesh last summer, thereby sparing former hairdressers and high school dates the loss of dignity that a tell-all memoir involves.  It is in just such a spirit


BY ROBERT
TRACHTENBERG

HOW TO BE A RECLUSE

LIFE-STYLE LESSONS
FROM DORIS DUKE,
THE TOBACCO HEIRESS
WHO ADOPTED A
BELLY DANCER
AND BAILED OUT
IMELDA MARCOS
BY P. J. CORKERY

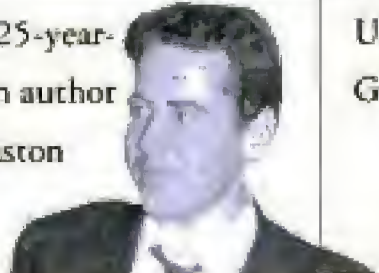
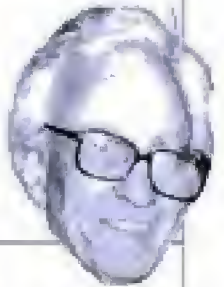
First, BE RICH. Duke's father, James Buchanan Duke, the Lucky Strike mogul and endower of Duke University, died when his only child, Doris, was 13. He left her \$70 million in cash (\$492 million in 1989 dollars) and an array of trust funds. This admixture of emotional and financial infamy led the press to label her, along with Barbara Hutton and Gloria Vanderbilt, a "poor little rich girl." She remains rich (indeed, she may be the country's wealthiest woman, with a fortune estimated at between \$800 million and \$3 billion, \$300 million of it kept perpetually liquid in a "mad money" cash account), but she is no longer little: 76-year-old Doris Duke stands over six feet tall.

In addition to having money, there are two ➡➡

that SPY invites the following recluses back to work (wherever age, agility and mental health permit, of course). For those who would like to pick up their careers where they left off (like that thoughtful Van Cliburn), we have taken the liberty of choosing a figure currently working in their field who would please us very much by giving up his slot for the returning pro. This nominee would promptly go into deep seclusion himself, thereby replenishing the recluse pool.  Who says we don't offer solutions?

THE ANTISOCIAL REGISTER

NAME, AGE	Greta Garbo, 84	J. D. Salinger, 70	Jay Ward, 69	Kay Thompson, 75	George Huntington Hartford II, 78
HIDEOUT	East 52nd Street, Manhattan	Cornish, New Hampshire	Los Angeles	East 57th Street, Manhattan	East 30th Street, Manhattan
FORMER OCCUPATION	Dour Swedish actress	Author, letter writer	Producer, creator and writer of <i>The Bullwinkle Show</i>	Singer-actress-musical arranger-author of <i>Eloise</i>	Inheritor of \$90 million A&P grocery fortune
LAST POSITION HELD	1941, starred in <i>Two-Faced Woman</i>	1987, plaintiff in a suit against Random House	1984, oversaw production of Cap'n Crunch cereal commercials	1970, wrote her first non- <i>Eloise</i> book, <i>Miss Pooky Peckinpugh and Her Secret Private Boyfriends Complete With Telephone Numbers</i>	Owner of an island in the Bahamas (1961-73), a theater in Hollywood (1953-64), a museum in New York (1964-69) and <i>Show</i> magazine (1961-66, 1970)
CURRENT OCCUPATION	Takes long walks	Watches a lot of TV, but says he writes all the time	Semiretired; manages the Dudley Do-Right Emporium in Los Angeles	Apartment-sitter (her own)	Prisoner in own home
LAST KNOWN MOOD	Chatty	Litigious	Amused	Unavailable	Shy, drugged
INTERESTING SHRED OF INFORMATION	Last year, six of Garbo's used Dr. Scholl's foot pads were sold in New York for \$25 apiece	After being surprised by a phone call and a visit from Salinger at a Florida dinner theater, TV actress Elaine Joyce, formerly of <i>The Don Knotts Show</i> , called Salinger "really outrageous!"	On promotional tour to have Moosylvania declared a state, Ward was escorted off the White House grounds during the Cuban Missile Crisis; commissioned a stuffed dummy of himself to greet guests at his daughter's wedding—tape-recorded voice said, "Hello, I'm Jay Ward and this is costing me a fortune"	Has not given Ivana Trump her consent to reinstall The Plaza's <i>Eloise</i> suite; is Liza Minnelli's godmother	In 1982 Hartford was evicted from his New York apartment after sleeping through episode in which ex-wife Elaine Kay tied up his naked 17-year-old secretary and shaved her head
SUGGESTED REPLACEMENT	Rodentish hat-abuser Rosanna Arquette	Jowly, 25-year-old teen author Bret Easton Ellis	Unrepentantly successful Garfield creator Jim Davis	High-strung pseudo-actress-singer-memoirist Phyllis Newman	Shuttle-owning dilettante-megalomaniac Donald Trump



NAME, AGE	Deanna Durbin, 67 	Mary Wells Lawrence, 61	Phil Spector, 48 	Terrence Malick, 45	Thomas Pynchon, 52 
HIDEOUT	Neauphle-Le-Château, France	Dallas, Texas, and St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat, France	Beverly Hills	Texas (as of 1984)	Boston, perhaps
FORMER OCCUPATION	Semiotolerable child singer-actress who saved Universal Studios from bankruptcy in the 1930s	Career girl, Jack Tinker & Partners	Schizoid record producer	Interesting film director	Publicity-shy author of paranoiac novels
LAST POSITION HELD	1948, starred in <i>For the Love of Mary</i> 	CEO of Wells, Rich, Greene advertising	1981, helped Yoko Ono with her easy-listening album <i>Season of Glass</i> 	1978, directed <i>Days of Heaven</i> ; 1987, wrote unused screenplay for Jerry Lee Lewis biopic, <i>Great Balls of Fire</i>	1984, published old stories under the title <i>Slow Learner</i>
CURRENT OCCUPATION	French housewife	CEO of Wells, Rich, Greene advertising (by telephone to New York office from Texas or the south of France)	Unemployed schizoid record producer	Rumored to be a script doctor, a drifter and an avid reader	Living off \$310,000 MacArthur Fellowship, granted in 1988; <i>Vineland</i> , a new book, will be out in February
LAST KNOWN MOOD	Grateful (to the fans who still clog the mails with their cards and letters)	Relaxed 	Touchy	Spiritual 	Reclusive
INTERESTING SHRED OF INFORMATION	Durbin takes her clothes to the dry cleaners herself	Despite nonattendance at office, likes to review telephone bills and business trip expense reports of her employees	During their marriage, Spector said that if wife Ronnie ever left him, he would kill her and then display her body in a glass coffin he kept in his basement 	Never finished an assignment to profile leftist political theorist Régis Debray for <i>The New Yorker</i>	Rumored to be working on a book about an insurance claims adjuster who goes to Japan to assess property damage inflicted by Godzilla; speaks in 1950s bebop lingo 
SUGGESTED REPLACEMENT	Substance-abusing child star turned teen survivor Drew Barrymore 	Advertising monopolist and chief executive docent Charles Saatchi	Despised record executive Irving Azoff	Careless auteur John Landis 	Owlsh humanist Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Bobby Fischer, 46	Forrest Mars Sr., 85; Forrest Mars Jr., 58; and John Mars, 54	Elvis Presley, 54
Southern California (as of 1985)	Virginia, Las Vegas and/or New Jersey	Kalamazoo, Michigan
Professional gamesman—nerd	Respectively: owner of Mars Inc. candy company; co-president of Mars Inc.; co-president of Mars Inc.	King of rock 'n' roll
1972, won world chess championship against Boris Spassky	1981, Forrest Sr. began Erhel M. chocolates, a firm specializing in liqueur-flavored candies, while his two idiot sons continued to fight for control of Mars Inc.	Bloated scarf buff and arena singer
Moves around a lot	Respectively: retired executive; slovenly executive; shy executive	Wanders supermarket aisles
Delusional, anti-Semitic. Fischer is a conspiracy theorist who had fillings removed from his teeth to prevent the government from electronically invading his mind	Nutty, nuttier and nuttiest	Irregular
Arrested in 1981 for vagrancy, Fischer was jailed for two days (police had mistaken him for a bank robber). Upon release, wrote booklet called <i>I Was Tortured in the Pasadena Jailhouse</i> . Chapter headings include "Brutally Handcuffed," "Insulted," "Choked" and "Stark Naked"	Extremely rare—entire family of recluses. Forrest Sr. once dropped to his knees at a staff meeting and said, "I pray for Milky Ways. I pray for Snickers." Forrest Jr. likes to pick his nose, belch and go barefoot while attending business meetings. Visiting a company plant, John Mars once decided to camp out in the parking lot in his Winnebago	In 1987 a Hart campaign worker said, "The probability of Gary Hart seeking the nomination for president of the United States is as unlikely a possibility as believing Elvis Presley is still alive"
The Amazing Kreskin	Home-wrecking billionaire Sid Bass's family of Fort Worth	Furry-lipped casino entertainer—tenacious litigant Wayne Newton

important prerequisites for world-class reclusehood: BEING OSTENTATIOUSLY PROTECTIVE OF ONE'S PRIVACY, of course, and, paradoxically, INDULGING IN THE OCCASIONAL OSTENTATIOUS BOUT OF ECCENTRIC AND UNNECESSARY PUBLIC BEHAVIOR. Greta Garbo is the person most often associated with the former; Duke, now that Howard Hughes is dead and all those bottles filled with his urine have presumably been emptied, is the highly entertaining champion of the latter.

Like any great, madcap recluse, Duke resurfaces only occasionally, and unpredictably. She made an especially unlikely splash last year when, with a flurry of statements damning the American judicial system, she put up the \$5 million bail for Imelda Marcos after her federal indictment for embezzlement. Then, a week later, Duke, twice-married but childless, announced that she was legally adopting her constant companion of the last five years, 35-year-old Chandi Hefner, the hippie-ish sister-in-law of Triangle Industries chairman Nelson Peltz. Hefner is Duke's resident belly dancer turned resident bookkeeper and personnel director, and, certain friends and employees of Duke's suggest, a gold digger. She is also, one might add, Duke's most cozy intimate—and 40 years her junior.

Prior to bailing out Marcos, Duke's most notorious public escapade occurred in 1966, when, leaving the driveway of her Newport mansion, she accidentally pushed the accelerator and fatally flattened her then-companion Eduardo Tirella. (Although servants later reported having heard, the night before the deathblow, a loud and ugly argument between Duke and Tirella apparently provoked by Tirella's threats to leave her, the incident was officially ruled an accident.)

And then, of course, there are those public appearances that don't make headlines. In 1971 Duke began singing with a local black gospel choir in Nutley, New Jersey (not far from Duke Farm, her 2,700-acre estate), and she even performed in a gospel concert at Madison Square Garden. She extended hospitality to the church's ministers by inviting them up to Newport and out to her Honolulu estate and ordering the staff to attend to their every need; their needs in Hawaii are said by a houseman to have included a case of vodka a week per clergyman. Duke evidently enjoyed riding around conservative Newport with the two black pastors; she once announced to one of her staff, "We'll blow these people's minds." ➤➤



Dark glasses, floppy hat, scarf: the recluse's tools of the trade. Duke in 1981

In August 1988 Duke was spotted at the JVC Newport Jazz Festival, which usually provides the occasion for her sole public appearance of the summer, accompanied by two bodyguards. This particular outing drew stares primarily for the most unusual way that they were escorting her. Each extended an elbow, which Duke then clutched. Slowly and carefully she made her way, supported by her two massive human canes. And just a few months ago she was one of a dozen cosponsors of a New York dinner honoring Martha Graham. (Like Graham, Duke in 1971 created a dance foundation and company, hoping to dance with the troupe; when she realized that she couldn't control the company as she wanted to, she shut the foundation down and repossessed the dancers' shoes.)

But while it generally takes wealth and a giddy ambivalence about privacy to become an important American recluse, the reclusive-eccentric life-style involves five other particular attributes. They are a **CREDULOUS INTEREST IN THE SUPERNATURAL** (such as that pursued by Brian Wilson); a **CURIOUS HEALTH-AND-DIETARY REGIMEN** (Hughes); an **OBSESSION WITH ANIMALS** (Michael Jackson); **PROBLEMATIC AND IMPERMANENT LOVERS** (Christina Onassis); and a love-hate relationship with the little people that typically amounts to a **SERVANT PROBLEM** (the Royal Family). Doris Duke, it becomes clear in the course of interviews with 40 acquaintances, past and present, and a dozen servants, embodies all five.

DEVELOP A CREDULOUS INTEREST IN THE SUPERNATURAL
Duke has a wide acquaintance with the world of faith healers and ESP practitioners. Every Monday morning a servant buys her the *National Enquirer*, the *Star* and other national tabloids at the nearest supermarket. Miss Duke scrutinizes these in the manner of millions of Americans, but then she does what other tabloid readers can only dream of doing: she phones the psychics and healers and then flies them in to meet with her.

One imported shaman produced a magic wand

described by a staff member as looking like a flashlight with a corkscrew on the end. When passed over food, the corkscrew would rotate. The direction of the rotation indicated whether the food was toxic or nontoxic.

Another healer had a reputation for being able to cure sick pets. Since Duke is especially fond of her dogs (lengthy discussions about outfitting her bitches with IUDs took place at Newport, and are the subject of official correspondence between Duke and various hirelings), this healer was brought in to Duke Farm to take a look at them. But the healer wore out her

welcome when a farmhand found her behind the barn injecting the dogs with poison so that she could then "cure" them.

According to an ex-lover, Duke fancies that she herself has miraculous healing powers; she has even tried to cure Ferdinand Marcos, apparently unsuccessfully.

ADOPT A CURIOUS HEALTH-AND-DIETARY REGIMEN

When not trying to purchase a spiritual life outright, the self-sequestered millionaire is wont to approach matters of the spirit through bodily nurturing, through physical supplementing.

Through *cleansing*.

Duke is as anxious about her own health as she is about that of her animals. For years she carried around with her a BOAC flight bag loaded with vitamins and other pills. And one longtime servant, who refers to Duke as "an experimenter," speaks of Duke's many injections: "I would get the supplies for her... She was doing some sort of drugs — collagen, monkey brain extract, placenta... Every once in a while she'd be flying, and she wouldn't know my name."

As for food, the residence in New Jersey is a working farm whose cows supply dairy products for Duke — who, in turn, obliges her servants to eat these products unpasteurized. She is also fond of beef testicles fried with butter and shallots. "I always got a kick ordering a couple sets of beef balls," says one servant.



aving been piloted to a comfy chair by a beefy bodyguard (at left), Duke wilts at last August's Newport Jazz Festival.

Duke is concerned with the *outside* of her body as well. The bath has to be just so. "She'd make us go down onto the rocks and into the water and come up with basketfuls of seaweed," says a longtime Newport servant, "which we'd have to cart up to the bathroom and load into the bathtub. Then we had to hose in seawater. It was an incredible arrangement of hoses and pumps going in windows and down walls and across lawns, over fences and down rocks into the sea, to get the seawater for her bathtub when she wanted it.

"Once," the servant says, "I had the tub in her private bathroom filled with saltwater and seaweed—all heated to 70 degrees with immersion heaters. I was on my hands and knees with a tropical fish tank strainer, trying to get the shrimp and little fish that had come along out of the tub.

"Miss Duke walks in and says, 'What are you doing?' and I said, 'I'm trying to get this wildlife out of the tub,' and she squeals, 'Oh, don't do that. Leave them. That's *good* for me.'"

GROW EXCEPTIONALLY ATTACHED TO MANY NONHUMAN LIFE FORMS

Come with us now to Rough Point, one of the last of the huge old Newport cottages, where Duke tends to spend her autumns. Come with us now to a glorious setting seemingly inhabited by a bag lady of means. Secluded from the road by stone walls, and from the sea by stockade fences, the estate resembles a dormitory at a better Jesuit university. Huge television antennae cover the chimneys of the servants' wing. Alsatian guard dogs—at least eight, perhaps eleven—roam the grounds. Trashy pink plastic barrels and buckets dot the lawn, especially near the yellow-and-white party tent set up near the solarium.

To completely befuddle the sightseer, there are, one August morning, emerging from the party tent, lumbering toward the French doors of the mansion a few feet away, two massive double-humped camels, Princess and Baby, each about 12 feet high, each wearing a pink muzzle. They are Duke's current pets; her sole entertainment in the summer of 1988 was a lawn fete in their honor—a camel coming-out party.



Ift, Duke surely being helpful to a hiree in 1987; above, her Newport "cottage" (pet camels not visible).

Last winter Duke flew the two camels from Newport to her home in Hawaii and had one of her footmen list them on a health-inspection manifest as cattle, thus exempting them from the 120-day quarantine required of household animals shipped to the islands. This

angered some public officials (particularly given that some visitors to Hawaii are unable even to bring in Seeing Eye dogs), including Honolulu city councilman Neil Abercrombie; he accused the state officials who had allowed the camels to enter the state of "pandering to the weird obsession" of an "obscenely rich woman."

HAVE STORMY ROMANTIC ENTANGLEMENTS

Used to getting what they want when they want it, recluses often lack an ability to work out personal domestic problems gracefully. In 1976, for instance, Duke threw out her Moroccan lover of eight years, Leon Amar, when she suspected that he was involved in the disappearance of some jade objects from Duke Farm in New Jersey. She also threw over another intimate, pianist Joe Castro—but, to be fair, she *did* overhear him one day alluding to the grandeur of



dnot yet totally reclusive Duke joined New Jersey's Angelic Choir in 1971.

Rough Point and actually announcing into the thin air, "Someday this will all be mine."

It is this habitual impermanence that makes it especially difficult to reckon who will inherit Duke's fortune. Chandi Hefner would be the logical heir, now that she has graduated from great and good friend to daughter. But then again, servants say that Hefner's

adoption followed a particularly noisy row last autumn in which Hefner threatened to leave unless Duke made her her daughter. This (and the fact that when a lover threatened to leave once before, he met with a prompt accidental death) gives the relationship a somewhat murky, perhaps transitory hue.

BEHAVE ERRATICALLY WITH THE SERVANTS

Bearing constant witness to the carryings-on of the recluse are, of course, the recluse's servants. Although the job affords one the opportunity to collect an elaborate stockpile of colorful anecdotes that, when told later, will inspire both sympathy and prurient interest, there is nevertheless little glory in the work while one is actually doing it. And, one might add, the Basia Johnson scenario is the exception rather than the rule.

Duke has a reported 268 guards, caretakers and other servants spread throughout her four homes. True to archetype, she is extraordinarily demanding of them, usually requiring that they work on Christmas Day. One recurrent source of difficulty is Duke's ineptitude with mechanical objects. Once a servant found her banging the rug with a vacuum cleaner, yelling, "This damn thing won't work!" "That's how she thought you operated it," the servant says. "She thought you hit the rug with it." Another time Duke insisted—having already thrown a security guard out of the room for his alleged incompetence—that an employee who lived ten miles away *rush* to her house to fix the reception on her TV set; he arrived shortly thereafter, only to find that what Duke was trying to watch was a pay-per-view cable show without paying.

One way insiders predict Duke's moods is by noting her beverage selection for the evening. "If she ordered a bottle of La Ina sherry," says one, "we knew we were in for a rough night. But if she ordered champagne, we knew the night would be fun." Duke's sherry evenings, sometimes spent in front of the television set (she is particularly fond of police shows and has all 109 episodes of *Charlie's Angels* on videotape), are

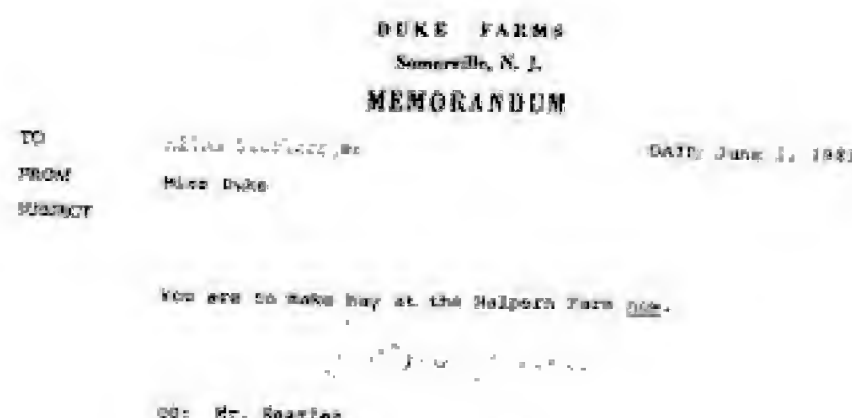
a mixture of rumination and violent outbursts. La Ina-aided evenings, it seems, tend to end with Duke declaiming wild, would-be-wise observations, conclusions, corollaries and dogmas on a variety of topics. Leon Amar recalls that one night at Rough Point, Duke suddenly bellowed, "I'm not going to leave a will. It won't mean a thing to me then. And they can *kill* themselves over the money." With that, a La Ina bottle hit the wall.

When not cleaning up the mess from shattered sherry bottles, Duke's servants can sometimes be found taking mild revenge on her. Although Duke

insists on having yogurt shipped in from her New Jersey farm, she is often secretly fed Dannon. And although she requests bottled water with lunch, she is frequently served the notoriously smelly, pondish Newport tap water. Once, in Newport, she requested that a maple tree whose placement she didn't like be moved. "Jimmy," she told a gardener, "I want you to take that maple and give it a quarter turn to the left. Now, I'm going back to the Point and have my lunch. Move the tree and I think it'll be all fine." She left, and Jimmy trimmed some limbs rather than unearth and move the tree. "Oh, that looks marvelous," Duke proclaimed on her return, and went off finding other things to "move."

From Rhode Island to Oahu, local workmen and merchants not on the Duke payroll are reluctant to work for her, since she is a

slow payer and is convinced that they are all trying to steal from her (which may be true). But given the way that Duke harangues those who *are* on the payroll, perhaps it is just as well that they don't. Upon being told by Duke's own physician that she was working too hard, Annie Snyder, a cook at Duke Farm, was summarily fired and evicted from her Duke Farm apartment. And security man Jack McCarthy, who actually *died* while on the job in Newport, had his final paycheck recalled and refigured precisely to the day and hour of his death. (It came to \$28.)



Even the recluse—no master of communication skills—knows that effective commands are pithy and threatening.



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DT-2

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NEW YORK'S
JUNIOR RAT FINKS

WE WANNA
HOLD HER HAND

SPY Goes on a
Date With Luci Baines
Johnson

SPY



PREMIERE ISSUE!

THE GOOD NEWS:

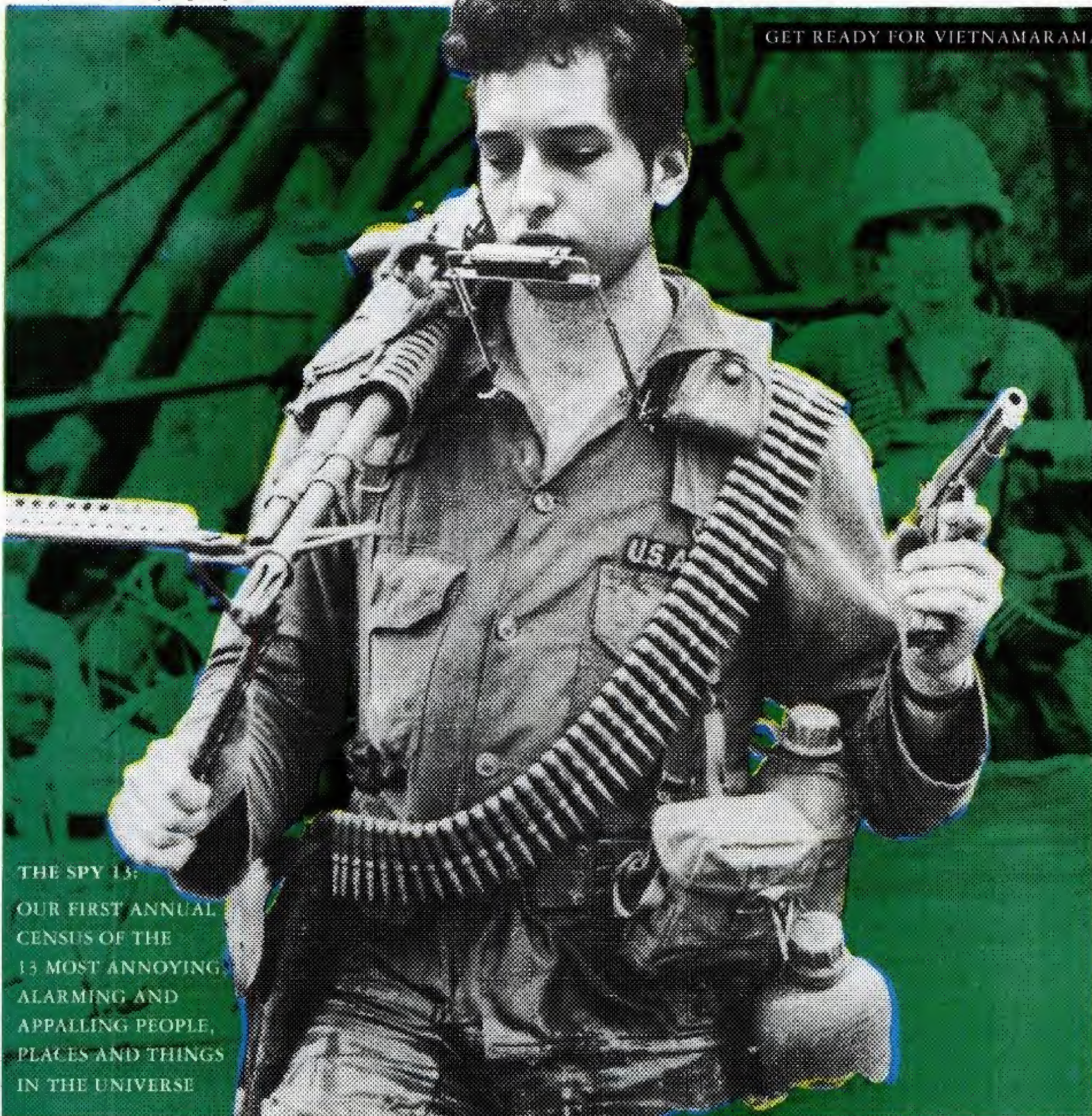
Goldwater's Going
to Lose!

THE BAD NEWS:

It's All the Way
With LBJ!

Bob Dylan as That Draft-Age Guy

GET READY FOR VIETNAMARAMA!



THE SPY 13:
OUR FIRST ANNUAL
CENSUS OF THE
13 MOST ANNOYING,
ALARMING AND
APPALLING PEOPLE,
PLACES AND THINGS
IN THE UNIVERSE

(As Cast by the Wizened Gypsy Lady on the Ground Floor) 1. THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT. A lone gunman. And Ringo is the talented one. *

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Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Or, as we used to say only last year, Hey-la, hey-la. But we're living in a different world now. Dallas? Anthony Quinn's love child? Strictly '63. So straighten your Jax, put aside that greasy kid stuff (we are now, incidentally, addressing two or more of you, and not of the same gender), pack your jet-away bags, and let's move on, shall we? After all, the assassination report from Earl Warren's commission is out, things are heating up in Vietnam (this year's Bay of Pigs? or next year's Korea?), and a congressman from our very own state (William, uh, Miller, from someplace north of the Village) may actually be vice president,

if Goldwater wins in November. If the other ticket wins, we may not get to find out what a mushroom cloud really feels like after all, but, well, we can enjoy Luci Baines and Lynda Bird frugging to the hi-fi in the White House Blue Room past January. *Plenty* to look forward to. *Yeah, yeah, yeah.*

And by the way, whatever else The Beatles are, they aren't just this year's Singing Nun. On the other hand, neither are they Dylan. If you ask us.

(Okay, they *may* be The Tokens, but we hope not.)

So what about us? What are we? *Why* are we? Who needs another new magazine, (two or more of) you ask, with *Fact* and *Clyde* barely nestled in the racks, and *Show* but three years old?

Well, SPY is something new (*yeah, you say, yeah, yeah*). Weaned on Lenny and Lehrer, SPY is funny (we hope) and observant (and more trenchantly so than were, say, Kitty Genovese's neighbors). SPY is downtown, definitely—it's not a mag written for the little old lady in her sunken living room on the Grand Concourse, or the 30-minute lunchers in the Pan Am Building's new Zum-Zum wurst-bar, or the status-anxious suburbanites parking their shiny Corvairs in front of Tavern on the Green (a joint with food so aggressively ordinary it will probably be around 25 years from now). No, SPY was born of too many evenings of Pall Malls and espressos and

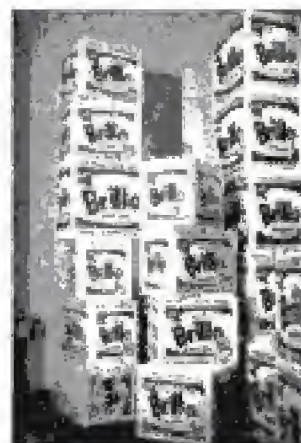


stingers at the Night Owl and Café Au Go Go—plus that one afternoon at Palisades when we swore we wouldn't get off the Cyclone till we'd completed our business plan. *That's* our world—small, yes, but appropriately small, constructively small, World's-Fair-in-Flushing-ly small. Okay, *large*. In any case, you're welcome to it.

Best of all, readers, know that our fink-detector is *always* switched on: sure, SPY is hep, but it's suspicious of hep. As they probably still say in Sinatraville.

But maybe Elliott Gould put it best—you know, less-successful-actor-husband-of-former-cabaret-chanteuse-and-new-Broadway-star-Barbra-Streisand Elliott Gould. *That* Elliott Gould. Alluding to his distaff side, he observed, "As conventional beatniks go, she's different-looking." Hey! That's us! *Whatever* it means!

We know this is our first, perhaps overexcited issue. We admit that maybe, with time, we'll find we're in the wrong business. Like maybe we should be artists. Never mind that at a spring auction at



Parke-Bernet, a De Kooning fetched only \$9,000. Because up at the Stable Gallery, the news is more encouraging. Pale Andy Warhol, who is not much older than most of us, was recently selling stacks of Brillo boxes for—now don't flip out—\$300 apiece (at our local A&P we can get them for about \$299.61 less, plus they're filled with soap pads). So maybe our collection of soda-pop bottles, nicely arranged and shrewdly price-tagged, will attract sufficient buyers to 7-Up our thirst for funds away. *Yeah, yeah, yeah.*

Man, we *must* be in the wrong business.

And yet, even though we have never even come close to toppling a government, sleeping with a defense minister or being photographed wearing nothing but a chair, we somehow still know that we will be denied a career in movies. But Christine Keeler, who has done all those things, thinks she has a shot. "I'd like to go into films," said the toothsome former Profumo love-bauble upon her release from "gaol" this past June. And Melvin Belli, briefly Jack Ruby's lawyer until he was fired, also thinks he's movie-star material. He will apparently star in his own documentary about the period he spent preparing Ruby's defense. "I got Belli naked in a steam bath," said the flick's coproducer, Sam Gallu, presumably referring to nothing more unsavory than film footage, of which he has four hours' worth. Well, we'll definitely be lining up for tickets. *Yeah, yeah, yeah.*

But for now, this is what we do for a living. We hope some of you dig it. We want you to let us know what you think, and to send us stories (poetry is okay) and manifestos and photographs and cartoons and ideas and comments and questions. Actually, we'll anticipate one of your questions about us: wherefore the name SPY? Well, there are those who will insist we got the name from David Cornwell's—sorry, *John le Carré's*—number one best-seller. Others will claim we're copping a riff from good old *Mad* magazine. All we can say is, *yeah, yeah, yeah.*

Walter Monheit

Walter Monheit

Publisher and Editor in Chief

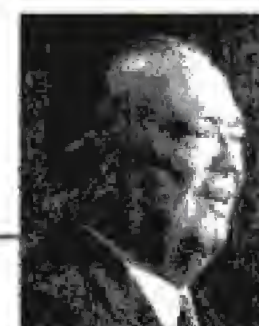
NAKED CITY



Robert Kennedy

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Professional mantle-bearer ROBERT KENNEDY never got along with Vice President Johnson, and once LBJ became Bobby's boss, you could cut the animosity with a Scripto. (We know—filial loyalty is admirable, but if you're going to insist on calling your dead brother "the president" and the living president you happen to work for "Johnson," well, maybe you should quit, and come to New York and carpetbag for a Senate seat. Dig?) The chilliness hit a low point this summer at the official signing of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, an ostensibly happy moment of overarching historical import that Bobby marked by moping in the back of the Oval Office. At one point, ROY REUTHER of the United Auto Workers grabbed Bobby and pushed him toward Johnson, saying, "Mr. President, I know you have a pen for your attorney general." LBJ blandly, coldly dumped a fistful of pens on Bobby. Now it turns out that at least one of the pens has turned up in the hands of one of Bobby's civil-rights assistants, in a frame, bearing his inscription: "Pen used to sign President Kennedy's civil rights bill."



J. Edgar Hoover

Speaking of the sick—er, the *Great Society*, that wasn't the sound of the latest "Mod" hit coming out of the Oval Office not long ago. Nope, LBJ was listening to something even more raucous: a very unusual tape recording made expressly for his pleasure by none other than chief paranoid and William Frawley look-alike J. EDGAR HOOVER (who generally prefers more *manly* entertainments)

THE fine PRINT

SILVER LININGS Sure, President Kennedy's assassination was a cataclysmic tragedy that has ripped open a perhaps unhealable wound in the national psyche. And yet, Americans that we are, some of us have found ways to wangle some not inconsiderable dinero from the horrifying event (no doubt a healthy response, as our shrinks would say). (Sick, sick, sick—Ed.)

Publishing ventures have proved particularly rewarding. Already there have been five best-sellers serving up reheated Kennedyana, as well as several works that haven't quite cracked the top ten. Dig our estimates of the cottage-industry profits* that JFK's death has made possible:

Four Days, written by the editors of UPI and American Heritage and published by Simon & Schuster, has sold 2.5 million copies at \$2.95 each. That works out to a \$272,875 windfall for the publishers and an \$885,000 take for the authors, though it's not clear how the royalties were split among the poor wretches who actually put the book together.

A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, written by Jim Bishop, published by Random House, has sold 140,000 copies at \$3.95 a copy, thus earning Bishop, the aging hack, \$66,360 and his publishers \$20,461.

The John F. Kennedys, written by Mark Shaw, published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, has sold 97,000 copies at \$7.50 apiece. Shaw's take works out to \$87,300, the publisher's to \$26,917.50.

America the Beautiful, in (continued)

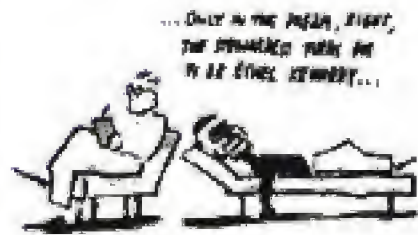
* How the calculations were made: according to Publishers' Weekly, authors make 12 cents on every dollar of net sales, while publishers earn 3.7 cents.

and featuring the vocal talents of a PHILADELPHIA PARTYGIRL and a certain married NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING CIVIL-RIGHTS LEADER. But you didn't read that here, Clyde.



Roy Cohn

Evil, unconvicted perjurer ROY COHN was consulting with a client not long after his own recent trials. How much, the client wanted to know, would Cohn's fee come to? The lawyer said \$10,000, then rubbed his fingers together to suggest that a portion of the money would go toward bribing a judge. After the client left, seemingly satisfied, a colleague took Cohn aside. Roy, the long-suffering colleague implored, it's a no-lose case. You don't have to resort to that kind of stuff. To which the bullet-headed Stork Club habitué replied, You think I don't f---ing know that? The point is, the guy wants to think he's getting his money's worth. And what he don't know won't hurt him. ☛



COINCIDENCE? OR...?

Lincoln vs. JFK: A Funny Comparative Chart

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	JOHN F. KENNEDY
Last name contains 7 letters	Last name contains 7 letters
Was elected in 1860	Was elected in 1960
Had a vice president named Johnson	Had a vice president named Johnson
Johnson contains 7 letters	Johnson contains 7 letters
Was shot in a theater by an assassin who ran to a warehouse	Was shot from a warehouse by an assassin who ran to a theater
Was advised by his secretary, named Kennedy, not to go to the theater	Was advised by his secretary, named Lincoln, not to go to Dallas
Was married to a high-strung woman	Was married to a string-bean woman
Had a beard	Used beards
"Four score and seven years ago"	Seven scores in four days ☛

THE DOROTHY KILGALLEN TOTE BOARD

Note: Dorothy Kilgallen was on vacation during part of our tally period. Taking her place during that period was "internationally famous singer" Jane Morgan.

Barry Goldwater.....	11
The Beatles.....	7
Frank Sinatra.....	5
Fidel Castro.....	4
Liz and Dick.....	3
Cyd Charisse.....	2
Cassius Clay.....	2
Communists.....	2
Robert Goulet.....	2
Abbe Lane.....	2
Ingemar Johansson.....	1
Trini Lopez.....	1
The New Christy Minstrels.....	1
Mamie Van Doren.....	1

POEM:

SOMEONE'S CRYING, LORD
Who are you really
Mr. Plastic Corfam Mr. Madison Avenue Zum Zum
wurstbar man?
If I had a hammer
I'd wake you up.

—Faun Rosenberg

NAKED LUNCHCOUNTER A Civil-Rights Restaurant Review



"What does the Negro want?" That's the question the pundits and newsweeklies were asking all summer long. We think we have a general idea. But in order to formulate a precise answer, we dispatched our southern correspondent to the Monson Motor Lodge restaurant in St. Augustine, Florida — where Martin Luther King Jr. and his aide Ralph Abernathy, among others, were refused service and arrested during a June sit-in. Our man's report on what the Negroes missed:

Today's blue plate special is fried chicken, mashed potatoes and a choice of turnip greens or creamed corn, all for 50¢. The meal begins promisingly enough, with a dazzlingly sweet iced tea and a wink from the sassy waitress (*Is this wilting flower of white southern womanhood a part of the solution or a part of the problem?*, I wonder idly), but the chicken itself is greasy, overfried and encased in a pro forma batter tasting largely of cornstarch — a sodden, one-note symphony. A

wandering fork provides no respite: the long-in-the-tooth potatoes, laced with nubbins of clustered unmixed insta-flakes, evidently owe their unfortunate life to Betty Crocker. As for the greens, they are, well, green — the sole sensory observation it seems incumbent on me to make. What the Negro wants is one thing. What he will get at southern lunch counters, I infer as I pay the bill and leave, is dyspepsia.

—John Kennedy Toole

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



White House aide Jack Valenti assists President Johnson with some highly sensitive business.

THE SPY LIST

Lord Buckley
James Coburn
John Coltrane
Adelle Davis
Cary Grant
Aldous Huxley
Christopher Isherwood
John F. Kennedy
Ken Kesey
Arthur Koestler
Robert Lowell
Clare Boothe Luce
Henry Luce
Anaïs Nin
André Previn



THE fine PRINT

the words of John F. Kennedy, compiled by the editors of Country Beautiful magazine, published by Doubleday, has sold 70,250 copies at \$4.95 each, earning those hardworking girls \$41,728.50, and \$12,866.29 for Doubleday.

Additionally, the "Harper Memorial Edition" of Profiles in Courage, published by Harper & Row, sold almost 93,000 copies at \$12.50 each. Thus the rather ancient opus earned another, entirely unexpected \$43,012.50 or so for the publishers, and roughly another \$139,500 that the Kennedy estate would presumably have been happy to do without (and that Ted Sorensen could probably use). Also, excerpts from the Warren Commission report have just been published by Doubleday and McGraw-Hill (Oswald did it — oops!); sales of the book are expected to fall in the 50,000-to-75,000 range.

(Unfortunately, figures are unavailable for A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, edited by Pierre Salinger, published by Encyclopedia Britannica and Ashenbaum; and Bill Adler's The Kennedy Wit, published by Citadel Press.)

Along with tangible profits, many people's careers have received boosts thanks to Oswald's marksmanship. The brilliant performance of Tom Wicker of The New York Times, writing from Dallas for the newspaper of record — under what was obviously incredible pressure — so impressed his bosses that he is now the Washington bureau chief (see The Times, page 7). Similarly, Dan Rather, CBS's slightly wiggly Dallas correspondent, seems to have caught the fancy of his superiors. He may end up with a plummy foreign assignment, perhaps Vietnam. Of course, the biggest promotion, along with a \$57,000 raise in pay, went to LBJ.

(continued)

NAKED CITY

THE SPY TRIP TIP: VIETNAM

THE fine PRINT

MOSES VS. THE RED SEA, TAKE 2 *You thought it was crowded, we thought it was crowded, and those throngs of tourists who clogged the Flushing train all summer thought it was crowded, too. But when Queens-based, long-fingered vulgarian Robert Moses and his lackeys went over the attendance figures for the World's Fair last month, they discovered that the Flushing ultra-super-extra-vaganza wasn't nearly crowded enough—even without the much-threatened civil-rights "stall-in."* Moses's green eyeshades figured that to meet the Fair's \$300,000-a-day expenses, plus earn back the \$30 million that was spent before the gates were even opened, plus the \$24 million loan from the city, an average of 220,000 people a day needed to come to the Fair.

According to sources, however, there was not even one day when 220,000 people came, and only rarely did as many as 200,000 pass through the turnstiles. Of course, this has been kept a big secret—even, for a long time, from Moses himself. It seems that the great builder has so bullied his terrified underlings that they had a hard time mustering the guts to apprise him of the grim attendance figures. Ever the showman, Moses has nonetheless marshaled his platoon of press agents (who have been paid more than \$2.5 million for their work on the Fair thus far) to tell another story. According to the flacks, the Fair has shown a \$12.7 million profit so far. But a friend of ours in the comptroller's office credits that to accounting tricks. The real balance, he says, is closer to a \$14 million deficit, making everyone at City Hall wonder what exactly Moses—still our humble parks commissioner, remember—has done to deserve the \$100,000-a-year salary he's getting for his efforts. ▀

Don't believe what you've heard about the "sick man of Indochina." Because if thrills and surprises are what you're after, South Vietnam is the place to be. In the past several years Saigon alone has offered the adventurous tourist such attractions as political turmoil, guerrilla war, martial law, assassinations and, of course, the world-famous self-immolating Buddhist monks.

But the Vietnam adventure doesn't stop there. Take an inexpensive ride north aboard a real-live B-52—30 seconds over a couple of rice paddies and a water buffalo!—in order to view the fascinating changes the landscape has undergone in just the past few months. Then, at day's end, throw back a few beers with the local American "advisers" and see if you can tell which of the friendly natives aren't really our friends.

This is a virtually undiscovered part of the world, and that's what makes it so exciting. But as increasing numbers of Americans get acquainted with this timeless paradise, we suspect Vietnam will become more exciting still.

—Barney Gould

Vietnam is 10,000 miles from Manhattan. To get there, visit the Army recruitment center in Times Square and then wait around Fort Dix until President Johnson increases U.S. ground troops sometime after this month's election. ▀

EVER SEEN THEM IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER?



BARBRA STREISAND AND



...A THEBAN WOMAN?



TED KENNEDY AND



...JERRY MATHERS?



A BEATLE AND



...MOE?

TREND SPOTTER'S TEXTBOOK A Monthly Case Study

"Neuroses are the thing nowadays—you've got to have problems, man."—Steve McQueen, quoted in *Newsweek*, January

"In the New Sentimentality, those of us under analysis are sentimental about our neuroses. . . . We tell new friends about [our problems] so they'll know they are in the company of people as hung up as they are."—*Esquire*, July

"The New Humor needs . . . psychological reasoning. It used to be: 'Hey man, who was that chick I saw you with last night?' 'That was no chick, that was my wife.' Today, it's got to be: 'Hey man, who was that chick I saw you with last night?' 'That was no chick, that was my brother. He's got problems.'"—Dick Gregory, quoted in *Show*, November ▀



Punch Abe Turner

THE TIMES



Gone, Gone, Gone: The *Times*'s two newest executives are a not untalented pair, but in their first year in office both the soft, anxious Arthur O. "Punch" Sulzberger, Boy Publisher, and the friendless Abe Rosenthal, the paper's city editor, have demonstrated an unbecoming affinity for hirelings willing to toady, and a tendency to punish—if not outright *can*—those who aren't.

Young Punch is neat and cold, and prefers to settle accounts with one ruthless swipe. When he decided that 70-year-old Sunday editor Lester Markel—who started at the paper when Punch's grandfather Adolph Ochs ran things—was no longer needed, Punch called Markel in and coldcocked him. *Lester, he said, we've-decided-that-from-now-on-there's-only-going-to-be-one-editor-no-more-Sunday-editor-thanks-for-coming-where-should-we-send-your-check?* Or words to that effect. Sure, Sulzberger gave poor old Lester a phony job running the paper's department of public affairs, but that was like putting a flower on a corpse. Since then, Punch has methodically put his own team in place, installing the overdapper Mr. Margaret Truman (Clifton Daniel to his friends) as managing editor and Tom Wicker as Washington bureau chief, and bringing Scotty Reston up from D.C. to New York, where he will enjoy the holding-pattern title of associate editor while he waits for wheezy executive editor Turner Catledge to retire.

The Wicker appointment was the most bruising, office-politics-wise; his good news means bad news for fellow aspirants Anthony Lewis and Max Frankel, whose heretofore swiftish progress is now stalled. Frankel, particularly, was crushed to the point of going Borneo. Two days after

Wicker's appointment, Frankel rashly resigned to take a job at the earnest *Reporter Magazine*, sending Punch a long and nearly tearstained letter of farewell. Then, almost as soon as he'd sent the letter, he changed his mind and rescinded the resignation, apparently convinced that bum-kissing patience will pay off in the long run.

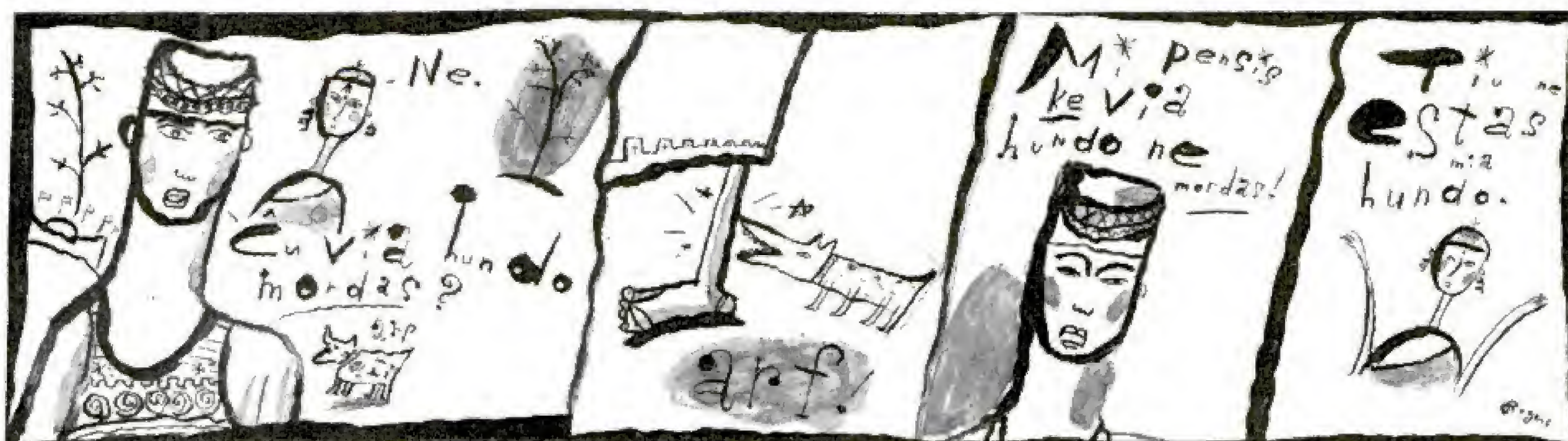
Rosenthal (who has his own ideas about who should sit in Catledge's chair) is mean and messy. Prevented by guild rules from summarily dismissing a subordinate, Rosenthal shows an appetite for prolonged sieges that grind down an adversary. His favorite tack is to dump-by-reassignment: a veteran rewrite man gets night duty in a Staten Island police station, a tenured reporter is assigned to regurgitate press releases from goo-goo groups. Even his favored lads are wary of the bullying Abe. One newcomer Abe nominated for a Pulitzer found himself sharing a drink with Rosenthal, who quickly became loose-lipped and began calling some of the nominally respected journalists he inherited "punks and twerps." Needless to say, this chat did little to instill a sense of security in the youngster.

Meanwhile, the blue-noses at the *Times* Book Review have announced that they will refuse to accept ads for SPY contributing editor Terry Southern's swinging new novel *Candy* (co-written with Mason Hoffenberg), having deemed it smutty. Not that this will be likely to hurt sales—especially now that Hayley Mills has expressed interest in playing the heroine. Nevertheless, in the spirit of petty retribution, SPY hereby announces it will refuse to accept any ads for the Book Review. Ever. And don't try twisting our arms, okay? (But if you must, dial ME 3-6550 and ask for Edie.)

—J. J. Hunsecker

LAUGHTER AND ESPERANTO—THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGES

SPY will be proud to devote this space each month to our continuing Jokes for Peace campaign.



(well, you imagine that; we prefer a well-worn davenport), and all that comes over the radio is *Doma-neka, neka, neka*. 7. A.H.O. Extremism in defense of liberty is -

SPY Goes on a Date With:

WHITE HOUSE TEEN PRINCESS LUCI BAINES JOHNSON



We sent teenaged sixty-four-and-a-half-inch-high SPY cub reporter LEE EISENBERG™ down to Washington, D.C., for an evening with America's First Teen. Here's his personal account, straight from the cutting edge of the new generation:

Reverie: The friendly Lone Star State figure. The perfectly teased flip, falling like French curves on either side of her head. The bright-eyed face that defiantly says, Yes, I'm LBJ's daughter, but I won't shatter any mirrors.

But enough with the poetry already—I've got a date. Me. Boy from Philly—out on the town with Luci Baines Johnson....



3. AND AWAY WE GO! Off we speed in Luci's limousine. My opening gambit: "Funny—our names both start with L." She stares at me. My fallback: "So who's your favorite Beatle?"



1.
"HI, Y'ALL!
WELCOME TO THE
WHITE HOUSE!"

Luci heaves a forearm into the air and gives me a big Texas greeting as I arrive to pick her up.

2.
A GIRL IS A GIRL
IS A GIRL—even when
she's the president's
daughter! Luci keeps me
waiting while she primps.
"Don't worry, Miss Johnson,
I'm used to it," I say
slyly, letting her know I've
been around.



4. STRICTLY FROM SQUARESVILLE: Luci and I enjoy some clean fun—which seems like the only kind of fun you can have with a phalanx of Secret Service chaperons. Just for a gas, Luci wears a banner advertising her favorite snack food company! Crazy!

no vice? Wha? **8. MUSTANG HOOPLA.** We like sporty cars as much as anyone, but the cover of *Time*? And what do we care about this Iacocca upstart? (Yeah, we know:



5.
"OH HAW
HAW HAW!"
*Luci laughs at one
of my patented
sick-humor
jokes. I think she
likes me.*

6.
"FEED ME A
SHRIMP!"
*Luci commands
loudly. In Texas, I
guess, they flirt
big too.*



7.
I LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS:
*A surprise birthday cake—and Luci puckers up
to blow out the candles. Are you thinking
what I'm thinking?*



8. LUCI WATUSIS! *Or is it the frug? We're at some
far-out Washington discotheque that Luci knows about, and I
guess I must have two left feet because the photographer cut
me out of all the pictures. Cripes.*



11. I'LL BET HUGH HEFNER DIDN'T START LIKE THIS:
*Our date was over as soon as the Secret Service man let me out of the choke hold.
All I have left are memories and this dreamy souvenir White House
photo. Don't ask. A gentleman never tells. But I will tell you this: I'd drink Luci's
bathwater any day—if she'd let me! ☺*

9.
"WHY DON'T YOU GO
GET SOME PUNCH
OR SOMETHING?"
*Oh no! Just when the
band—and Luci—really get
going, movie star
Steve McQueen cuts in!*



10.
BACK IN THE
BATTER'S BOX!
*McQueen is long gone, and
finally—a slow dance (Luci
never suspects my elevator
shoes)! My right hand strays
netherwards....*



MEET THE SUCCESSNIKS!



Head to hole: Thomas Hoving strikes a familiar Successniks pose



Halston shows how he flips those lids



Yoko Ono contemplates the greasy pole

Remember the Tony Curtis flick *Sweet Smell of Success*? There's a scene in which Sidney Falco, the shameless press agent played by Curtis, stands basking in the approbation of his fellow flacks. They have been toasting his deceitfully acquired new status, and when they demand a speech, Falco describes success as the heady perfume the city showers upon its winners.

Sweet, alright.

Today a number of young men — and, yes, girls too — are catching their first whiffs of Falco's perfume. Their names are uniformly unfamiliar, but they share a common hunger. While many of their contemporaries are still moving to the soporific strains of "The Theme from *A Summer Place*," these junior achievers are twisting and shouting down the career path, doing the establishment version of the hipster's electric bebop burn. They're swinging, and they're swinging hard, but they're always sure to keep their eyes on that dangling solid-gold carrot.

Call them the Successniks. They begin their days with Royal Canadian Air Force exercises, dress in ready-to-wear drip-dry suits, knock back a Metrecal, then jet off to work. And while evening finds their gray-flanneled elders shuffling onto the 5:43 to Rye, the Successniks are popping their first pep pills of the night because success doesn't sleep, so why should they? They know that, in 1964, playing the button-down Organization Man the way their big brothers did just won't get them where they want to go-go.

And man, they want to go-go bad.

This generation is reordering the way New York works — and plays. No *Father Knows Best* for this crowd: give 'em a bachelor pad next to a Third Avenue stew zoo, and preferably a girlfriend who flies for SAS (that's the Swede smell of success — and we hear it's true what they say). [*Sheesh — Ed.*]

But don't get the Successniks wrong. They

know that Falco's perfume sometimes smells at first like the funk associated with working closely behind (or below) their superiors, but they don't care. They know ethical scruples are for L7's, and that only a maroon refuses to use his social life as a means of advancement. That's their code. Say what you will about this "In" crowd, but you better say it *now*, for someday the Successniks will run New York.

Meet WILLIAM SAFIRE, a real-life Falco and very much the model of the new breed. He is a self-professed flack with a gift for language, who when not glad-handing about town can be found working for Republicans. This 34-year-old's greatest coup to date came in 1959, when he corralled Dick Nixon and Nikita the K in front of a model kitchen at the American National Exhibition in Moscow. Needless to say, the newsreel cameras were rolling for the ensuing "kitchen debate" and the appliances on display belonged to one of Safire's accounts at the McCrary public-relations agency. Shrewd City all the way. As a result, Safire today numbers the former vice president and current Pepsi-Cola attorney among his closest friends. If anyone can burnish Nixon's Checkered past, it's this Mach 2 publicist.

Safire is a sort of pooh-bah for his fellow Successniks. He presides over a gang of hard-charging guys and girls called the Wednesday Ten, self-anointed movers and shakers of the future who meet once a month at the Howard Chandler Christy Room of the Sherry Netherland and shoot the bull over surf and turf. Some of his fellow Wednesday Ten men to watch are GEORGE LANG, an assistant banquet manager at the Waldorf; MORTON JANKLOW, a skinny-necked corporate lawyer and husband of Mervyn LeRoy's daughter Linda; JOHN DIEBOLD, an engaging quiz kid with a flair

BY BUDDY SORRELL

Today they're licking boots —
tomorrow New York's
junior rat finks will run the city.
Their advice:
Hit the toady, Jack

for automation; and TOM MORGAN, a gifted writer for *Esquire* whom Safire constantly bugs about grammatical lapses.

Yet if Safire is Successnik #1, REPRESENTATIVE JOHN LINDSAY is their patron saint, a hometown JFK for a Gotham Camelot in the making. Indeed, as a Lindsay mayoral candidacy seems increasingly plausible, the Successniks are streaming out of the woodwork. Take THOMAS HOVING, a 33-year-old, equally tall, equally upper-crust protégé of Lindsay's, who sources say is preparing a position paper for his man on how to enliven Central Park. Although currently a lowly assistant curator at the Metropolitan Museum's uptown outpost, the Cloisters, Hoving clearly aspires to positions more grand than a medieval curator's post. Get this: a Lindsay in Gracie Mansion would undoubtedly mean a Hoving as commissioner of the Parks Department, and as such, Hoving would be the Met's landlord. In the event that the Met's honchos someday wish to extend their galleries into Central Park, they might end up having to court the favor of a former flunky.

Sweet, alright. Shrewd City all the way.

It may seem that Hoving is leaving a lot to chance, but luck is the Successniks' steady escort. Consider 32-year-old ROY HALSTON FROWICK, who as a boy dreamed of dressing America rather than playing center field for the Yankees (or even the Dodgers). After dropping out of the Chicago Art Institute, Frowick, now known only by his design moniker, Halston, convinced Fran Allison—better known as the nonfelt member of Kukla, Fran and Ollie—to wear one of his hats.

By the time he was 27, Halston was overseeing Bergdorf Goodman's entire custom-millinery department. Hedda Hopper, Kim Novak, Deborah Kerr and Shirley "Hazel" Booth have all worn his lids. But his big



break came during the last three years: it was his pink pillbox that went to the White House and rode into history—and every magazine and newspaper in the country!—atop Jackie's lacquered head. With his own exclusive label maybe in the offing at Bergdorf's, the kid from Des Moines is fashion's number-one junior achiever.

The social whirl frequently snaps the Successnik into a position of advantage. YOKO ONO, a cool drink of water, dropped out of Sarah Lawrence to elope with the talented young concert pianist Toshi Ichihyanagi. It looked to people in the know as if Yoko was simply using her first husband as an entrée to avant-garde circles, where she has aspirations as an artist. Through Ichihyanagi, this daughter of a Japanese financier met composers John Cage and La Monte Young, then gave her husband the boot and took up with filmmaker Tony Cox.

During the past few years the parties in her downtown loft—that's right, she *lives* in one of those old warehouse buildings—have attracted the attention of Jasper Johns, Peggy Guggenheim, Robert Rauschenberg and Max Ernst. But alas, unimpressed critics still ignore her wigged-out art. As Cox's career cools, friends wonder which new artist or filmmaker or musician Ono will trade up for in her quest for connections and credibility.

The publishing world boasts its fair share of aggressive females who know that nothing succeeds like slavish devotion to work. Two extremely sexy single girls have already distinguished themselves at their respective periodicals. At the *Journal-American*, a cute and curvy Texan is coming into her own. As gal Friday and leg girl for Igor Cassini's Cholly Knickerbocker column, the flaxen-haired worker bee LIZ SMITH has little use for dates because she's fallen hard for a guy named Mr. Time-Consuming No-Stones-Unturned Reporting. *Sorry, fellas*. With work habits like hers, don't expect this Lone Star dynamo to stay put.

Just a few blocks away at *McCall's*, the book editor's assistant, JONI GOLDFINGER, is more than just a Yardley-lipped James Bond playmate. In her first year on the job, she has been establishing calculated friendships with writers at a rate that would make Eve Harrington blush. Socially, young Joni has been spotted about town with many a handsome fellow—"Hello, is this BUTTERFIELD 8?"—but well-connected Dick Evans, a nephew of *New Yorker* poetry editor Howard Moss, is rumored to be her favorite of the moment. John Mack Carter, *McCall's* editor, describes his

wunderkinderella: "She reminds me of those old hood ornaments on those sleek Mercury and Zephyr cars. Her haircut, her body, she's built for speed."

Built for speed—that's the Mustang-sharp Successnik style. And yet, in their Sanforized hearts, many young masters of the career au go-go no doubt fear they may yet become the Willy Lomans of the Celanese generation. Never fear, little men. Someday you'll have your places in the sun—and maybe even your Scarsdale Colonial—but until then, keep your feet on the ground and your noses firmly pressed to the, uh... stars. ☺

THE BEGINNING OF THE END



As the Crowther flies

THE CRITIC CRITIC

by Charles Belknap-Jackson

It's a pity *Time* reviews go unsigned. What self-respecting critic wouldn't want to stand up and claim credit for the alliterative tour de force that recently masqueraded humbly, anonymously, as an art review of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new court-

yard? "Peripatetic Patio," read the headline. The text itself included such felicitous phrases as "carved and colonnaded," "proud possession," "man of magnificence," "Gothic gargoyles," "overall order," "foliage and fruits" and "final fillip."

May we try? "Plastic writing." "Hackneyed prose." Hmhmhmhm...can't seem to get the alliterative hang of it. Guess that's why we're writing for this rag.

At *The New York Times*—where, by the way, they get paid in cash money instead of in dinners at The Lion's Head—the Book Review recently and unfathomably devoted an entire front page, and then some, to an evaluation of two collections of Eugene O'Neill's detritus. Reviewer Arthur Gelb's flat, schoolmarmish reminder that O'Neill was "this country's greatest dramatist" is an unconvincing justification—and we're not even considering the fact that Gelb neglected to mention either Edward Albee or Murray Schisgal. More persuasive is the likelihood that all the attention won't hurt sales of the recent O'Neill bio, penned by none other than deputy metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb and his wife, Barbara. Did we say unfathomable? Well, to give the Book Review its due, maybe

it's just trying to keep pace with the twenties.

The *Times*'s film critics are at least struggling to keep up with the sixties, and hoary, onomatopoeic Bosley Crowther is coming along nicely. Earlier this year, if you recall, he actually liked *Dr. Strangelove* [Co-written by *SPY* contributing editor Terry Southern! — Ed.], but he seemed surprised that he did, calling the film "the most shattering sick joke I've ever come across. And I say that with full recollection of some of the grim ones I've heard from Mort Sahl, some of the cartoons I've seen by Charles Addams and some of the stuff I've read in *Mad* magazine."

Charles Addams? *Mad*?—the man is definitely making an effort. And this summer he had the grudging presence of mind, if not much wit, to label *A Hard Day's Night* "a whale of a comedy." Again, though, he hedged his bets: "Sure, the frequent and brazen 'yah-yah-yahing' of the fellows when they break into song may be gratifying. To ears not tuned to it, it has

moronic monotony." Still, not bad for a geezer unused to moronic monotony. And with wordsmithing like that, Bos-o could always get a job reviewing pristine patios for *Time*, if the Gray Lady ever wearies of his growlings.

His colleague Howard Thompson also has reservations about the Liverpoolian "fellows." And yet, like a 12-year-old girl (or an aging Nance), he is obsessed with them. Reviewing *Doctor In Distress*, the latest in Dirk Bogarde's "Doctor in the House" series, he wrote, "Well, they're back—in another bundle from Britain. No, not the Beatles—the Doctors." Another review began this way: "Compared with the Beatles, Elvis Presley sounds like Caruso in 'Fun in Acapulco'... and he certainly looks better."

Howard, you old hound dog!

But Thompson's pith and humor usually serve him well, and if the *Times* ever needs a thumbnail film critic for, say, its television section, he's the man.

Next month: Nuts on Camp. »

for NBC—Paley went headhunting. Whose did he collect? Not Friendly's, but that of Cronkite, another Murrow protégé, who, Paley concluded, *talked too much during the coverage*. He ordered Cronkite replaced for CBS's Democratic convention coverage: *Off! Off! Like, now!* It was a pitiful reward for Wally, who did such a commendable job on that Friday afternoon last November when Harry Reasoner was out at Lindy's and Cronkite had to leave the cottage cheese and canned pineapple he was eating at his desk and rush to the studio and tell the world that from now on the White House would be strictly LBJsville.

Paley ordered Cronkite and his thick black specs as far away from Atlantic City as possible for August's Democratic convention, replacing him with the would-be Huntley-Brinkley combo of veteran utility announcer and Murrow protégé Robert Trout and the young Roger Mudd—make that, in networkese, *Mudd-Trout* (which sounds uncomfortably like something that would as soon be bottom-feeding as filling up airtime). Friendly, who likes to think of himself as a staunch defender of the integrity of the news (and who still invokes the name of former journalist Ed Murrow), warned Paley that Cronkite would quit if demoted; Paley, always gracious, replied, "Good, I hope he does."

But Cronkite played the organization man and took the fall quietly (on the other hand, what choice did he have? Go to work for ABC—the make-believe network, the *Jonny Quest* network?). Not that Cronkite is a complete bend-overnik: he put his foot down at posing by a TV set for a commercial that was to say, "Even Walter Cronkite Listens to Mudd-Trout." As my colleague Richard Ingrams would say, not very bloody likely.

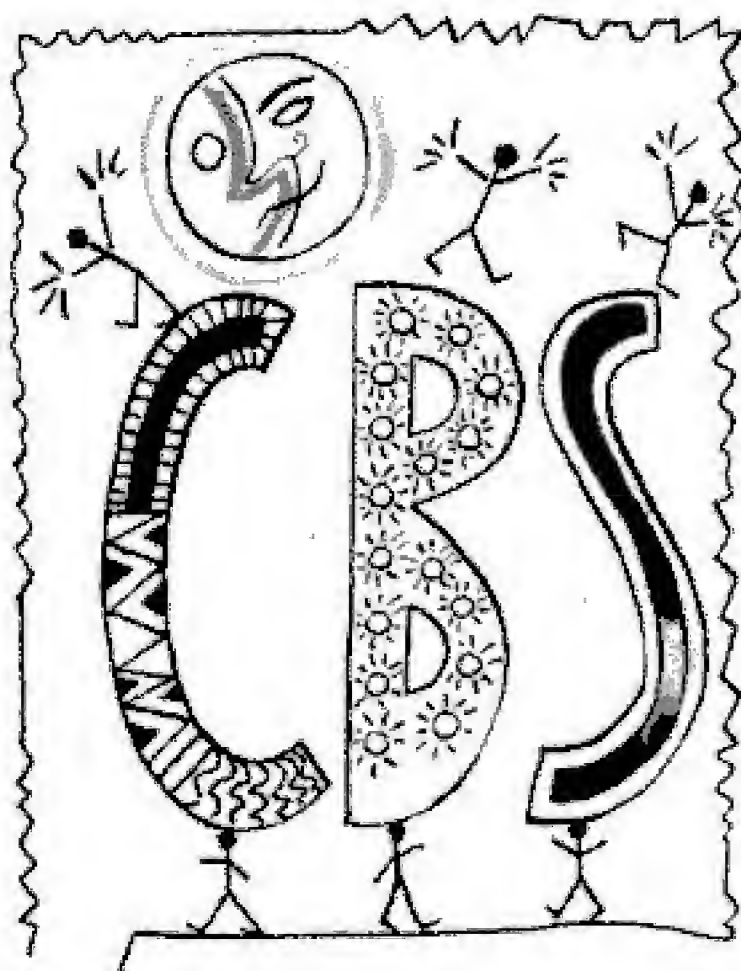
It turned out, of course, that *no one* watched Mudd-Trout. And sure enough: sources say Cronkite will be back at the anchor's desk for election night's looming landslide. Paley, meanwhile, is said to be desperate to get the fish stink off his fingers. »

Fishy business at CBS

THE WEBS

by Roy Hinkley

Something distracted vainglorious CBS despot Bill Paley from his blissful job of counting the millions of dollars the network keeps sucking in thanks to its hayseed comedies (which continue to keep the great unwashed in stitches). That something was his news division, and Paley was alarmed by what he saw: NBC's Huntley-Brinkley continue to dominate the prestigious-though-not-terribly-lucrative evening-news slot, and nobody seemed capable of doing anything about it, not Paley's flat-topped news announcer Walter Cronkite and not Fred Friendly, the pious, insecure head of CBS News. Paley stewed while Friendly stammered his excuses—*We go on at 6:30,*



they go on at 7:00. Gosh, people are still eating when we're on. I mean, who can blame them for not wanting to watch some Freedom Rider getting firehosed as they chew their Salisbury steak?

Thus, when the network's terrible ratings for its coverage of last summer's Republican convention came in—at one point Huntley-Brinkley had 86 percent of the audience

Funny-sad girls

THE STAGE

by Jedediah Leland

What with Tonys and *Time* covers, Barbra Streisand has cast such a long shadow from the *Funny Girl* catbird seat at the Winter Garden that in order to get a break, Broadway's other young starlets have resorted to breaking hearts, breaking contracts or simply having breakdowns to remain in the limelight. Carol Burnett and Elizabeth Ashley crumbled when the chips were down, but whispers around the Way are that Liza Minnelli (the rather too elfin spawn of Judy Garland and director Vincente Minnelli) may become the new boss gal when her show *Flora, the Red Menace* opens next spring.

Gangly girl-next-door Carol Burnett spent last month racing between tapings of her CBS variety show, *The Entertainers* (which trails *The Addams Family* in the ratings), and *Fade Out-Fade In*, the Comden-Green-Styne musical comedy at the Mark Hellinger. With all this activity it would seem a banner year for Carol, who just last year married producer Joe Hamilton (her boss on the defunct *Garry Moore Show*, who left his wife of 15 years). But whether it was her new baby (born to the newlyweds after just seven months of marriage), the TV show or the Comden-Green-Styne flop, the new Mrs. Hamilton checked into Lenox Hill Hospital complaining of neck pains. She remains in traction, and SPY has learned that Carol will be willing to pay up to an extraordinary \$500,000 in order to shake off her *Fade Out-Fade In* contract. A tough spill for the gal who once turned down the lead in *Funny Girl*.

Elizabeth Ashley is itching to bust her contract, too. And producer Saint-Subber will set her free from Neil Simon's tiresome *Barefoot in the Park*



for a paltry \$35,000. Like Burnett, Ashley is under considerable strain. She chased off her fiancé, George Peppard, by offering these warm words of condolence upon his mother's death: "Oh, look, everybody dies." While her ex-beau drinks himself silly on the Continent, sources suggest that Elizabeth has been experimenting with reefer. Sadly, it seems the only award she will be taking home this season will be presented by the psychiatric staff at Payne Whitney, where this young lady recently landed after a nervous breakdown.

Will she or won't she?

HOW TO BE A SWINGER

by Bernard Mergendeiler

I saw a girl at a party the other night. Or I should say, I saw a *dancer*: skinny, heavy eye shadow, straight black hair, black leotard, very Village. You probably know the girl I mean, give or take a neurosis or two.

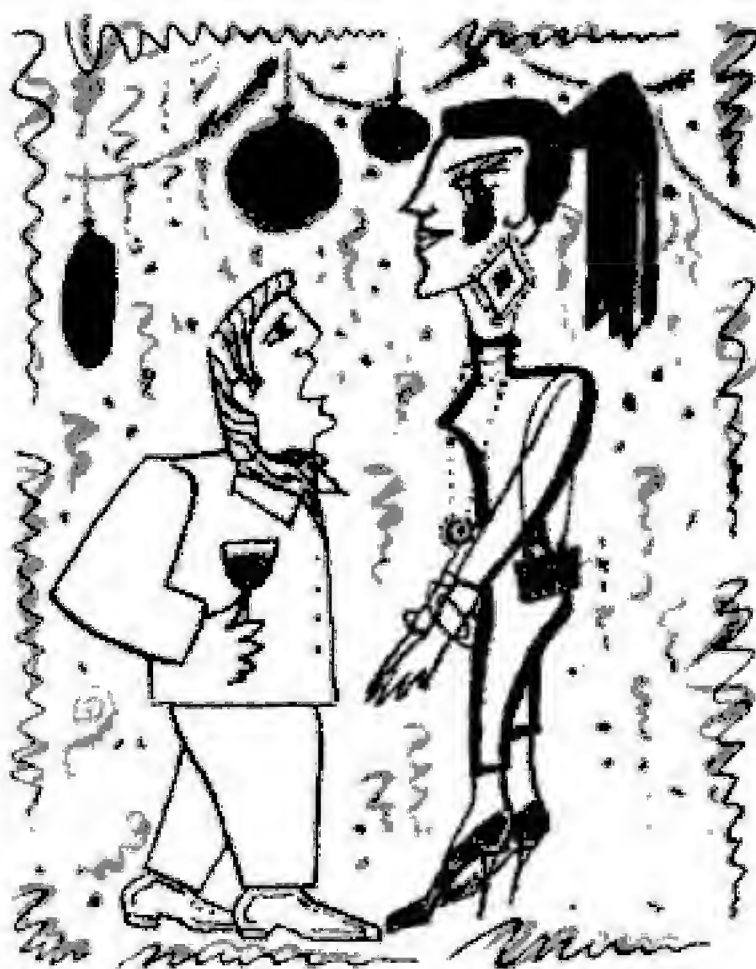
You probably know the party too. There were lots of writers, actors, artists, a few organizers and some slumming Mad. Ave. types my friend Nat (his pad) knew from college. It was late, I'd drunk a lot of wine, Nat had Monk on the hi-fi [SPY contributing

Like her fellow contenders, Liza Minnelli has prematurely left a successful show—in her case, Off-Broadway's *Best Foot Forward*. The show's kittenish press agent, Rex Reed, manfully tried to put a good face on things, saying his little trouser was moving on "to do something wonderful with her life." He might have added, *If she can get free of Mama*.

Judy, you see, had begged Liza to quit *Best Foot* and help her prepare a new TV series in Hollywood. Liza did her pillhead materfamilias's bidding, yet still had time to return east and star opposite Elliott "Streisand's Dark, Rangy Husband" Gould in a Westport Country Playhouse summer production of *The Fantasticks*. (The two, it's said, are fast friends. Watch out, Babs!)

As we go to press, Liza is back in the city, rehearsing her promising new show *Flora, the Red Menace*, written by John Kander and Fred Ebb and opening at the Alvin Theater in May. She arrives fresh from a troubled appearance opposite her mother at the London Palladium. During the show, Liza upstaged Mama, and the old lady reportedly tried to shove her daughter off the stage.

See you opening night at Sardi's. ☛



editor Thelonious Monk, that is—Ed.]. And there was this neurasthenic-looking dancer chick leaning against the kitchen wall, ignoring everyone, burying her nose in a copy of *Nausea*.

It was, of course, love at first sight. I mean, a pair of bandaged wrists and I'm a puddle.

Thankfully, though, I did the smart thing. I split. Because I knew if I didn't it would turn out something like this: I'd talk to her, I'd listen to her, I'd take her seriously and four months later we'd be sipping espressos at Caffè Regio and she'd be telling me, "Because, Bernard, I wouldn't want to sully our friendship," and I'd be getting one of my (psychosomatic) stomachaches and thinking, *Will mankind achieve*

guilt-free sex in my lifetime? Or will I have to be content with a ban on the Bomb, the end of poverty, a Negro president and maybe, if I'm really really lucky, Ursula Andress in 3-D Smell-O-Vision?

Friendship, schmiendship.

The Swinger, of course, doesn't agonize over these things. He doesn't have to. The Swinger walks right up to the girl and doesn't make small talk about the influence of Chaplin on Kubrick and Lester, and he definitely doesn't ask the girl about her analysis. That's what you and I are for. The

Swinger murmurs, *Chianti, Bolero, my place*, with the subtitle reading, *Take it, baby, or leave it, but like, make up your mind already*. And chances are... It's like the sideburned operator in the Feiffer cartoon says: "If I had any respect for girls, I'd *never* make out."

As for me, I lied a minute ago. I walked right up to the dancer and asked her if she'd ever read *Being and Nothingness*. She said no, but her analyst recommended it. I said, "Yeah? So how long you been in analysis for?"

I'm doomed. ☹

Party Pooper



"WHAT'S NEW, UH, TOMCAT?" On his way into New York's federal court, evil Roy Cohn, a guy whose *thing* is pointing the finger, waves a digit in the air and botches a fake lighthearted attempt at some of the crazy new hedspeak. It's pussycat, Oy-ray.



Meanwhile, in another display of digital dexterity (clear across the country at the Beverly Hilton), strenuously self-styled cool cat Sammy Davis Jr. pretends to be a white person. Frank Sinatra, sources say, was not convinced.



Swinging at the Rio de Janeiro Carnival: Porfiro Rubirosa, legendary man of action (and you know the kind we mean), readies himself to try out a new bit of continental suavity on a hovering hula girl. "Hey, doll-face," he croons, "I see you like to get lei'd."



HEE-HAW-HAW-HAW At their Beverly Hills wedding blowout, September-December newlyweds Ernest Borgnine (September) and Ethel Merman (December) enjoy a communal bray with well-wishing stripper Gypsy Rose Lee. The *McHale's Navy* star, our wall flies tell us, had just told his toothsome broad—er, bride—that she smelled so good, he'd like to bottle her. What a madman!



NUTSY GUTSY PEGGY GUGGENHEIM. Hey, Peg, are you sure it's not upside down? Even a Brillo box says THIS SIDE UP!



Didja hear about the crazy new stew game? It's called Please Put Your Seat in the Right Position—and all you have to do is ask a lovely air hostess to sit on you. Here, Trini Lopez plays the "happy hands" version. And the girls love it, too!



Twenty-two-year-old Cassius Clay makes an AHHHH sound while reveling over a birthday cake decorated with a pair of miniature tar babies. [What's with all the fingers this month?—Ed.]

NEXT MONTH IN SPY

VOLKSMUSIK ÜBER ALLES
Inside Albert Grossman's Greenwich Village Reich

WORLD'S FAIR VS. U.N.
Our second funny comparative chart

THE STEWS
A new column covering the superglamorous air hostess industry

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK
How about a giant skyscraper on the West Side rail yards?

BARELY AUDIBLE WOMEN



Marilyn

Sleeker curves. A chassis that won't say no. A wider road-gripping stance. That's the exciting, all-new fastback look of the Ford Ventorina for 1965.

But man, is she silent. That's thanks to her Wet-Flo transmission, her Purr-Matic V-8 engine, her Hush-a-Bye suspension.



Jackie

Take her for a spin and we think you'll agree she's the quietest ride yet. So quiet, in fact, you might even wonder: Why can't *every* woman be a Ford Ventorina?



The Ford Ventorina

The 1965 Ford Ventorina



WHEN YOU NEED A LITTLE PEACE—AND QUIET



1956.



1964.



1969.



1975.



1988.



1990.

You always come back to the

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IF YOU LIKED IT THE FIRST TIME

*In criticism, nothing succeeds like repetition,
repetition and, in a pinch, repetition*

BY HENRY DUTCH HOLLAND

"On a range of one to 10," wrote *Daily News* gossip stenographer Liz Smith, "I'd give the Steinberg fete 100%." I don't know, Liz. I was there, too, and—on a range of one to 10—I'd have given it a C+.



Demanding, exacting, exigent, insistent, instant, importunate, pressing, crying, clamorous—these are among the many, many words that simply will not

do for the earnest Stephen Holden of *The New York Times*. Only one word will do, and that word is *urgent*. The Holden Review System (Vocalist Division) says use it—use it often, use it twice in the same review if you have to, use it in other forms (*urgency*, for example). Just use it. For no other word in the language conveys the same, I don't know, urgent urgency. Some historical perspective is required, for Holden has understood the power of the *U* word since he began writing for the *Times*, in the early 1980s. A brief, though incomplete, recap:

George Benson's voice at a 1982 concert was "more urgent sounding than usual." Marty Balin, Holden wrote a few months later, once sang "urgent duets" with Grace Slick. In 1983 Smokey Robinson still possessed an "urgent, enraptured urgency," as opposed to Carly Simon's "gent, open-hearted folk-pop delivery" in the style of Valerie Simpson, "an urgent rendition" of a Marvin Gaye song, and a Gladys Knight perfor-

mance in "Am Telling" — a warm, urgent "And I other hand, the 'Not Going.'" On the revealed a "strained" delivery that is at once urgent and color." In 1985 Carol John Waite and Angela Bofill's singi-pretations "lack[ed] urg- less urgent than it used to in Four Tops still possessed an "u- soul ballad style," and Stevie was able to follow Lionel Richie's ing lines on "We Are the World" with "reedy, more urgent response." In 198 Luther Vandross shrewdly chose not to treat one number as "an urgent plea to an insensitive lover"; Simple Minds boasted "repetitive chants urgently intoned"; and Michael Feinstein made old standards sound "brand-new and personally urgent." While 1987 was notable chiefly for Michael Bolton's "feverishly urgent remake" of "Dock of the Bay," sometime around 1988 Holden discovered that *The Word* was versatile and could be applied to more than just singing; Holden scholars cite his Arts & Leisure piece on Robert Plant's *Now and Zen*, with its reference to the LP's "urgent, accelerated rockers," as a breakthrough of sorts. Since then he has

Illustrations by Melissa Leavitt



PHOTOGRAPH



1956.



1964.



1969.



1975.



1988.



1990.

You always come back to the basics.



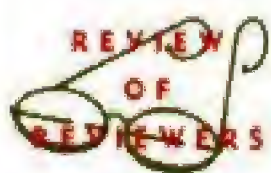
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IF YOU LIKED IT THE FIRST TIME

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mance included "a warm, urgent 'And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going.'" On the other hand, that same year John Waite revealed a "strained, thin vocal delivery that is at once urgent and lacking in color." In 1985 Carol Bruce's vocal interpretations "lack[ed] urgent involvement," and Angela Bofill's singing was "much less urgent than it used to be." But the Four Tops still possessed an "urgent pop-soul ballad style," and Stevie Wonder was able to follow Lionel Richie's opening lines on "We Are the World" with a "reedier, more urgent response." In 1986 Luther Vandross shrewdly chose not to treat one number as "an urgent plea to an insensitive lover"; Simple Minds boasted "repetitive chants urgently intoned"; and Michael Feinstein made old standards sound "brand-new and personally urgent."

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

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felt free to employ *The Word* in a variety of situations: Otis Redding's "urgent uptempo numbers" at Monterey; the "urgently percussive ensemble playing" of Hannibal Peterson's quartet; the "urgent cries" of the Gipsy Kings' lead vocalist; Maria Muldaur's "urgent gospel-flavored rendition" of something or other; Take 6's "urgent gospel emotionality"; and L.L. Cool J's "urgent, rhyming sweet-talk"—though Holden also wrote that rap "implies...that what is being said is too urgent to be sweetened." Hmmm. Maybe, as he went on to say, it simply reflects growing acceptance of rap songs that are "more urgent in their tone."

It's urgent—personally, Feinsteinishly urgent—that we leave Stephen Holden now, but here's one final, recent flurry: Holden "did not sense an urgent vision informing [Deacon Blues] songs," whereas k.d. lang "communicate[s] a stunning urgency" and the The's new songs have a "do-or-die urgency" (which is fitting, given that leader Matt Johnson "may have urgent messages to impart").

Holden's more readable colleague at the *Times*, Jon Pareles, used every word but you-know-what to describe a Pixies show: "Frenetic and offhand, deranged and savvy, funny and brutal, crisp and wayward, the Pixies brought their calmly schizophrenic, firmly dislocated rock to the Ritz on Friday night." Truly a band with something for everyone—or at least everything for someone. On a range of one to 10, this lead gets a thumbs-down.

(Speaking of Liz Smith and rock 'n' roll, here she is apropos of nothing in particular: "Rock, which never really went away, is back with a vengeance everywhere; it's all over and all around us." As insights go, that one—on a range of one to 10—gets a half star, at best.)

Turn to *Rolling Stone* for rock criticism and you certainly get it, although you also get Peter Travers on movies. Travers, as has been pointed out here before, churns out his marquee-ready copy with a discomfiting absence of irony. Since we last checked in with him, the overassigned reviewer has added these jewels to his growing oeuvre: "Monumental, mold-breaking entertainment" (*The Abyss*). "[Tom] Hanks is an invitation to laughter. Don't fail to R.S.V.P." (*Turner & Hooch*). "[James Spader's] wrenching, wounded interpretation is definite Oscar bait" (*sex,*

lies, and videotape). "Freddy's still the tops in screen slashers" (*A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*). "Racy, raucous and roaringly funny" (*True Love*). "One of the brightest, bawdiest, no-bull woman characters in years" (*Shirley Valentine*). Even his review of *Casualties of War*, a movie Travers considers "flawed," contains at least one phrase that is preblurbified: "In this movie powerhouse, [Michael J. Fox] gives his finest screen performance." (*Memo to Columbia Publicity: Take that one and run with it.*)

Travers is a cheerleader; he likes practically everything, and his overwrought, clunky enthusiasm is embarrassing. He should either turn it way down or turn it—slightly—up and plead parody. No jury would buy it, but maybe if he sticks to his story long enough readers might eventually choose to believe that *invitation-to-laughter-don't-fail-to-R.S.V.P.* constructions are intentionally bad. That other way, taking them at face value, madness lies.

Some of the nation's finest film critics—apart from Travers—were sidelined briefly last August by *Washington Post* reviewer Hal Hinson's wedding. Among the guests: Stephen Schiff (*Vanity Fair*, National Public Radio), Peter Rainer (*Los Angeles Herald Examiner*), Mike Sragow (*San Francisco Herald Examiner*), David Denby (*New York*) and David Edelstein (*New York Post*). With *The Abyss* opening the following week, the issue became how to enable these men to meet their professional commitments without sacrificing the precious time traditionally set aside for male bonding. The solution: Twentieth Century Fox arranged for a special screening—at Hinson's bachelor party. Maybe it was this atmosphere that inspired Denby's and Edelstein's subsequent descriptions of James Cameron's direction: "advanced Erector Set mentality" (Denby) and "testosterone-heavy technique" (Edelstein). Maybe.

Hinson himself didn't review *The Abyss*—his *Washington Post* colleague (and, apparently, Peter Travers soul mate) Rita Kempley did. "A veritable chowder of chills," she called it, though her review matched the general consensus that *The Abyss* wasn't very good. And Travers? "The greatest underwater adventure ever filmed," he wrote, hedging his bets as usual, "the most consistently en-

thralling of the summer blockbusters, one of the best pictures of the year... [and] a love story of shattering impact."

Despite such tempting possibilities as "Abyss-mal" and "Cookie crumbles"—both of which were used—it was *sex, lies, and videotape* that brought headline writers' creativity to fever pitch last summer. [Editors' note: see also "Read My Clips," page 42.] A sampling:

"Sex, Lies, and Steve Soderbergh" (*The Village Voice*). "sex, lies' and soderbergh" (*Gannett's Reporter Dispatch*). "Sex, Lies & Soderbergh" (*Mirabella*). "sex, lies and Laura San Giacomo" (*People*). "Sex, Lies and Spader" (*The New York Times*). "Sex, Lies and Letters" (*Time*). "Sex, Lies and Commercials" (*the Times*). "Sex, lies, success..." (*Newsweek*). "sex, lies, media—and the FBI" (*USA Today*). "... News, Lies and Videotape" (*the Times*). "death, lies, and videotape" (*the New York Post*). "Love, Lies and Murder..." (*the Times*). "Sex, Lowe, and Videotape" (*the Voice*). "... Sex, prize & videotape" (*Daily News*). "Sex, litigation and videotape" (*Rolling Stone*). "Lies, Lies, and More Lies" (*The New Yorker*). "Sex, Nuts and Questionnaires" (SPY).

By autumn we were all checking the papers for "De Niro, Stahr and Real Estate," what with Robert De Niro's converting the Martinson Coffee building in TriBeCa into a film-production center. But though the headline never materialized, allusions to Monroe Stahr (the De Niro character in *The Last Tycoon*) surely did. The engaging Peter W. Kaplan, writing in *Man, inc.*, a pointless supplement introduced in September's *Manhattan, inc.*, began his article on the actor's venture with a quote from the Fitzgerald book and soon had De Niro "showing the slight, severe authority he showed as the slim, decisive mogul Monroe Stahr." (The matter of De Niro's weight is what really holds Kaplan's piece together: later he is "currently trim," and later still he is "trim these days.") And William H. Honan, in *The New York Times*, began his article on the project with the inevitable comparison: "When Robert De Niro appeared some years ago in the title role of..." Then he extracted a quote from De Niro on the whole Stahr issue.

I don't know. It is a fairly apt, if obvious, allusion. On a range of one to 10, I'd give it a bravo. ▀

CHIEF

The men in line to the throne of NBC

News president Michael Gartner

BY JOE GILLIS

Former presidents of television news divisions come in two basic varieties: the anxious pedant (Reuven Frank of NBC,



Larry Grossman of NBC and, of course, Fred Friendly of CBS) and the arrogant martinet (Richard Wald of NBC, Van

Gordon Sauter of CBS and, of course, Fred Friendly of CBS). Mike Gartner, the current president of NBC News, is of the Friendly variety, although employees have so far encountered little of Gartner the putative intellectual. No news president since Sauter has been so intensely loathed by his staff. But Gartner is immensely popular, it turns out, with the only colleagues who really matter at NBC these days — the tough-guy bean-counters at General Electric, which owns NBC.

The horrible morale at NBC is not merely a function of Gartner's angry-little-man-in-a-bow-tie manner — the gratuitous insults to current employees (Nancy Collins) and about-to-be-former employees (Chris Wallace), the unnecessary public screaming match with NBC affiliates last summer in California, the undisguised newspaperman's contempt for TV news. The deeper problem is that he is more Queeg than Patton, more Brezhnev than Stalin: if Gartner were a competent prick, he might at least have the grudging respect of his staff.

But his power plays are pathetic. He did manage to establish a revamped News Desk, that by regulating assignments manages only to bully his senior underlings who actually create programming. He cut back the NBC News bureaus in

Paris and Atlanta, but after he altogether dismantled the Southwest Bureau in Houston, he was forced to admit his blunder and reestablish the outpost in Dallas. Similarly, he demoted the foreign-bureau chiefs across-the-board to producers, then was forced to make many of them bureau chiefs again. And although he successfully exiled Tim Russert, his predecessor's right-hand man, to Washington, Russert's expertly dissembling spin control of the transfer (*A demotion? No way*) and competent management of the Washington bureau has, ironically, made him an even more powerful potential rival to Gartner.

The other shrewd, affable young vice president with designs on Gartner's job has been installed right there with him at 30 Rock. Gartner was the one, technically, who hired Dick Ebersol, the former *Saturday Night Live* executive producer and current NBC Sports president, to oversee the *Today* show, but in truth Ebersol was brought in by his good buddy

*If Gartner were
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Bryant Gumbel. At the very least, Ebersol will act as a buffer and broker between the mean, egomaniacal Gartner and the mean, egomaniacal Gumbel. But what the *Today* host may really be after is more fundamental — detaching his show from the budget-cutting news division altogether. When one colleague complained to Gumbel about NBC's new low-rent policies (a planned week in Africa was canceled to save money, as was a more modest trip outside NBC's offices into Rockefeller Center in June — and now *Today* is gearing up for a glamorous five-city tour of the Rust Belt), Gumbel smiled knowingly. No money? *It's not that way in sports*, said the star. *It's not that way in entertainment*, Gumbel said, making it sound somewhere be-

tween a threat and a promise.

NBC Entertainment, of course, is run by Brandon Tartikoff, and Tartikoff happens to be a friend of Ebersol's (the two partied last summer in Connecticut, curiously, with Henry Kissinger). Tartikoff's touch is already being felt in News: it's said to be he who inspired, almost by accident, the unaccountably popular prime-time Maria Shriver vehicle *Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow*, a show that seems less like a network news broadcast than like something shown at a theme park's infotainment pavilion. Apparently Tartikoff, months earlier, had rather offhandedly mentioned to someone in the news division that nostalgia seemed to be very much in the air. Practically before Tartikoff knew it, executive producer Sid Feders had taken the passing notion and concocted *YTT*, complete with special-effects shots of 1989 news-people against turn-of-the-century backdrops. If Tartikoff had happened instead to make a comment about the weather, NBC News might now be promoting a show called *Heat Wave*.

Over at ABC, Ebersol's role model, Roone Arledge, doesn't fall into either standard network-news-president category — at ABC, the aloof intellectuals (Ted Koppel) and arrogant SOB's (Sam Donaldson) are actually on TV. Fortunately for the staffs, they spend most of their time carping at each other. Donaldson has been boasting to colleagues (and, remarkably, on the air) that his three-month-old show *Primetime Live* is so good that no one needs to watch *Nightline* anymore. The snipe was especially galling to Koppel: former *Nightline* executive producer Rick Kaplan is in charge of *Primetime Live*, and Koppel is contemptuous of Donaldson and his knee-jerk left-of-center bully-boyism. (Indeed, those at *Nightline* tend to be contemptuous of every ABC News show but their own.) After *Primetime Live* premiered, Koppel and his staffs in Washington and New York spent the next couple of days quoting with relish from negative newspaper reviews of the new Donaldson-and-Diane-Sawyer show. And some weeks later, the *Nightline* staff whipped together in just half a day a tight, tough show about Malcolm Forbes's Moroccan party. What spurred such frenzy? The knowledge that *Primetime Live* was planning a segment on Forbes just two nights hence. ▀

ALL IN THE NAME OF SPORT

Hiring friends, doing favors—synergy

BY MACAULAY CONNOR

Months after the merger, the use of meaningless seventies-speak continues unchecked in the executive offices of debt-burdened Time Warner. A memo from Kelso Sutton, the widely despised elevator-shoe buff and head of Time-Life Books, blathered on for two pages about the "extraordi-



nary energy and creative synergies" that would be generated by the unlikely lashing-together of the genteel backwater publisher Little, Brown and the go-go sensationalist Warner Books. And the friendless Nick Nicholas, putative heir apparent to co-CEO Dick Munro, led a gathering of Time Inc. employees in a pep rally on the meaning of synergy. *You know what a CD is?*, Nicholas called out. *Yeeees*, the crowd was encouraged to respond. *Think of all that wasted space in the packaging. Well, the great synergist went on, on Warner CDs that area could be used to advertise our new Entertainment Weekly!*

Indeed, the spirit of creative synergy abounds in Time Warner's free-to-be-you-and-me executive environment. Gil Rogin, the company's corporate editor, has put extraordinary energy and creative synergies to work in a very personal way himself. Rogin floated up from *Sports Illustrated*, where he had been managing editor, to fill Jason McManus's old job when McManus finally glad-handed enough executives to become editor in chief of all Time publications in 1987. During the 1984 Summer Olympics in

Los Angeles, Rogin was spotted in the stands, generating extraordinary energy and synergy with Olympic runner Mary Decker the night before her 3,000-meter race. The next day Decker, owing perhaps to a synergy-overload lapse in concentration, tripped, whined and ended up not finishing the race.

More recently, Rogin hired his live-in girlfriend, Jacqueline Duvoisin, to work as a photographer. It was an unusual move for a magazine that has made its name, in large part, on the excellence of its photography: few at the magazine had ever heard of Duvoisin before. The *Sports Illustrated* staff was ordered to supply her with equipment and on-the-job training. Following a brief, ill-fated stint on the track-and-field circuit she was given a regular beat, golf, which photographically is surely one of the least demanding sports in the magazine's menu.

Fortunately, golf also happens to be one of Mark Mulvoy's favorite sports. And Mulvoy owes much of his success at *Sports Illustrated*, including his current position as managing editor, to Rogin, his predecessor. Although Rogin's friend Duvoisin is apparently the only photog-

Adiós, amigo. O.J.'s crossed the border to Premium Black.



Bacardi Premium Black. One sip, and you'll know why.

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rapher ever to be asked to leave the golf course of the British Open for infractions, other impediments to her flourishing career have been handled in a manner designed to please her patron and companion. An *SI* senior editor once asked Mulvoy to get rid of Duvoisin, to which Mulvoy replied, shamelessly, *I can't. I promised Gil.* When a senior official of the PGA threatened to complain to Mulvoy about Duvoisin, he was warned by a sympathetic *Sports Illustrated* picture editor that Mulvoy might curtail its coverage of the event if he did. (No complaint was lodged.) And when an actual photographer offered Duvoisin some technical advice, which she misunderstood, ruining her film in the process, the photographer didn't work at *Sports Illustrated* for three months.

Duvoisin is, however, the only female photographer on staff at *Sports Illustrated*—a magazine renowned for its blundering, anachronistic treatment of women. It has had to award two large out-of-court settlements to former female employees in the last two years. One of the women was unceremoniously dumped, after working at the company



for more than three decades, because she failed to warn *Sports Illustrated's* editors about a feminist rally due to take place earlier this year to protest the magazine's Swimsuit Issue.

Professional photography equipment in the hands of amateurs, subscription coupons on CD packaging, doomed, derivative entertainment weeklies—synergy at work in the media conglomerate of the future. ■

THROUGH THE NOSE

When it comes to getting what you want in Hollywood, no price is too dear

BY CELIA BRADY

River Rats: The age-old nature-nurture debate—that is, is personality a product of environment, or is it an inherent func-



tion of birth?—applies to all walks of life, even one as sociologically primitive as the entertainment industry. Its most recent application in the world of show business occurred in August, during which the following hypothetical research question was posed: if a talent agent were removed from his phone, his Rolodex and his desk, would he still be the manipulative, pushy schmoozaholic that he is when in his native habitat?

In the cases of ICM defector-Inter-Talent cofounder Bill Block and ICM's Jeremy Zimmer, the answer is *yes*. Both proved themselves to be urban creatures this summer when they joined machos and machos manqués Tom Selleck, Tom Cruise, Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg, defendant Don Simpson, Touchstone Films president David Hoberman, *Three Men and a Baby* adapters Jim Cruickshank and James Orr, director John Badham and director-producer Rob Cohen for Hollywood's annual executive river-raft excursion down the Snake River.

Zimmer exhibited that trait which distinguishes the world of agents from that of nonagents—the need to express to others the full brunt of one's personal discomfort. While the rest of the campers reveled in more conventional rituals of male bonding, Zimmer seized upon the opportunity to whine about his fear of the water and his displeasure at having to eat outdoors—problems he might

have anticipated, given the nature of most river-rafting trips. Block, on the other hand, spent the trip doing what any self-respecting agency chief would do: trying to brownnose big-ticket Creative Artists Agency talent. Block's gambit for this particular mission was to repeatedly tell Cruise that he would be more than happy to carry his gear for him, he wouldn't mind at all, really, *it would be no problem whatsoever*. Finally, after Block had offered enough times to seem more annoying than helpful, Katzenberg blurted to Block over the campfire one night, "You know, Bill, by the end of this trip we're going to have to get a blowtorch to get your nose out of Tom's ass."

Night of the Living Career-Dead: Disney has specialized in resurrecting the careers of 1970s stars turned middle-aged 1980s losers. Its real test will come with the planned career rejuvenations of Goldie Hawn and Tom Selleck, both of whom recently signed deals with Hollywood Pictures (Disney's new division headed by Hoberman's nemesis Ricardo Mestres), and still more urgently with Richard Gere, who has just finished filming *3000* from a dark, *Collector*-like

If an agent were removed from his phone, Rolodex and desk, would he still be the pushy schmoozaholic he is in his native habitat?

script that has been kicking around town for some time. Gere, of course, was the talk of the town when he gave a midsummer party for the Dalai Lama to which he invited all the studio despots. Just before the momentous event, executives were madly phoning one another, desperate to find out how exactly to address the Tibetan holy man. One can only speculate about how many of them came up with the jest "Hello Dalai," and then were forced to feign utter hilarity when it was repeated to them later by someone higher up in the Hollywood food chain.

They Shoot Producers, Don't They? No

one's quite sure about icy, driven producer Gale Anne Hurd. Granted, her two big hits, *The Terminator* and *Aliens*, had a combined gross of over \$300 million, but then again, both were directed by her talented then-boyfriend (in the first instance) and then-husband (in the second), James Cameron. Their most recent joint effort, *The Abyss*, never quite lived up to its spring- and summer-long schedule of hype and, more important, the two films she produced that didn't have Cameron directing—*Bad Dreams* and *Alien Nation*—were complete bombs.

She has a unique way of acknowledging those who work for her. Throughout the making of *The Abyss*, Hurd alienated many members of the crew with her relentless demands and her seeming inability to utter the words *thank you*. When she failed to include many of the crew members' names in the closing credits, a member of the production staff asked why. "We need to shorten the film. And plus," added Hurd (a woman who flew her horses to *The Abyss's* location so that she could ride during the shoot), "it will save money."

See you Monday night at Mortons. ▶

2 RMS

CRPSE

VU

Selling apartments redolent with death

BY MICHAEL KAPLAN

Bad things happen in good buildings. Even in the best buildings. Even in those hulking prewar monoliths scattered



along the border avenues of the Upper East Side. And when everything is not quite, well, *right* at one of these posh addresses, selling an apartment there can be a task fraught with difficulty. Never mind the

problem of finding somebody with a few million dollars to spend on a few thousand square feet, some of them with views—try finding somebody to buy the same place with bullet holes on the master bedroom wall and spots of blood freshly scrubbed from the wainscoting.

It was just such a situation that a real estate agent encountered a few years ago when she was brokering a half-million-dollar five-room duplex on East 72nd Street, just off Park Avenue. All was going smoothly: a socially ambitious couple was eager to move in, and a doctor and his wife were looking forward to selling. All that remained was the traditional haggling over the price—which is what the broker and purchasers had come for when they walked in on a ferocious argument between the doctor and his wife. "It wasn't just a quarrel," says someone privy to the sale. "At least once they threatened to kill each other."

Despite the embarrassment of intruding on such a personal squabble, the broker managed to shepherd the deal through, leaving only the legal paperwork to be done. Shutting the door on the still-bickering (*Continued on page 124*)

So sorry, Stoli. O.J.'s gone over to Premium Black.



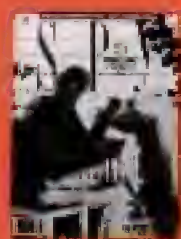
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CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Let me just say a word about how this puzzle works: each clue (with occasional exceptions not featured this month) gives the answer twice: once literally ("British mother") and once jokily or anagrammatically or something. People are forever telling me that they can't work this puzzle, but they can. All that's required is the will to do it. The British do this sort of thing in several different newspapers every day, and the British are as eighties as you please. Incidentally, it would have been nice for this clue, and for one's sense of the interconnectedness of things, if Ronald Reagan called Nancy "Mummy," but no, it's "Mommy." He may call Mrs. Thatcher "Mummy," I don't know.

9. *Reclusion* means the state of "being shut up." The cryptic part of the clue is the letters in *lucre's* rearranged ("assorted") plus *no*. I backward.

10. *B* stands for *born*. "In present condition" means *as is*.

11. *I* (roman numeral *one*) plus *god in* rearranged ("crazy").

14. *Van* surrounded by *e.g.* plus *slime* rearranged ("messy"). Evangelism pursues other people's 5 Down. It also pursues other people's money, of course, but what doesn't these days?

16. *B* is the head of *bone*. Plus *it's*. There are eight bits to a dollar—two bits is a quarter. This usage goes back to the old pieces-of-eight coin, which was indented so that it could be broken, or changed, into eight bits.

20. The New Testament tells, quaintly as may be, of the poor widow who gave a greater gift than the rich man because she gave her mite, a piddling coin but the only money she had. "Surviving wife" is *widow*, and "hit hard" is *smite*.

22. To *coincide* is to "come together." If homicide is killing a person, then coincide might (give me a break here, we're having fun) be killing change.

23. *Learnt* rearranged ("oddly"). Antlers are the points of a whole buck.

28. *CE* eating *ham* before *Noel* goes backward ("turns").

29. *Played* is the synonym. Billy Cox, as everyone who is interested in the saga of New York's five boroughs knows, played third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Brooklynites in them days stereotypically pronounced *third* like *toyed*.

DOWN

1. *Crimeless* rearranged ("sort of").

2. *Dec. a.m.* coming up.

5. A negative account would be the *con*, as opposed to the *pro*, *version*.

8. I *assume* we would all like to return to the bosom. I don't *think* this is a sexist allusion. To the bosom of *something*.

13. A flatland is a *plain*, and then *dune* takes in an *a*. I guess this clue is sexist, but since it is condescending toward male homeliness, it is surely okay, and it redresses "Plain Jane."

15. *In a camera* rearranged ("redeveloped").

22. A commanding officer is a *CO*, and *mic* sounds like "Mick."

25. Did you know that the expression *nerfs*, as in "Nerfs to you," was racy Hollywood slang in the thirties? A euphemism for *nuts*. Back then, Hollywood didn't make movies in which people called one another Scumbag or even said, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore," which is what people in the television audience started yelling out their windows in the seventies movie *Network* at the urging of a disgruntled newsguy played by Peter Finch. He had whipped up an actual stand-up-and-be-counted technomob, or rather countertech-nomob. A naive conception, we realize now. ☺



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couple, she breathed a sigh of relief and rang for the elevator, believing that the high-commission, high-anxiety ordeal was almost over. The next morning, however, her optimism unraveled when she saw the *New York Post's* front page: in a fit of anger the doctor had shot his wife dead and then killed himself—leaving the apartment drenched in blood.

"We mourned for a minute or two, but our main concern was the deal," remembers a co-worker at the real estate brokerage. "We called [the dead couple's] attorney and explained that a price had been agreed upon. Luckily, he trusted us enough to issue a contract." The broker's next concern was that the buyers would be spooked by the recent gunplay. No problem, she said. "The people moving in had no qualms about it. They felt lucky to have reached an agreement before the murder."

But striking deals around gruesome circumstances isn't always so easy—even in New York's cold-blooded real estate market. Early last year, police arrived at accountant Layne Alexander's West 15th Street loft to find him lying face up with a bullet through his head. Whispers of S&M doings surrounded the murder.

Although the human debris was cleaned

While the wildcat itself was easily removed from the dead actor's apartment, the excrement and odor it left behind proved more enduring

up before the 2,400-square-foot space was made available for prospective buyers, it was hardly pristine. "The place was a mess," says a broker who worked on the sale. "Of course the apartment reflected how the people in it were living. Papers and boxes and dirty clothing were everywhere." More ominous than any of the detritus was a metal bar suspended on a chain from the ceiling. "It *could* have been an exercise bar," says the broker.

The apartment's tabloid-generated notoriety coupled with its condition and odd fixtures kept the price at a relative

bargain: \$450,000 for a space that the broker says would have otherwise brought at least \$100,000 more. Still, it could have been worse. "Once we explained that there was no forcible entry, the property was not as difficult to sell as an apartment of an AIDS victim," admits the broker. "Those are the hard ones." (Indeed, rumors that several tenants of one Chelsea building have died from AIDS complications have made selling units there increasingly difficult. One broker sourly calls the building "jinxed.")

Considering that this is a city with an exceedingly high tolerance for intolerable accommodations, the rule of thumb in Manhattan's real estate market should come as no surprise: no matter how repulsive the murder, as long as it is *personal* (as opposed to the kind involving a disagreeable stranger and an inadequate security system) New Yorkers will not hesitate to live in the space where it occurred. Perhaps the ultimate proof is the case of the West 10th Street apartment once occupied by Joel Steinberg (who, by the way, was more than a year behind in his roughly \$500-a-month rent). Stigmatized by death, drugs and nightmarish publicity—besides being spotted with blood, reeking of urine and outfitted with a dented exercise bar—the house of horrors was put back on the market at twice the rent that the disbarred consensus "fiend" had (not) been paying.

The right kind of scandal can even add a certain cachet to otherwise ordinary quarters. Take the loft in which Jean-Michel Basquiat took an overdose of heroin and died. Artist manqué and nightclub owner Eric Goode seems to view his own tenancy in the Great Jones Street apartment/studio as a badge of honor, as if it were a validation of his artistic seriousness. And at the Chelsea Hotel, spiky-haired teenagers and neo-Symbolist European tourists frequently request the Vicious Room, where ex-Sex Pistol Sid Vicious stabbed his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, to death. Alas, the requests cannot be honored—the murder scene has been converted into an apartment.

Evidence left from yet another drug-related death proved more difficult to mask when, a few years ago, a young man overdosed in his SoHo loft. Unfortunately, from a maximizing-property-value point of view, the man was reportedly found floating in an oversize Jacuzzi in

the center of the apartment. Rather than being an asset, the custom plumbing deterred people who might otherwise have considered moving in. "Having a Jacuzzi isn't necessarily bad, particularly if it's not in the middle of the living room," explains one of the apartment's brokers. "But when you find out that the previous tenant died of an overdose, it leaves you wondering about what might have gone on in there." The apartment eventually sold for \$325,000.

According to a broker, a wildcat was found roaming through Broadway actor George Rose's West Village loft after he was murdered in May 1988 during a vacation in the Dominican Republic (reportedly at the hands of four Dominicans including his teenage "adopted son" and the boy's natural father). While the animal itself was removed easily, the excrement and odor it left behind proved more enduring. "Rumor has it that there were lions in there at one point," says the broker, who saw the apartment soon after Rose's murder. "The smell inside was so fetid that I had to get out. I don't know what his deal was, but there must have been something really wild going on."

The odor remains, and it took until

NIGHTMARE

ON ELLIS STREET

*In which our Fear-filled hero
must repel a flying visitor*

BY ELLIS WEINER

Shall we talk, at last, about Fear?

Not the fear a man knows when he confronts his value as a self and his fate as irrevocably mortal.



Rather, the fear a man experiences when, after the good honest toil and bad sneaky goofing-off that constitute his day, he makes a gin and tonic at 11:30, flips through 42 channels of cable TV (each more meretricious than the last), settles in with a sigh and hears his wife holler—holler, mind you—from upstairs, "We have a bat!"

Now, for a man's wife to holler anything so late at night, with one child sleeping in the adjacent room and another—so newborn that her Apgar score is still fresh in the parental mind (9!)—down the hall, each of them mere feet from the relevant yell mechanism, means that something is more than a little wrong. A man knows in such circumstances that "We have a bat" does not mean "We possess a 32-ounce Louisville Slugger." It means—as he confirms when he bounds up the stairs to the second floor—that a nervous jet-black object is winging it ickily hither and yon, swooping silently up and dipping erratically down the staircase from the third floor.

What does such a man do? If my experience is emblematic, he adopts a wary-warrior, taut-coiled-spring, grown-up-ready-for-anything posture and feels Fear. And begins to emit certain... noises. The noises are heard whenever the bat swoops down at the man's hair before veering



last August to sell the loft. It's the sort of property that puts off all but the heartiest real estate brokers. "If it's not sellable because of an odor or blood stains or adverse publicity, I stay away from it," says an unusually squeamish broker. In other words, she's willing to leave choice properties to those who aren't afraid to sell a murder scene for a song:

Fumigtd rms! Scrbd wlls! Bleachd flrs! ▶

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Thomas L. Phillips Jr., Publisher

away in its own batty panic. These are noises no one in the world, or at least in the house, has ever heard. They are noises the man hopes his son, listening with interest in the next room, will not hear even now. ("Isn't Daddy making funny sounds?" the child's mother says brightly, to play down the incident and thereby, with luck, spare the youth some permanently scarring psychological trauma.) They are untransliteratable into English; "spasmodic stuttering grunts" will have to suffice.

The bat's *skree-skrees* are authentic-sounding, and the miracle of its biological sonar is miraculous, but let us address its manner of motion. No lusty, muscular exercise of clean, well-feathered wings for this benighted creature: the bat does not fly so much as flutter its flaccid, leathery, webbed arms and fail to fall. Its movement is to a bird's as a tumbleweed's is to that big scary medicine-ball-from-the-sea's on *The Prisoner*.

The bat. The noises. The Fear. Sooner or later the man collects what remains of his wits and realizes that he can act. He remembers from childhood history that

*If our man is not Indiana Jones,
neither is he in a hypnotic state
in front of a Cheers rerun
and calling it leisure*

the weapon of choice in confronting the domestic bat is the tennis racket. There are two squash rackets in the boy's room! He strides in, mumbles some incantation meant to reassure ("Nothing. Go back to sleep") and finds the rackets.

Their grips are dry, solid, businesslike. But their squash-scale faces are simply too puny to compensate for the contradictions in the man's strategy as, in confronting the bat, he attempts both to attack it and run away from it at the same time.

Still, adrenaline is on the move. This intruder is not the Count from *Sesame Street*. Nor is it Bela Lugosi, with whom one could at least have a conversation. A wife, a son, a newborn babe, are to be

protected from this menace. This, for all its ludicrousness, is a sort of adventure; if our man is not, by now, Indiana Jones, neither is he falling into a gin-steeped hypnotic state in front of one of three different *Cheers* reruns and calling it leisure.

Then comes the inspiration of the evening: under the attractive kilim rugs that adorn the stairway landings are antiskid mats made of a light, rubbery mesh. Like a hero, the man pushes aside a rug and grabs one. The bat swoops in; the man makes to float the net in a manner comparable to that of South Seas fishermen, in an airy, drifting billow. Instead, it hangs together and sort of slaps down on his leg. But the ante has been raised: obedient to some mysterious chiropteran impulse, the bat decides to go downstairs.

Large and cavernous are the rooms downstairs—and dark. The man must, with maximum dignity, paw at light switches and stare wildly from room to room until—there: in the den, about eight feet up, invading the very domain where not 40 minutes before cocktails and sitcoms were to have reigned in happy stupidity, the bat circles. The man tries to anticipate its path and hold out the makeshift net in its way. Fool! As if Nature had not endowed this animal with 10 million years' genetic preparation for just such a snare! The result is a bolt of terror, perhaps to the bat but certainly to the man, as the beast swerves right at him, prompting a reprise of... *the noise*.

The man shrinks back. The bat flies into the living room, circles perfunctorily, then darts into The Playroom, sanctum sanctorum of the boy (the violation of which is an outrage!) but also contiguous, via double glass doors, with the deck, and outside, where all the rest of the bats on earth live. In that instant, resolving to effect not the bat's death but its escape, does the man sense some deep, almost prehistoric common bond with the creature? Not really. Instead, he wrenches open a door, slaps back the screen and pauses. As though the two of them had rehearsed it for weeks, the bat immediately veers out of orbit and shoots through the gap into the inky vastness.

If being a grown-up means doing what one has to do, and if discovering a bat in the house means one has to get rid of it, then the above-cited man was a grown-up. And that grown-up was me.

Next month: "We have a groundhog!"

DECLINING

CHANGE

In the eighties, Honest Abe and

FDR are a couple of wooden nickels

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

The other day I saw a teenager literally throw away 36 cents. He and his father were waiting at an elevator. He tossed the



coins into an ashtray on the wall, he pushed the button that causes the little floor in the ashtray to flip over and

dump the dreck out of sight, and then he stood there. The father cried incredulously, "You just threw away money!"

The son, in turn, found his father's incredulity hard to believe. "Thirty-six cents?"

All change is chump change now. Giving it to the homeless is a nice idea, but a while back I proffered a disconsolate-looking woman a handful of nickels and pennies and she said, "Honey, you have a nice face, I hope you have a nice day, but I can't use these," and handed them back. So why don't we do away with pennies, nickels and dimes—let merchants round everything off to the nearest quarter? Granted, it would mean seeing less of Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt.

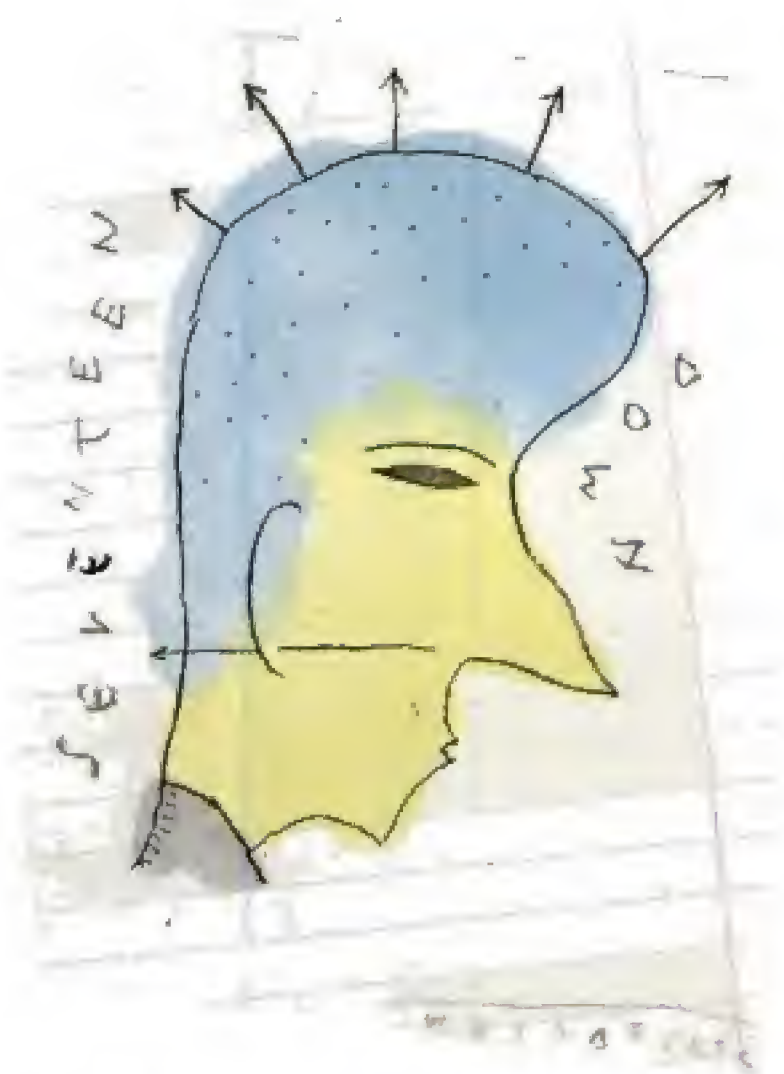
These presidents stand for meaningful change. Broad, progressive change. The sort of change that people were forever calling for in the late sixties and early seventies. In the eighties, megabucks make coins seem something less than petty, and political change is reduced to clock-back-turning.

So what should I do about it? Move to Russia or China? No. I believe my place is here, on the puzzle page. A crossword can't bring back the pretty penny, the two-bit crook, the five-and-dime or the New Frontier, but it can run change through changes. It can also coin a word.

The word this puzzle has coined, and now gives away, is 4 Across: *technomob*.

A mob is a crowd that is getting ugly. But a technomob is not a mob in the streets. It is a mob addressed through, and therefore created by, modern technology: just about any given media audience today. (Present company excepted.)

Media audiences (as we are inured to hearing) are inured to viewing everything that might stir a street mob to action. Rioting, injustice, starvation, mass murder, toxic effluvia, kidnapping, barefaced lying, wholesale graft, an American ship shooting down a civilian airliner — all this brought to us by corporations that have paid serious money for the right to dramatize their interests as they please, for instance by showing us B. B. King reduced to yum-yumming over cruddy hamburgers (in return, presumably, for what is now perceived as every American icon's appropriate price: an enormous piece of change). A mob in the streets is out to change something, somehow, demonstrably. But that's nickel-and-dime stuff. A technomob is involved

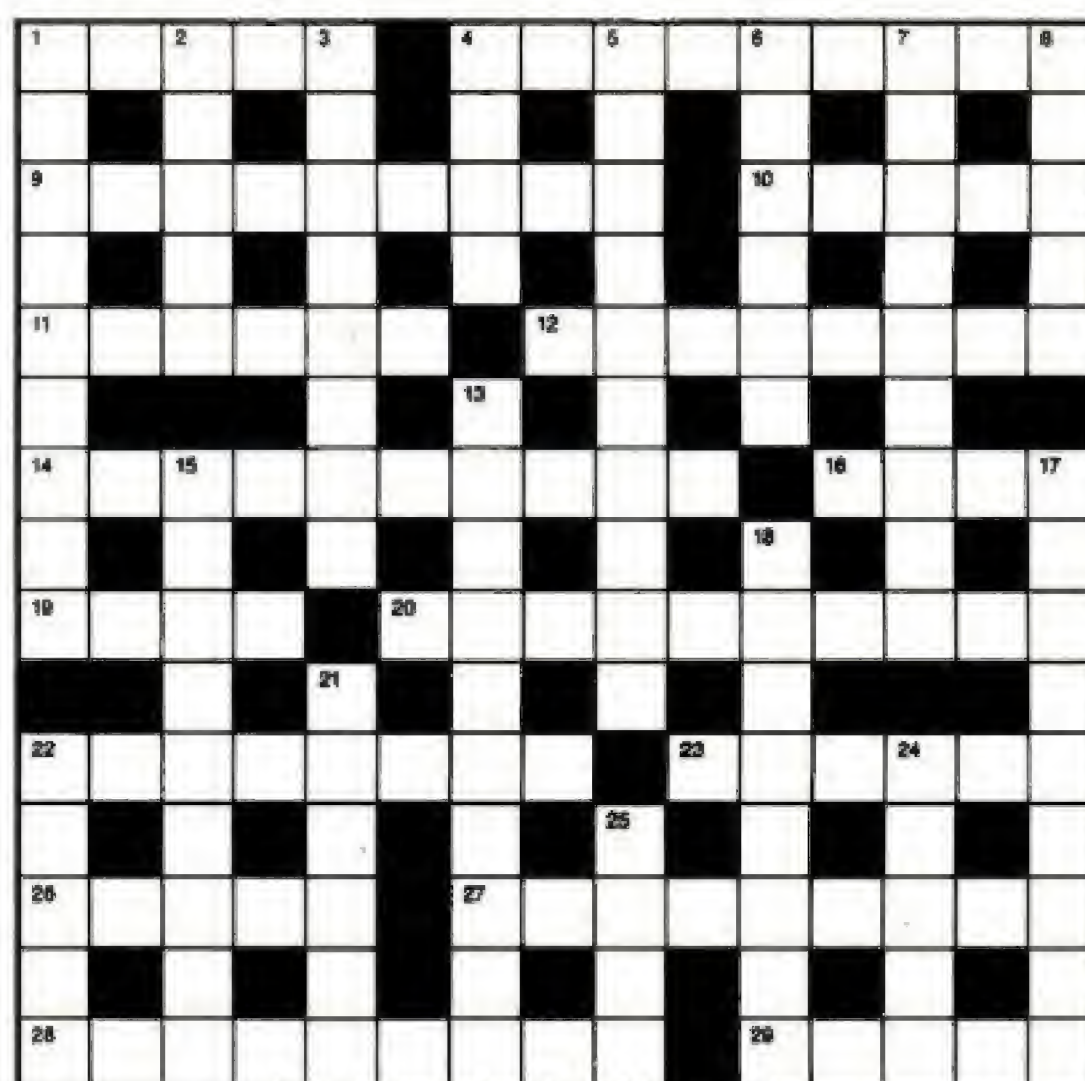


in a higher economy. A technomob is into crying out (by means of a poll, or technosampling) for an anti-flag-burning amendment to the Constitution, although there is no flag fire in sight; but more important, a technomob is primed to demand enough of a stake in the established order to be able to afford all those products (including public officials) that underwrite the technology involved.

This puzzle sez: All change is chump change now.

ACROSS

1. British mother all wrapped up in preservation. (5)
4. (See essay.) (9)
9. Being shut up, assorted lucre's got number-one backing. (9)
10. Born in present condition of foundation. (5)
11. One crazy god in blue. (6)
12. Max in addict chamber. (8)
14. Vehicle surrounded by, for example, messy slime pursues others' 5. (10)
16. Bonehead, it's eight to the dollar. (4)
19. Ooze gradually makes water the other way. (4)
20. Surviving wife hit hard by tiny donation — all she had. (6,4)
22. Come together with killing of change? (8)
23. Oddly learnt point of half a buck? (6)
26. Changed, I'm missing in action in city that's seen lots of change. (5)
27. Disturb at eternal switch. (9)
28. Civil engineer eating meat before Christmas



turns into changeable lizard. (9)

29. Played with base Billy Cox played, local fans said. (5)

DOWN

1. Quality of one who gives no quarter, though crimeless, sort of. (9)
2. Winter morning rises, blinded by spray. (5)
3. Up-and-coming get old at early time of life. (5,3)
4. Rich women and a dime are. (4)
5. Negative account changing dollars to yen. (10)
6. Unimportant person may have mind and soul, but that's all. (6)
7. He changed Italy a lot by manipulating sums in oil. (9)

8. Mob so disturbed by what we'd all like to return to. (5)

13. Flatland sandhill takes in a homely Jane's mate. (5,5)

15. Native corn redeveloped in a camera. (9)

17. Pioneer weapon junkie. (9)

18. Sticks to the same old ways, messing with Tunisia, right? (2,2,1,3)

21. Busy, I've set after what's done. (6)

22. Commanding officer sounds like Jagger and Jackie Mason. (5)

24. Dr. Timothy sounds wary. (5)

25. Rising balls astound. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 123.

Moroccaton '89

party
POOP

SPECIAL

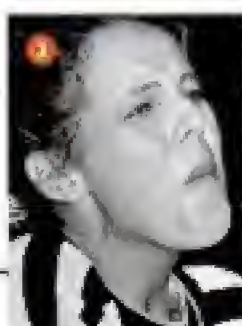
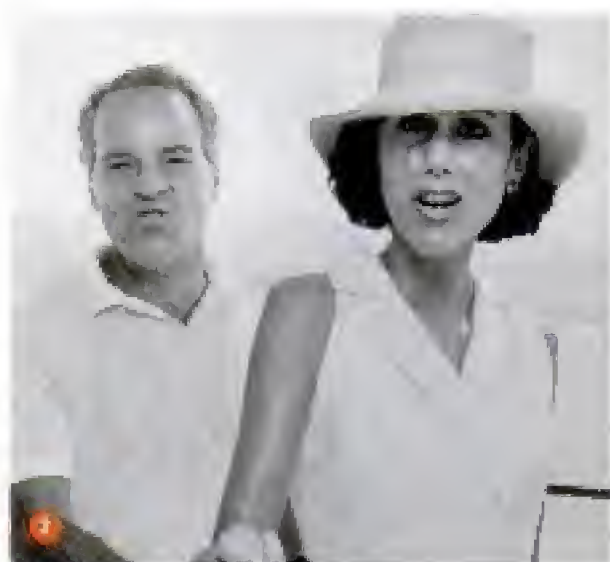
NO MANNERS, NO TASTE

We've heard more than enough grouching by the overfed swells who didn't get to ride on the

Concorde but had to go in "steerage"—that is, in a chartered 747—to Malcolm Forbes's \$2 million photo opportunity in lovely Tangier. But reports are just starting to come in from the Moroccans—who, it seems, are even more irate than the herds of airlifted toadying journalists, expen-

dressed wastrels and companionable fashion designers. After kicking in an unpublicized portion of the expense to help Forbes take credit for the entire debacle, the natives not only had to

listen to all the guests' whining *at close range*, they then had to endure it all over again in the international press. *Left to right*, our ambassadors of goodwill having a wonderful time: (1) deposed first walker Jerry Zipkin; (2) Carolyn Roehm and her tiny, overleveraged husband, Henry Kravis, attempting



CEOs, sively

LAST RESORT WEAR Forbes's Moroccan special friends and co-hosts were apparently scandalized by what their American guests considered to be appropriate attire for the festivities.

Bride of Frankenstein-haired Liz Taylor, for example, (1) tried

to blend in by camouflaging herself in a regular parade of tentlike caftans. (2) With her personal photographer and bantam couturier-flunky Scaasi in tow, Gayfryd Steinberg modeled what appears to be a blouse made of Elizabeth Taylor's belt. When the CEOs weren't amusing themselves by telling one another how they planned to pull advertising from *Forbes* in favor of *Fortune* or *Business Week*, they were entertained by British media tyrant Robert Maxwell (3, 4), whose getups vied with Miss Taylor's in terms of sheer yardage and in trying to approximate the local style (note espe-

cially Maxwell's East-meets-West layered look). (5-7) Yes, the illustrious, lemminglike party guests much preferred the snazzy, superversatile—and, in wrinkle-resistant Dacron, packable!—resort wardrobe of stewardess-crazed Gannett

Foundation chairman Al Neuharth. (8) All except for Barry Diller, that is: making the scene poolside with fashion wife Kelly Klein, the Fox chairman evidently thought to himself, *If it works for her, maybe it'll work for me*, and proceeded to try to make his tightly fitting T-shirt into a midriff-baring arrangement just like Mrs. Klein's. (Sensing that he had not achieved the desired effect, Diller made the face that got him through the weekend—the same face he made while protesting his dinner seating assignment and when he, along with *Daily News* gossip columnist Billy Norwich, refused to budge from the first-class seat he usurped on the return flight.)



their imitation of two cast members in an Agatha Christie made-for-TV movie; (3) unflappable TV gossipeuse and richest-wife-in-America Claudia Cohen; (4) large-pored Sansabelt slacks buff Lee Iacocca; (5) Art Buchwald impersonator Henry Kissinger and his stick-insect-wife, Nancy (here during the two-hour take-off delay at JFK); (6) Helen Gurley Brown (sporting that fresh-as-a-daisy no-makeup look); (7) Forbes's Hollywood dop-pelgänger, hunky biker-power guy Barry Diller (here pretending to oper-



ate a camera with preternaturally boyish biker-publisher-editor Jann Wenner); (8) professional conversationalist Fran Lebowitz; (9) the party's sideshow attraction, Liz "I Can't Believe Malcolm Made Me Do This!" Taylor; and (10) long-suffering wife turned merry widow Betsy Bloomingdale (here looking for her bags among the piles of beautiful people's luggage dumped on the tarmac at JFK). Some people have all the fun!



Speaking of going native, that's just what self-righteous grizzled gossipist Liz Smith did. Here she is cuddling up to Huckleberry Hound look-alike Merv Adelson, in a fetching "Midnight at the Oasis" pose, complete with modified Texas-brimmed fez. Meanwhile, foreign-culture vulture Iris Love engaged in some in situ anthropology, letting her *feet* go native with a local belly dancer (hired by that thoughtful host Forbes) and then with a handy Brigitte Nielsen impersonator.

STRIVERS, SURVIVORS Table-hopping Regis Philbin apparently charms Gayfryd Steinberg and Scaasi with a tale of how close he once got to Sylvester Stallone. SPY's correspondent in Tangier, little Mr. Grace who writes the social news, reports that earlier in the evening, while seated at a table with Bear, Stearns CEO Ace Greenberg and Ann Landers, Reej had left momentarily, then rushed back, screaming to his wife, "Joy, Joy, we're leaving! Barbara Walters wants us to sit at *her* table!"



SEPARATED AT BIRTH — LIVE! Alien bathing beauties Carolyn Roehm and Gayfryd "I'll Pose for a Photo Anytime — Even if I'm Putting My Shoes On" Steinberg were thrilled to have an opportunity to show off protruding bone sockets that even the most revealing couture gowns hide. After Roehm whined to a gauntlet of wading paparazzi, "Can't this please be the last picture?" the photographers retreated, only to be lured back by the dejected Roehm's attention-getting antics. "I'm Esther Williams!" she shrieked and waved a spindly, goose-fleshed leg in the air.



HEY KIDS! WHEN YOUR PARENTS

were little, getting to school meant walking 15 miles in the freezing cold. Or so they claimed. In our New, Improved New York, you'll really have something to tell your kids. The experimental nitro-burning school buses (each fitted with the NASA-designed Child Transport Expedition Apparatus) will get you to school in what seems like seconds — and keep start-and-stop gridlock to a minimum. It's based on the old-fashioned steam-train method of picking up mailbags. Only instead of the U.S. Mail being hooked along the route, it's city kids. Just make sure your mom doesn't buy you a bus harness a size or two too big to "grow into." Didn't you hear the story about the kid who had to wear his big brother's harness? When the bus came barreling down Lex at 65 miles an hour, it hooked the poor little guy and stripped him like an ear of fresh corn. ☛

*"Until I got one,
I was too busy
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